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THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH

by KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY

I HAVE an island in the palm of my right hand. It is quite large and shaped like an almond. To make this island, the fate-line splits in two in the middle, then comes together again up toward the Mount of Jupiter. I don't know what an island means in palmistry. No two people ever interpret it alike. But it looks to me, and that is enough for me, as if it meant that a quiet, respectable fate were suddenly going to explode in the middle of life into something entirely new and strange, and then be folded together again and go on as quietly as it began.

When I was young I was so sure of the marvelous way my life was going to unfold that I never wasted my time looking for signs and portents. But something went wrong. The future I expected didn't come, and so I began to be superstitious and sometimes took a furtive look at the palm of my hand when I was alone. And there I found

the curious and possibly hopeful island. If the subject of fortune-telling came up in a roomful of people, I put on a cool, superior air as I watched the others, and pretended to be reluctant and skeptical when my turn came — while inwardly I was no more reluctant and skeptical than other ambitious, willful people are if their lives are being held at a standstill. As foolishly and fiercely as I had believed in myself, so foolishly and fiercely I came to believe in gypsies, astrologers, card-readers, crystal-gazers, or anyone else that would give me any hope. And as each year dropped off my life, I felt an almost unbearable longing to know what great thing was going to happen to me when I reached that amazing island in my palm.

I was coming very close to my island when I reached the quiet, refined age of just past thirty. And by that time I had lost all interest in the little mark in my hand as a promise of adventure or change for me. By that time change was the thing I wanted least of all. I had suffered an unbearable thirst and hunger for experience, and I had been caught and held by my predicament in such a way that I could not seek what I needed and it could not come to me. Therefore, at last, I turned my back on myself and my predica-

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ment in the hope of turning my back on any more disappointment and despair.

I decided that I would be a writer, and I determined to be the kind of writer, like Flaubert, who removes everything from his life except his writing, in order that his writing may live and he may live in it. I would never risk again any sort of disappointment. Personal obscurity and infinite patience and infinite devotion were to be my program. I knew very well that out of these I could build and maintain a delight as intense as the mystic delight of any nun who has renounced the world.

And so I combined an absolutely uneventful outward personal life with a vivid life of imaginary experience. I filled notebook after notebook with ideas for stories, and with all kinds of things, minute and spectacular, that I saw happening in other people's lives. As they grew, my notebooks became as secretly precious to me as their slowly growing honeycomb must be to a hive of bees. And when I began to entertain, at first mildly and then eagerly, the innocent idea that it would be very nice to have a house of my own, it was mainly for the sake, I thought, of making this secret life of mine safer still from external interference. I was intending to make it very hard indeed for anything to dislodge or disturb me.

So I began to peer among lilac bushes and old apple trees as I went along country roads looking for my house. I thought I knew the sort of house I wanted and that would be suitable for me. It would be dark and weatherbeaten on the outside and have small curved windowpanes and a mossy roof. Unquestionably, for me, a very small, childish spinster, it should be small, something mignonne and doll-like. I had thought of an old Cape Cod cottage with a trumpetvine, or a cluster of outbuildings on some old Topsfield or Ipswich farm — a cream-house, cobbler's shop, and woodshed all fastened together by narrow passages and made into something fascinating and doll-size. I had once seen a house like that, which its owner called *The Thimble* because each building was no bigger than a thimble. After that, "thimble" was the word used by me and my

family to describe the thing that was supposed to be suitable for me, for my size and my needs, and it was understood and approved by everybody that sooner or later I should find and buy myself a thimble.

When, therefore, I noticed the FOR SALE sign on a very large high square house on Penobscot Bay overlooking the Majabagaduce River and the islands and the Cape Rozier hills, and when just out of casual curiosity I stepped inside to look at it, I was awestruck by the force of destiny. I didn't recognize this huge house at all. I had never seen it in my mind's eye. But I knew that whether I liked it or not, this at last was my house.

The owner's wife showed us over it, and said she didn't know what price her husband was asking for it. My sister-in-law laughed scornfully at the idea of an unattached person like me, in rather fragile health, buying that enormous place. It would have been more suitable for her with her family of children. We all laughed very heartily at the idea as we went roaming just for fun through those high square rooms. But I laughed with a secret terror and a secret exultation, because I knew that I had met my fate. I did not tell them what I knew, however, and we stepped out of the house to all appearances as casually as we stepped in.

Then one evening, obsessed and deeply excited still, I was driving with someone, and I asked to go around the road where the house stood. I wanted to see how it looked at night. It was the last house on a dark little road that looped around one end of the town. We came to the turn of the road that evening, and I saw my house facing me across the field. A yellow beam of light was shining from the fanlight over the door. That yellow beam was shining through the long white skirts of a fog, a heavy coast-of-Maine fog, the fresh dripping fog of those fir-scented islands and cold tidal rivers. Beyond and behind the house its fields fell away down toward the tiny lighted windows and peaked roofs of Water Street, and the harbor and the dark islands opposite. When I saw my benign, handsome old house that August night, wrapped in a thick Maine fog, I knew I could not wait another day.

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Since the story of my house is a story of the liberation of a human being, I must tell what made me a prisoner, and what made the simple act of buying a house so significant and exciting.

As far back as I can remember, I have been fascinated by the marvelous transformations which take place when a very simple sort of magic is applied to things. Even the most everyday transformation of something undesirable into something desirable has, to me, a tremendous magic power back of it, and it is a power I believe in using more deliberately and often than most people do. This is the story of such transformations, both large and small, and now in the beginning I will tell the nature of the predicament which first made this kind of magic dear to me — the predicament and the magic together which made necessary and possible at last my visit to the almond-shaped island which lay in the palm of my right hand.

When I was five years old I was changed from a rushing, laughing child into a bed-ridden, meditative one. As the years passed, my mother explained to me just what had happened and why I had to lie so still. She told me how lucky I was that my parents were able to have me taken care of by a famous doctor. Because, without the treatment I was having, I should have had to grow up into a — well, I should have had to be, when I grew up, like the little locksmith who used to come to our house once in a while to fix locks. I knew the little locksmith, and after this, when he came, I stared at him with a very strange, intimate feeling. He never looked back at me. His eyes were always down at what he was doing, and he apparently did not want to talk with or look at anybody. He was very fascinating indeed. He was not big enough to be considered a man, yet he was not a child. In the back his coat hung down from an enormous peak, where the cloth was worn and shiny, between his shoulders, and he walked with a bobbing motion. In front, his chin was almost down on his chest; his hands were long, narrow, and delicate, and his fingers were much cleverer than most people's fin-

gers. There was something about him, something that was indescribably alluring to a child. Because he was more like a gnome than a human being, he naturally seemed to belong to our world more than to the grown-up world. Yet he seemed to refuse to belong to our world or anybody else's. He acted as if he lived all alone in a very private world of his own.

Somehow I knew that there was a special word that the grownups called a person shaped like the little locksmith, and I knew that to ordinary healthy grownups it was a terrible word. And the strange thing was that I, Katharine, the Butlers' darling little girl, had barely escaped that uncanny shape and that terrible word. Because I was being taken care of by a famous doctor, nobody would ever guess, when I grew up, that I might have been just like the little locksmith. Staring wonderingly at him, I knew it. I knew that, compared with him, I was wonderfully lucky and safe. Yet deep within me I had a feeling that underneath my luck and safeness the real truth was that I really belonged with him, even if it was never going to show. I was secretly linked with him, and I felt a strong childish amorous pity and desire toward him, so that there was even a queer erotic charm for me about his gray shabby clothes, the strange awful peak in his back, and his cross, unapproachable sadness which made him not look at other people — not even at me lying on my bed and staring sideways at him.

I was able to stare at him from my bed because I could turn my head from side to side. I had worn a bald spot as big as a quarter on the back of my head just from turning it to look at the people who were in the room with me, or turning it the other way to look out into the branches of the tulip tree that grew outside my window. For the doctor's treatment consisted in my being strapped down very tight on a stretcher, on a very hard sloping bed, with my shoulders pressed against a hard pad. My head was kept from sinking down on my chest, like the little locksmith's, by means of a leather halter attached to a rope which went through a pulley at the head of the bed. On the end of the rope hung a five-pound iron weight. This

mechanism held me a prisoner for twenty-four hours a day, without the freedom to turn or twist my body or let my chin move out of its up-tilted position in the leather halter, except to go from side to side. My back was kept absolutely still.

I spent very joyous days, as most children do who are strapped into iron frames or pinned down on boards like specimen butterflies. Though my back was imprisoned, my hands and arms and mind were free. I held my pencil and pad of paper up in the air above my face, and I wrote microscopic letters and poems, and made little books of stories, and very tiny pictures. I sewed the smallest doll-clothes anybody had ever seen, with the narrowest of hems and most delicious little ruffles. I painted with water colors and made paper dolls and dollhouse furniture out of paper.

I loved paper — colored paper, fancy tissue and crepe paper, and ordinary white or brown paper, too. It had for me an uncommon charm because of all the things it suggested to my mind that could be made out of it. I used to hold a piece of paper in my hands up above my face and let my eyes dwell on it in a sort of trance until, like the Japanese flowers, it would begin to bloom. Appearing on it, in my mind's eye, some object would take shape which to me seemed the most adorable object in the world — a house, a box, a fan, or a screen. Then, having seen the image of it, I would put my scissors and paints and paste and fingers to work in order to bring that darling little object into being. Paper was the nearest thing to nothing in the way of material, and yet it was possible to make it into something that people would exclaim over and fall in love with — something that had a shape, something that opened and shut or stood up. It was something precious made out of nothing.

When my hands and arms grew tired from this close application, I had my treasures to enjoy. These were numerous little objects that I loved. They were always near me, on the table beside my bed. There was my Revolutionary bullet, for instance, which one of my cousins had found in the cellar of

an old house. I have no idea why I was so very devoted to my bullet, except that it was interesting to feel of and to hold. It was round, and piercingly heavy in the palm of my hand in comparison to its small size, and it had a rough uneven surface. To me, it had great character and importance. I made a little velvet bag to keep it in, marked H. R. H. Bullet.

Then I remember my Japanese rabbit. He was about one inch long, made of pottery, and covered with a warm gray glaze. He was hunched up into a ball, his nose on the ground and his ears up against his back, the most compact and lovable little shape I ever saw. I liked rolling him around in the palm of my hand, then shutting my hand and hugging him tight. I would pretend he was only a pebble. When he was shut up in my hand he felt enough like one to fool anybody. Then I would open my fingers and give myself the surprise and joy of discovering that he was not a pebble at all, but a marvelous little rabbit. All over again, as if I had never seen him before, I would study him and dote upon the perfect microscopic carving of his ears, eyes, nose, and whiskers.

I had a great many other Japanese things, too, thanks to Professor Morse. As I lay on my bed I heard people talking about Japan a great deal, as if it were a newly discovered country. Professor Morse had just come back to Salem after living in Japan for many years, and I used to hear him excitedly telling my grandfather about all the things he had seen and learned there. More and more Japanese things kept coming into our house, and many of them came to me to use — such as rice paper, bamboo-handled paintbrushes, and bowls, and fragrant little wooden boxes. I held them in my hands, I felt of them and smelled them. That fragrance! How it clung to each thing, as if it were the signature of Japan! I snuffed it in the pages of the folding books that were made of crepe paper as soft and crushable as thick silk; it was in the prints of terrible warriors and pale-faced women, and on the little pottery figures and the chopsticks; and most of all, perhaps, that sharp fragrance filled all the smooth surfaces and every crack and corner of the softly shutting little wooden boxes.

Because I was not able to explore for myself, I was quick to catch and cling tight to every interesting thing that came within reach of my bed, like the cannibalistic flowers that catch their food as it goes floating by.

Besides all my treasures, of course I had certain books always near me. I had my Boutet de Monvel books which I could live in for hours, staring for a long, long time at each illustrated page, soaking up into my brain and fingers for my own future use Boutet de Monvel's way of drawing certain things. I had books of pictures for gazing at and books of stories for reading, each one a different world I lived in — *Little Women*, *The Counterpane Fairy*, *Heidi*, *Cranford*, *Alice*, *The Cuckoo Clock*, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Lorna Doone*, *Don Quixote*. I read also the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff, *Rab and His Friends* and *Marjorie Fleming*, Dickens's and Sir Walter Scott's novels, and Shakespeare. I had the *St. Nicholas Magazine* which came every month, causing wild eagerness and excitement and utter satisfaction in me and my brothers. Through the Letter Box I began a correspondence with a Swiss girl, Yvonne Jequier.

For companions near at hand I had my brothers, Fergus and Warren, just older than I, and my little sister, Lurana, who was very cute to draw, and docile about posing for me. We were all made of the same stuff. The boys and I were a league ourselves — especially Warren and I. I can never forget, for instance, the day when Warren showed me that there was more than one way to draw feet. I was like the Egyptians: I had not advanced beyond the practice of always making the feet exactly alike. I made them pointed flat away from each other. Suddenly Warren crept up to me and showed me a great secret about drawing feet, which burst upon me like the dawn of a new scientific truth. After that I always did them the new way — one foot pointing straight toward me and the other pointing daintily sideways.

Sometimes other children came to play with us, but they were all rather dim. They came into my room and stood around heavily and watched what we were doing. But

they didn't have gumption or imagination enough to join us in the things we liked to do. Games like tag and hide-and-seek were all they could understand, and if my brothers were absorbed in more subtle occupations up in my room these visitors would have to stand around and wait. When finally the boys rose up and went galloping through the house or out of doors to play active games, and my little sister went rushing after them, I never felt a pang or any sense of being left behind. I could always call them back by writing a new poem or drawing a new picture, and they would come eagerly to see it. There was no need for me to feel sad, because we all so wholeheartedly took it for granted that no other amusement was really interesting compared with drawing or writing or making something. I was the lucky one because I could do these things all day long and never be interrupted by having somebody tell me to pick up my clothes or start for school. And when they were away I always had my nurse to talk to and order about.

When strange children came into the room there would sometimes be one among them who took a ghoulish pleasure in staring at my halter and rope and whispering about it to the child next to him. Even without looking up, my brothers and I knew when this happened and it filled us with fury, with disgust and contempt for the child's stupidity in not knowing what was important and what was not important. The first time it happened it produced a very surprising sensation in me about myself, which was like tasting a queer new taste that I didn't know existed. Something repulsive had come into my room, something that surely had nothing to do with me. Yet the child's staring eyes said that it had everything to do with me; they said that the repulsive thing was myself and my halter and rope.

As soon as I recovered from the first shock of it, I knew that the child's eyes lied. And I felt inside myself, as part of me, a crystal quality, a sort of happiness that was like a spring always bubbling fresh and new. No matter if I tried, I could never, inside myself, feel anything except happy and sparkling. So when that presence came into my room

again, and always with certain children, I knew it was something which was really a part of them more than a part of me. But I could not help tasting again that queer astonished sensation about myself whenever they stared at me in that particular way.

This same feeling of my own intrinsic separateness was always with me, too, when certain grown-up callers insisted on coming burblingly upstairs "to see poor little Katharine." I could always hear them coming, and I knew just what to expect. I didn't need to be very subtle to realize from their puffing exclamations of pity and their heavily tactful asides that these visitors imagined I was unfortunate. Under their breath I heard the gruesome word "afflicted."

Such people bored me beyond words. I knew they were not interested in me at all as Katharine, only as "poor little Katharine." They never paid any attention to what I was drawing or making; they were blind to all the interesting treasures around me. They were not real people, surely, but just large meaningless objects that had got into my room by mistake and were very much in the way there. The only impression, luckily, these visitors left on me was disgust for their ignorance and a fresher satisfaction in my own affairs.

3

As far as I knew from personal experience, those boring old lady visitors of mine and the children who sometimes came and stared at me were the most disturbing sort of persons the world contained. We had no volcanoes in our family. Consequently there were no eruptions of anger or jealousy or selfishness. I knew from hearsay and from reading that these emotions existed and that they were shocking, hideous things, but they never came into our midst to disturb our peace and friendliness towards one another. We gave things back and forth to each other as a matter of course. Brothers and sisters who fought to get things away from each other seemed to us incredibly stupid and vulgar. What fun did they have? We were always so busy and interested making things and doing things together that the passions of

ownership and competition never had a chance to grow in us. From this mature sort of childhood we grew up, as may be imagined, very immature and ignorant emotionally, and not very well prepared to understand more violent people when we met them later on.

Our parents had preserved our ignorance by their own dignity and reserve which made them hide their own emotional life from us completely. I should never have guessed that they had any life different and apart from ours if it had not been for two or three mysterious pieces of evidence that came to me by accident: once, a half-overheard fragment of a strange sentence; once the terrible sound of a man crying; and once a single cry of despair or grief from my mother in another room, followed by a quickly shut door and then silence. These sounds, suddenly breaking in on my peculiarly protected, tranquil, and impersonal life were as startling as the sudden unexplained appearance of blood. I shook when I heard them, with sudden emotion aroused by something I did not even know about. I did not want to know what it was. I shrank from it. I was afraid because, whatever it was, I had a feeling that it was too big for me to bear, or even to know existed. I had my own cosmic troubles that were too big for me, but they were somehow a part of me. There was a sound, a timbre, in human troubles that I could not endure at all. My world, mostly inanimate, and myself, immovable, were not geared for those troubles and emotions.

There was, however, one poignant emotion to which we had all been awakened by the sensitiveness of our parents, and which we all enjoyed consciously. This was an awareness of something which I cannot describe, because its peculiar quality lay in its being indescribable. I can only call it the ineffable charm of life. We were sensitive to the atmosphere of certain times and places, of certain unpredictable external things which gave us an acute pleasure which we all seemed to feel and understand in each other. There was not too much stress laid upon this experience. It was felt much more than it was talked about. It was a feeling of

ecstasy that was almost distress when it came, because it came so bound up and clogged by our own stupid feeling — the stupid ache of never being able to equal it or match it with anything like itself when it came.

There was one favorite experience which, above all others, gave us that feeling. That was our annual coming home from Stowe. Stowe was the village in Northern Vermont where we spent every summer in a little farmhouse that had belonged to our grandparents. When the last day came we said passionate good-byes to everything, and leaving that world of mountain coolness and resinous air, we traveled all day in the train, arriving at last in the city in the dusk of a hot fall night. Then it began to come, that indescribable feeling, — a spirit that moved in us violently and strangely; a sweet and intense awareness of the drama and wonder of life, — produced in us by that change of scene.

We loved Stowe with a passionate love; and yet on that evening our new poignant memory of it made us love the city in no ordinary way. The September mountain air that we had breathed that very morning made our sudden entrance into the evening city strangely thrilling, and the September heat of the city came over us with a wonderful languor.

When I traveled, in those days, I had to be carried on my stretcher, and I was brought up from the station laid across the two seats of an old-fashioned cab. It was a short drive up from the station, and it was with that drive that the best of it began, for me at least. The dark swaying plumes of the elm trees overhead in the almost tropical twilight, the clop-clop of the horse's feet on the city pavement, the queer smell inside the cab, were inexpressibly beautiful to me.

We reached our little Victorian house and saw again in the half-dark the fancy iron fence along the front of our garden, the brick walk going to the side door, and the trellised arch over the walk where the great sumptuous trumpetvine grew. I was carried through the gate and along the brick walk, my fingers clinging tight to the slender iron

framework of my stretcher as I went swaying forward to the uneven rhythm of my nurse's and my father's footsteps.

During that brief passage, I smelled again the burned, dusty, September smell of the city garden, and heard again how the air was all filled with the mysterious shrill ringing of the September crickets. I went under the dark bower of the trumpetvine that I loved. Its rich, extravagant summer growth, the long sprays that hung out of it and moved with every breath of air, and the burnt orange of the slender tube-shaped flowers made something for me as incommunicable as a remembered song. It was that great, rich trumpetvine, especially the trumpetvine, that gave the feeling of ineffable mystery and charm that was always and eternally a part of that night when we came home from Stowe.

The boys had of course walked up from the station and got there long before us. And Warren, slipping past me as I was being maneuvered into the house, would perhaps drop a bunch of grapes into the nest between my ear and my shoulder. I could smell them and feel them against my neck, our little dark blue Salem grapes that grew in the arbor at the very back of our garden. Or perhaps Fergus would drop on my chest a moist and beautiful autumn rose from the rose garden on the terrace. So in ecstasy I went sailing through the side door and up the back stairs, my stretcher hoisted and quivering and almost perpendicular until I arrived at last in my old room and was moored again to my bed beside the tulip tree.

My nurse, unstrapping me from my stretcher and rolling me back and forth to get my arms out of my sleeves, would take off my traveling clothes and put my thinnest nightgown on me for the hot city night. I lay and watched her and listened to her in a kind of delicious hypnotism: her hand reaching up and pulling down the window shades, and the look of her back as she opened bureau drawers, and the rustling sounds she made as she put things away — every little action, every little touch and sound, was different that night, and wonderful.

We lay awake as long as we could manage to stay awake, all four of us, in our different

rooms, — half-conscious, inarticulate, impressionable, stupid children, — so that we might enjoy to the full our queer annual rapture of hearing over and over the slow rise and fall of the Salem crickets' trill, and the strange, familiar sound of people's feet going up and down on the brick sidewalk in the street, and of staring dreamily at our strange, familiar bedroom walls and watching the way the city arc-light made great moving shadows of horse-chestnut leaves and branches.

After the first night at home that particular magic began to fade and was soon all gone, locked away somewhere in a cupboard of time, precious and strange, to wait for our lives to live another enormous year around again. After that night, Salem was just Salem, and Stowe became the word that always could evoke for us something marvelous and far away.

For me, that one night was a blessed reprieve, because it drugged me with new sensations strong enough to make me forget for a few hours a secret that weighed on me eternally. For although my daytime life was so delightful and absorbing, when evening came I left it, and descended into hell.

4

I had two hideous familiars, two fiendish jailers who, with the sudden onrush of darkness and solitude, leaped on me every night and seized me one on each side and would not let me go. These two were two Awful Thoughts which my mind had hit upon in its explorings and been poisoned by and made sick and swollen by, as if one of them had been a snake that had bitten me and the other an evil plant that had stung me. One of the two Awful Thoughts was the endlessness of Space, and the other was the endlessness of Time. Every night, gripped by these two horrors, my brain rolled over backward in humble, piteous convulsions of fear, and my body trembled and shook with the hideous disaster of being forced to exist in the very arms of these two unthinkable things.

Yet, on the other hand, not to have been born, never to have been me at all, to have remained forever nonexistent somewhere in

outer Space, was even more lonely and terrible to think of. There was no escape from thinking, in life or in death, since I believed in the immortality of my own consciousness — that it was doomed to continue FOREVER either in heaven or in hell. Each night the whole terrible realization would spread slowly and surely to the very edges of my body and mind, soaking me, cooking me, in the pure poison of horror. Like a terrified mouse, my mind would scurry this way and that for a hole to hide in, for some little nest-like thought that I could curl up in. But there was no such little hole. All the daytime life and its thoughts which I loved so much became at night suddenly unreliable and false. My cousins, our jokes, Christmas presents, my dolls, the Woodsey Path in Stowe, my birthday and what I wanted, the *St. Nicholas* — I ran appealing and stricken among them all, my nicest, dearest daytime thoughts, and they availed nothing against the feeling of cosmic loneliness and doom. My Awful Thoughts breathed an icy breath on all the charm and fun and adorableness of the life of day and made it crumple into nothing and prove itself to have been no more than a pitiful deception.

Every night, as if I were compelled as a sort of punishment, I went over and over the same hopeless path, climbing up to the brink of unthinkableness and then tumbling back again — up and back, up and back, until I could actually feel the aching groove the repetition made inside my head. Every night I would endure and endure and endure, knowing I must not call or cry out, until I simply could not bear it any longer. When the unbearable limit suddenly came, I screamed. I called, "Papa!" Then I listened, boiling with fear. It was worse to have screamed if nobody came — more horrible, more lonely. Sometimes nobody heard me the first time, and I called again. "Papa!" Then, oh, merciful! I heard footsteps — slow, calm, cozy footsteps. Into the back hall, up the stairs, across the threshold of my room the footsteps brought my tall, narrow-shouldered, frail Papa.

He sat down close beside me and put his healing and comforting hand upon me. Wonderful hand! Wonderful calm quiet-

ness! Then he began to recite Wordsworth's poem about the daffodils. After that, "Lochinvar." Always the same two poems. Then perhaps he would sit without speaking, and in the calm loving stillness that he created between us I was supposed to lose my childish nervous fears and begin to grow sleepy. But even while he sat so close to me in the darkness, we were separated. For I was sure that he had never thought about endlessness. Otherwise he could not have been so calm. He, like all the other strangely casual grownups, had apparently never come across these Awful Thoughts. His innocent mind had never explored as far as mine had done. He, like the rest, could be so preoccupied with the cozy life of our earth, of our sitting room downstairs, of his books, of the new *Atlantic Monthly*, that he was unbelievably forgetful of the awful abyss in which our earth was hanging.

I kept trying, in spite of my failure every night, to bring myself to the fearful point of speaking of it to him. I would work myself up by a terrific force of will to a decision to ease my mind, come what would. I got my first sentence up to the threshold of possible plausible utterance, and at last a few parched dreadful words would cross my lips. Then my heart thundered as I paused to see what the effect would be. My father, to my amazement, remained perfectly unperturbed. "Let's think about Stowe," he would say. "See if you can see the Woodsey Path in your mind's eye. Tell me, can you see how it looks when the raspberries are ripe on the wild raspberry bushes?" Tears of disappointment rushed to my eyes in the darkness. He didn't know! He couldn't understand! To please him, I would try to force myself to think about the raspberry bushes or whatever else he suggested to soothe me, while I gave up once more the hope of ever sharing my suffering. The contrast between my horrors and his simple unquestioning

innocence and tranquillity was too much for me. I felt as if I were the mature person and he the happy unconscious child. And so I felt a yearning tenderness and pity for him, and an ever more lonely despair for myself.

I realized again and again that grownups were too cheerful — even the sensitive ones like my father — to understand really terrible things. In my loneliness I thought that I had been initiated by chance into a knowledge that no human being was supposed to have or endure. I felt myself secretly an exile from the happy unconscious level of existence that my father, and everyone else that I knew, inhabited. I was banished and damned forever. It was as if they breathed a different air. I contemplated my situation with a fearful wistfulness, because I could see so well how blissfully happy I should have been, with my talents, and all my treasures, *St. Nicholas*, our summers in Stowe, if only I could have wiped out forever that unlucky day when my mind had roamed too far. Such was the underlying sense of cosmic woe and cosmic disaster that curdled the joy of my childhood. And all the while, some docile unconscious sweetness kept me from ever questioning the disaster that had befallen my body.

It is a very long time now since I lay quaking on my bed and my father sat beside me night after night, so tenderly aware of me and never knowing that I was in hell. Now that, being grown-up myself, I have become strangely casual and calm about the universe, I can tell it at last. But it is many years too late: he is gone — long, long ago; and it doesn't matter any more. And too late I know that his tranquillity those evenings concealed from me agonies of his own. Why couldn't we both have cried out and told each other all about our horrors and clung together and really known each other, father and child?

(To be continued)

FROM A FLYING TIGER

by J. GILPIN BRIGHT

RANGOON, BURMA
September 6, 1941

DEAR MA AND PA: —

Last Saturday the Group commander, Colonel Chennault, got the bad dope that twelve pilots were wanted in Rangoon to ferry some new planes up here. We took the 9.30 train in the evening, which turned out to be an hour late, and arrived there at 8.00 in the morning after hitting every cattle crossing on the way — and maybe some of the cattle, too. When we arrived at the Minto Mansions Hotel and called up the field, it was discovered that there were no planes at all ready.

Every morning for a week we would call up the field to find whether there were any planes. Then we would go shopping usually, running back and forth from one shop to another while the boys with “steadies” would haggle with jewelers.

In the afternoon we rested up from the rigors of the day. Supper was always after 8.00, in keeping with English custom, and movies were to be had at 9.30. The latter were all old American ones, except *Lady Hamilton*, which we saw at its Burmese premiere. After the movies the favorite rendezvous was the Silver Grill or Maxim's, the latter being run by an American Indian

by the name of Chief Thunder Face. He showed us his passport on which was his real name: Joseph Michel Thunder Face. Quite a colorful character. It seems that he was in a traveling circus that broke up in this part of the world, so he just stayed here. Because of the war, or for some other hidden reason, there are no unattached young ladies to speak of, so we did not join the *haut monde*, or the *demimonde* either, for that matter.

Finally, on Friday, the people at the airport said that they would have three planes ready the next morning. As they had said the same thing two days before, when I had been all packed, I was quite skeptical. I went to the field, however, and as usual there were no planes ready. One was finally produced and my squadron adjutant (second in command) went off. Finally, at 4.00 in the afternoon, Pete and I got a couple and followed. After circling the town to look it over we headed back north towards the airport. Seeing the great gold 300-foot dome of the native temple ahead, I nosed over and went right past the thing at a hundred feet or so. It covers what in the city would be a city block. It consists of one lesser temple after another, building up to the large gold-leaf monster which is in the shape of a Hershey's Kiss. After passing the temple we went right over the airport and steered a course for Pegu, one of the larger towns on the Rangoon-Mandalay railway. From there we turned north and went straight to Toungoo by dint of compass and picking up the railway from time to time. This is certainly beautiful country to fly over. The earth is bright green — of varying intensity — in every direction, interlaced with

J. GILPIN BRIGHT of Reading, Pennsylvania, left Princeton at the end of his Sophomore year to enlist in naval aviation. After training at Pensacola, he was assigned as an ensign to the aircraft carrier *Ranger*. Then came the rumor that a pursuit group was being organized to help defend the Burma Road, and that the Navy would release those pilots who wished to volunteer. In these letters to his father and mother, Mr. Bright tells of his training and fighting as one of the Flying Tigers, the American Volunteer Group in China. In his twenty-fourth year, he is now a major in the American Army Air Forces, with nine Jap planes to his credit.

many silvery winding streams that don't seem to go anywhere in particular. We flew through towering cumulus clouds part of the way, and also through dirty low-lying rain clouds. Cross-country flying is something the Navy should have done more of, I can see now.

TOUNGGOO. *September 9, 1941.* — Once again I have paid my dues to the Caterpillar Club. Yesterday, just before lunch, I was cruising around north of the field when I came upon another plane. As the standard procedure has been to engage anyone you come across, I rocked my wings and we went to it in a mock battle. We had two little skirmishes and then flew apart to start another. As soon as I figured that we were far enough apart, I turned and started towards him. I had a theory that I wanted to try out, so I nosed down to give him the altitude advantage, though by doing so I would have the speed advantage. He, not getting the idea, nosed down too, to make a head-on attack instead of keeping his altitude.

There is nothing the matter with a head-on attack, even though the Army and Navy don't allow it, except that two diving planes would not get very far by using it. In level flight it has some sense to it, provided that the pilots give some indication of their intentions as far as avoiding the other person is concerned. In dogfighting there is no set rule, as there is on the highway, where two cars coming head-on always go to the right. Seeing he was following me down, I nosed over still more to let him know what was going on. Until this second nose-over of mine, I just thought he was trying to be fancy and give me a thrill, but then I realized that he was carrying it a bit far. On my second push over he nosed down again; so, not wanting to have any more to do with it, I pushed violently forward on the stick, because even then I figured that I was below him and could miss him all right. Just as I thought that everything was O.K., he nosed over again — right into my face, it seemed. The only way to miss then was for both to do a quarter-roll and pass with our wings at ninety degrees to the horizon. As I was a trifle to the left of him, I rolled to the right

and our right wings struck together just outboard of the landing gear. He never started to roll at all. The collision sounded like a very loud chop. Since both planes had been going well over 200 m.p.h., there was very little shock; but of course, once the wing went off, the plane went crazy, rolling and spinning about. I rolled back the hood and opened the safety belt and was thrown clear as the plane was in an outside spin. Upon my leaving the plane it righted itself; and as I looked about, it was right beside me, not twenty feet away, floating down upside down. When I pulled the ripcord it went on ahead of me, of course, and I watched it crash in the woods below. Soon afterwards the sound came up to me. Over me was a lot of debris floating down. I never did see the other plane or another parachute, although I looked for both on the way down. The wind blew me into the woods, where I landed, the chute catching in the top of a big tree, leaving me dangling ten feet off the ground. To top it off, the harness release would not release, so I had to worm out of it by climbing up the risers and shaking off the leg straps.

After an hour in the swamps, I found the railroad track and was led to the highway by a coolie who, although he could not speak the language, seemed to know what the score was. He lent me his bicycle, on which I started to go to the airdrome, but before I had gone two hundred yards one of the Group cars came up the road and picked me up. Someone had called up to report the crash as it was some ten miles north of the airdrome and therefore too far away to be seen by them.

Back at the Group hospital where I went to get a few scratches fixed up, word finally arrived that the other pilot had not got out of his plane. They found him and his plane with the right wing cut off upside down in the woods. In the Navy, where he was before he came here, he was in Pete Wright's dive-bombing squadron on the *Ranger*. He was a fairly old hand, having some fourteen hundred hours in the air.

September 10, 1941. — No flying as yet because of a sore leg which was bruised up a

bit when the planes hit. The funeral came off yesterday. There was a service at the mess first and then another at the grave outside of Toungoo. The RAF and the Army both turned out. After a few short prayers, a Burma frontier guard played the British equivalent of Taps and we all went home.

September 13, 1941. — I did not start flying again until Thursday. As my legs were very sore I have been down to the hospital having them rubbed every day, and that has done them good. I suppose that they hit the cross member above the rudder pedals when the wings hit.

One story that I keep forgetting to tell you is about Peter. Peter, it seems, went up through the clouds one day to do a little stunting practice. On coming down through them again he found the railroad but did not know whether he was north or south of the field. Of course he turned the wrong way. There would be no story if he hadn't. As his gas was looking very low and there is no place to land except in the rice field, he was quite worried. Suddenly a large landing field loomed up in the apparent wilderness, where he landed after making a few passes over it to chase the cows off. Immediately a large car drew up and he was whisked away to the Colonel's house. The latter turned out to be a large stone affair on the Chestnut Hill order, with hardwood floors and the walls covered with old maps. The Colonel's lady added one to the lunch table, and they all went to it with the silver service. The Colonel's daughter appeared just about that time, and Peter nearly fell off his chair. The English have the right idea on this wilderness living.

Today my squadron commander and another fellow went up to have a "dog." It seems that in the course of the previous evening's chatter they had said they didn't think much of each other's dogfighting ideas and that furthermore they would like to fight each other. I went up with them to witness the thing and to fight with them between bouts with each other. Their idea was that I would provide comic relief for their serious business, because I was not an old hand and

consequently could not seriously compete with them. They were good and would tell you if you wanted to know it. You know the type. You probably can guess the outcome. I beat them both in three straight fights apiece. (A fight is considered over when one man is on the other's tail and cannot be shaken.) We have had less chatter since then.

RANGOON. November 12, 1941. — At long last I have got out of the Ensign-Second Lieutenant class; not far, but still out of it. As the matter now stands there are four ranks among the pilots: Squadron Leader, Vice Squadron Leader, Flight Leader, and Wing Man. I was a wing man for a long time, but was made a flight leader last week along with a lot of others. I have always had definite ideas about how a flight should be led, so I am very glad to be able to lead. I have had two tries at it and found it quite nice to be out in front making the decisions instead of following someone else's. It's not nearly so tiring.

Reveille in Washington arrived several days ago. Thank you very much. I started it this morning as there was no flying, and found it interesting although somewhat chatty in a pointless sort of way. I finished *Disputed Passage*, which turned out to be a second *Arrowsmith*, but pretty good.

November 18. — Rangoon is getting to be a busier place every day with all the business that the Burma Road is drawing. All the hotels were full of Chinese with gold fillings in their teeth, American businessmen, and Army people in uniform. I went shopping Saturday morning for a few essentials and had lunch at the Savoy. The races in the afternoon were not too good as they were all flat races and not so interesting as a steeplechase would be. Besides, all the races were fixed, so that when you had bet your last rupee on the nose of a likely nag and saw the jockey fall off or rein in when he was miles in the lead you were likely to be a bit sulky. In the evening we listened to the gay, brittle banter of the smart set at the Silver Grill, and retired eventually to the Mayo Marine Club for the night. The latter

is the Rangoon equivalent of a YMCA for the Officers and Men of the Navy and Merchant Marine.

Sunday afternoon we flew some new planes back to Toungoo without incident except when Wright darted out of formation to see if he could blow some sailboats over with his propeller blast. He was soon followed by two more of us, leaving the leader flying along by himself, wondering where his boys had gone. We soon joined up again and found the leader with oil streaming along his fuselage. He flew up beside me and pointed to it. I pointed to Rangoon, as it looked rather bad, and he peeled off and went back. Incidentally, we proved rather conclusively that sailboats are not to be tipped over by an airplane.

KUNMING, CHINA. *January 31, 1942.* — On December 15 two of our squadrons, mine included, went up to Kunming, while the remaining one went to the aid of the RAF at Rangoon. We arrived there late in the afternoon, to find that eight Jap bombers had been over that morning, without fighter escort, and had blown up a bit of the town. Most of us figured that they were just making a final gesture, knowing that we were arriving soon. We had the wrong dope, however, as the next day eight or nine bombers showed up — again without escort. Our first flight, with me flying wing on the squadron leader, saw them first. We went down on them out of the sun and surprised them, but after the first pass at them the skipper turned away, figuring that we were too far away (80 miles) and too few in number. Our other squadron met them a minute later and shot them all down but one. We lost a bit of "face" on that deal.

After the big doings in Rangoon on December 23 and 25, our people were in rather poor repair, so our squadron was sent down on December 28 to relieve them. You may have heard that on New Year's Day (maybe January 2 — I'm not sure) we lost three planes and no pilots, and the Japs one plane. I unfortunately was one of the casualties. Forty fighters jumped six of us. I turned to fight them instead of clearing out. One of the jokers shot up my motor and I had to

make a wheels-up landing in a rice field. No injuries were received on this maneuver. Since then, we have had four or five brushes with them, besides a few strafing raids. On one of these they had eighteen single-engined bombers and about fifty fighters. I managed to get a bomber. I got a fighter a day or so later in another raid. On all these jobs, we have had only about fifteen planes in the air, which is a source of amazement to the correspondents. They think it great stuff that we, although greatly outnumbered, can knock off so many planes. The secret, of course, is in letting the enemy beat himself. With our faster planes we can let them mill around until they break their own formation up. Then we get the strays. The bombers never stay with their escort, so they don't make out very well either.

KUNMING. *No date.* — While in Toungoo, we had been continually told of the splendors of Kunming. As it developed, we live in a stone building with charcoal braziers to heat each room. Every night it is touch and go whether the cold or the monoxide from the charcoal will get us first.

There is a girls' college in town where all the students were supposed to be just dying to see us. Unfortunately a bunch of mechanics got there before the pilots, and what with chasing the slant-eyed things around the dormitories and one thing and another the doors were closed to us after the first engagement. A little headway was made after we got eight bombers. One day there had been some talk of our being the saviors of Kunming. In fact they even went so far as to bring a brass band and a host of flower girls out to the fields. After a speech, each pilot's name was to be read out, whereupon he would step forward and have a wreath put around his neck in the best "Man o' War winning the Kentucky Derby" manner. The hitch in the proceedings was that, just when the speaker was starting with something like "Friends of China, we in Yunnan Province," a guy came running out of the operations building and yelled at the Second Squadron to man their planes. As it turned out, it was a fake alarm but it broke up the party.

We have had numerous engagements.

They have so many planes in the air that you can't take time to work on any *one*. I got a single-engined bomber one day and a fighter on another, for certain. Have damaged a few more, but can't claim any as they all have about a dozen friends who rush to their assistance and keep you from seeing what happens. Have been on several strafing raids to near-by fields and shot up two sitting on the ground. They are getting the word now though, as they have all kinds of anti-aircraft. The black puffs looked rather thick and fast on our last raid, so we conceded the day to them and went home.

For the past week there has been an influx of camera and newspaper men into the privacy of our alert-shack. George Rodger of *Life*, several Paramount people, and others have been snapping madly. One day Rodger got a group of us posed around a rudder off a Jap fighter, when the siren went off. We dropped the rudder in the middle of the field and hopped into the planes. I got my first plane on that raid. Rodger snapped me eating lunch right afterwards, so if you see me you will know why I — if I do — look so peculiar.

Some of the lads are getting quite cocky these days, as a result of our publicity, but it doesn't last. A bunch of Jap fighters will make a Christian out of anybody. One of our pilots, after overshooting the runway and whipping off through the bushes, demolishing his plane, announced that he had been "Christianized."

March 2, 1942. — My airplane score still stands at two in the air and two that I caught on the ground on strafing raids, which probably doesn't sound very good in view of the numbers of Japs shot down by us, but is just about average in my squadron. I have been in five combats and three strafing raids. In the first combat, I had to dive away when about thirty fighters surprised six of us. I turned to fight, but before I could down anything, one of them put two bullets through my intake manifold. The next time up, we ran into a bunch of single-engined bombers and I got one that burst into flames just before I pulled away to avoid a collision. Two days later a few twin-

engined bombers arrived with fighter escort. Although I fired on them several times, their motors refused to catch fire as they were doing in some of the others I could see. The fourth time out, there were only fighters in the air. I managed to fire at eight, but only got one from dead stern. Like six others that I fired on, he was going home not watching out for planes. One stupe I surprised twice in the same way. Although he staggered about a lot, I never could get him cut off. He and a friend would separate when I came at them and come head-on. No matter which one I would go for, the other would have a good shot at my side. I retired as gracefully as possible. The last time I caught up with some of these Japs there were only fighters again. My wing man and I dove through a light cloud on two of them, but they saw us and looped up, firing at us on their backs. I fired on one without success and then looked around for the wing man. Neither he nor the Japs were visible. Finally I saw a parachute far below and went down to investigate, as the Japs are not at all averse to shooting a man in a chute. It turned out to be my missing man. He said he was scared to death when I came down, as he thought the Japs were after him. I watched him hit the ground and then flew down low, waving my hand. He waved back, so I figured he was all right.

One thing in particular that these shootings have brought out is that those who have had aerial gunnery back in the States are much better for it. I should really like to take about a week or two off and do some. In the Navy I only fired twice, so you see that I am like a hunter who has never done any trapshooting. I do a lot of shooting, but it's all of questionable accuracy.

A couple of nights ago the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek gave us a big feed at our barracks. They both gave speeches — the former in Chinese (interpreted for us) and the latter in English. The Generalissimo was quite flowery in the traditional Chinese manner, and Madame gushed a bit. She thinks airplanes are just too-o-o romantic. One of the pilots from New England said she was just an old Wellesley girl that was on fire with the cause.

Clichés like “wings of steel” and “intrepid airmen” were thick and fast.

Recreation hereabout is not very varied.

KUNMING. *May 18, 1942.* — We are still based at Kunming, which would be a quiet spot as far as action is concerned, if it were not for the numerous offensive raids we have put on. Since the Japs won't come to us, we have been putting on a little harassing program intended to stir them up — like poking a hornet's nest with a stick and then running like mad, only on a larger scale. When the Japs were up to the Salween bridge on the Burma Road we went down every day and strafed and bombed them. I was only on one of those raids, because we take turns on such things; but we did manage to get a few trucks and one plane that was sitting in a field. We have also been carrying out some missions in Indo-China. The first one, which you probably read of in the papers, was done by six people who volunteered for the job; in fact they thought it up. They went down to Hanoi in broad daylight and bombed and strafed a whole field full of airplanes. One of them was brought down by anti-aircraft fire and crashed. The others were all O.K.

The next job down there was when I took four planes down to just past Lao-Kay, which is at the border on the Yunnan-Hanoi railroad. The idea was to blow up the daily train that comes up from the south, to look over the country and the airfield in particular, and to alert all the fighters based along the railway. We were too late for the train, so we went down the track twenty-five miles to make them think we were going to Hanoi, and then turned off into the mountains so that their net would get confused when the stations along the railroad stopped reporting us. A few days later some others caught the train and ruined it. They went back to catch the wrecking train the next day but, not finding it, they decided to blow up the freight yard at Lao-Kay. Peter was on the trip and in fact was flying on the leader (who was one of the fellows on the Hanoi trip) when the latter was hit by anti-aircraft and bailed out over enemy territory. That made two casualties among the heroic

six. The next day I was about to take off on a bombing practice session when someone ran up and said that Jones, another of the six, had crashed near the bombing target. I saw his plane still burning in a field. It seems that he got a little confused, according to observers, and started to pull out of his dive too late. That made three of the original six left. They had all been promoted one rank by the Generalissimo and will probably be decorated; so it was even more tragic than it would have been anyway. If they were in the United States Army, they would probably get the Congressional Medal of Honor. The same six also had blown up an entire motorized column a few days before, — a feat which had been witnessed by the Chinese Army across the river, — so they were quite the fair-haired boys.

We are supposed to move to Chungking any day now, but as the weather continues to be disgustingly good we can't just haul out of here and let the town be blown up. The fair weather up there starts at about the same time that the rainy season gets under way here. Today is the first dirty weather we have had to date, so maybe that's a good sign. Most of us have seen about as much of Kunming as we want to, and will welcome any change.

The Army Air Forces are due to take us over on the Fourth of July. Or I can get a Navy commission and remain here on detached service with the Army. The General hasn't heard from the Navy Department on just what rank or chance for regular commission they will give us, so I can't say much on that. The Army plan as outlined by General Chennault to me is this: he wants about fifteen of us to join the Army out here and help him train the new men in the arts of fighting off the Japs (such as they are). After that is done, we will be sent back to the States for a job there. The time involved would be anywhere from a week to three months after the expiration of our contracts. (Mine is up July 14, counting my accrued leave that I have never dipped into.) The General said, “I will make you a second lieutenant,” and my face fell as I had figured on being a captain. “And the next day,” he continued, “I will make you a major.” I just

about fell off my stool, as "a major" conjures up pictures in my mind of a pretty big shot.

Actually, rank in the Air Forces isn't what it used to be, what with the expansion. They are simply crying for somebody who has shot a plane down or has had some experience he can pass along to the new boys. Men whom some of our pilots knew as instructors back in the States and who were first lieutenants at the time, are now lieutenant colonels running around out here in the Ferry Command or on tactical squadrons. There was a lieutenant colonel here a few days ago who went with our people on the flight to Lao-Kay when we lost one of our pilots. I think he was Christianized a bit. Many of the Army people come out here full of that "Let's get the Japs and tear them apart" spirit (such as I had the day I got shot down). They don't realize that there are several ways of skinning a cat. Aerial fighting isn't like boxing, where you can wade in and take a beating the first few times.

I still haven't made up my mind what I shall do, as I don't know all the facts by a long shot. However, as my interest is still in air forces, not fleets, I shall bid the Navy farewell and join the Army either here or at home. I can see Pappy blowing his lid at the mere mention of the Army, but you must remember that the United States has no separate air force, so the Army is the nearest thing to it. I like to go down to the sea in ships and I like to fly airplanes, but I don't like to do them together. It's like one-arm driving — you can't do your best work at either. Also my experience has been mostly in pursuit aviation, so that puts me more in line for the Army.

I've just read a paper edition of *Dodsworth* and found it very good, but of course a little dated, being about the Jazz Era. As Grandma said once when asked if she did the mazurka in her youth, "It was a little before my time."

In just about every letter I get, you mention this absurd news that, after my being shot up and making a forced landing, I was in a hospital for some time. Actually I had

a day's rest and was back on duty the next day. I have not tried to be the little soldier, hiding the horrors of war from his anxious parents, but have passed over some of the superfluous news and nastiness that there is no point in mentioning. Leave that stuff to Steinbeck and Hemingway — they love it.

July 24, 1942. — Once again I am stationed out in the sticks at one of our regular advanced base fields. Since I am now in the Air Corps, I am not supposed to say which one, although when I was in the AVG I mentioned it several times. Officers are supposed to censor their own mail — sort of an honor system.

I believe I was a bit hasty in sending off the telegram stating that I was a squadron leader with the rank of major. I got the major's commission all right but not the squadron, as there were four AVG majors and only three squadrons to lead. Being the junior man, I was put on the waiting list. Tex Hill, my former AVG squadron leader, is in charge of the squadron here, so everything is under control. I hope I get assigned to him permanently. So far I am only attached for duty — an important technicality.

So far the Army and I are hitting it off very nicely. The only thing that they haven't got that the AVG had is the quality in pilots. Everything else seems to be run much better — because, I imagine, they have a lot more people per squadron than the AVG. In the Army you have special non-flying officers who handle messings, engineering, armament, and all the details not pertaining to flying that pilots had to do in the AVG. I still haven't got quite used to being addressed as "Sir" or "Major" by lieutenants older than I. I think it's absurd and is mostly a hangover from the peacetime army days when a major was an old fud and could throw his weight around.

There is not much going on around here as the Japs have business elsewhere evidently. Efforts to stir them up are not successful.

Love,

GIL

» The "battle of patents" has been hard fought between Thurman Arnold and his staff and those lawyers who went to bat for Big Business. Now, with new legislation impending, the *Atlantic* calls in an umpire to tell us the box score.

INVENTION IS VITAL

by ROY C. HACKLEY, JR.

1

AGAINST a backdrop of often sensational testimony presented by the Department of Justice to the Senate Patents Committee, the Honorable Thurman W. Arnold, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, and Dr. Lawrence Langner, dean of the patent bar, have conducted an informal debate which has shown in bold relief the relation of invention and patents to American free economy, both domestic and international. On this debate, at the request of the *Atlantic*, I have prepared this equally informal "umpire's report."

Mr. Arnold has painted a picture of patents as an instrument of domestic and international business policy whereby economically powerful organizations in the United States and abroad have controlled and exploited the patent grant to public disadvantage. He has charged that international cartels have dominated markets at home and abroad, and have been used as a weapon to create and enforce a policy of scarcity, and to destroy or discourage independent enterprise. Mr. Arnold has given case histories which, if accepted at face value, demonstrate that many necessities of life, basic materials required in war, and even medical supplies and drugs may have been curtailed in production or have been denied to the Army, Navy, or public by some

unlawful contractual device. Mr. Arnold frankly points an accusing finger at the patent as the cancer which must be cauterized to prevent further growth of the evil.

Since, for the most part, only the Department of Justice side of these cases has been presented, it would be at least unfair to discuss the issues here or attempt to adjudge the parties or concerns involved. We can, however, utilize the examples brought forward to see what can occur under the present state of the law and to take warning from them.

Dr. Langner, not having the privilege of making an independent investigation of the cases upon which Mr. Arnold bases his charges, has carefully and wisely refrained from discussing the issues. He has presented the case in favor of the patent system independently. Dr. Langner has pointed out in convincing fashion that if unsavory cartels exist, they arise and survive by way of agreements entered into between American and foreign industrialists, frequently state-dominated corporations. These cartels are instruments of expediency whereby discoveries and teachings of foreign scientists and artisans are secured for use in the United States. He points out that only by these cartel agreements can we *ensure* the importation into the United States of inventions conceived abroad. In like convincing fashion Dr. Langner points to the long list of war products — tetrazine, Plexiglas, carboloy, Buna rubber, synthetic toluol, atebirin, 100-octane aviation gasoline, and magnesium — that are now known to American industry, and are being utilized in the winning of the war, exclusively because

ROY C. HACKLEY, JR., is Chairman of the Patents Section of the American Bar Association. At the recent meeting of the Association in Detroit, it was his responsibility to lead the discussion of the new legislation proposed by Thurman Arnold as a means of curbing the abuse of patents. A San Franciscan who took his academic and law degrees at the University of California, Mr. Hackley is a native son with a broad vision.

courageous and far-seeing American industrialists traded this information out of Germany and her satellite powers.

When, in times of peace, two or more industrialists in different countries agree to exchange technical information and to restrict the circumstances under which the information each gives to the other may be used and exploited, a "cartel" or "international contract" is created. However sinister the word "cartel" has come to be, it is plain that cartels may be good or bad, depending on at least two factors: (1) Who got the best of the trade? (2) What conditions or restrictions were imposed on the use or exploitation of the information? Even the proverbial David Harum made a bad trade now and then — can we fairly expect more of modern industry? As for terms, more often than not the seller sets his price. We can take it or leave it.

Mr. Arnold cites some examples of "bad" cartels. It is difficult to find in any of these, however, where the presence or absence of a patent provided the cartel creators with any better device to set up the scheme than is inherent in the power of contract generally.

2

The controversy which has played back and forth across the headlines and investigations has revealed some bad agreements. In some cases these agreements have twisted or turned the use of letters patent to secure or effect advantages far beyond the intent of the Constitution of the United States or the rights available with a proper use of the patent grant. But it is incontestable that the wrongs thus occurring involve but the smallest fraction of all patents and are the product of *misuse* of the patent grant rather than a failure or weakness of the patent system. In fact, Mr. Arnold concedes that it is not patents, but rather the abuses committed under the shield of patents, that provide concern and require vigorous prosecution.

Dr. Langner has pointed out with great care that the illegal form of international cartel and the abuse of patents have existed through the entire industrial history of this

country. These wrongs survive, moreover, more through want of enforcement of the law than through any failure of an adequate remedy. It is no coincidence that these wrongs have become apparent largely in the past three years when more anti-trust prosecutions have been undertaken than in the previous four decades of the history of the Sherman Act. Had a similar attack been made at an earlier date, unquestionably the same facts would have been discovered. Any shortcomings in the law would at that time have been ferreted out and remedied.

The Assistant Attorney General and his staff, both in the courts and before the Senate Patents Committee, have clearly shown that it is *possible* under the present state of the law to use the patent grant abusively. *That, after all, is the important problem presented.* They have shown, for example, that many a patent license agreement, if challenged, would fail by reason of the frailty of its foundation on the particular patent involved; and that it stands only because there is no agency, public or private, with the desire or the strength to challenge the pool or arrangement.

Without all the facts, it is not possible for me to sit in judgment on the bargains struck between American industry and foreign industrialists, or to determine which were good or which bad bargains. It is possible for the American public to recognize the fact that, say what we will, the information garnered by patents is desperately needed for the successful prosecution of the war and is now in American hands. It is being used by America and the United Nations wherever and whenever it will strike the greatest blow for democracy and against its enemies. If the agreements drawn were bad, they are essentially bad only in retrospect. They did not appear to be bad at the time the bargains were struck.

I wonder if, under the same conditions, Mr. Arnold or any of his staff could have driven better bargains than were driven by American industry with these foreign industrialists. Certain it is that they could have acquired no greater amount of useful information than is now possessed by us as a

consequence of these transactions. There is little evidence now that the price we paid was too great. Only time and the fortunes of war will tell.

As we have seen, however, the real issue is not whether any particular cartel is good or bad — that is a matter for the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice to police through the courts. The issue is not whether or not any individual domestic patent pool or patent licensing system is good or bad — that again is a problem to be tested out before the judicial tribunals by the able staff of the Antitrust Division proceeding under the Sherman Act and kindred statutes. The real question, and the one which must be considered, is whether or not the present laws provide adequate machinery to permit the Antitrust Division effectively to locate and destroy misuses of patents and other forms of property wherever such wrongs occur. For, while most agreements relating to patents are fair and consistent with public interest, we must admit that the opportunity for misuse of the patent grant does exist and must be eliminated.

Before turning to proposed remedies, let me recall that the object of the patent system of the United States is to encourage invention to the end of ensuring the progress of science and the useful arts. To encourage invention, the inventor must not only be protected in his personal enjoyment of the invention but he must be placed in a position sufficiently attractive to encourage and protect investment in the development and commercialization of the invention.

3

During the past several years, innumerable panaceas have been suggested to curb the misuse of patents or, to use the popular phrase, “to reform the patent system.” Most of these, if enacted into law, would have the effect of driving the termites from the temple, but would at the same time destroy the temple. Bills pending in Congress would compel every inventor to share by license his invention with all who desire to use it. This subject, known as com-

pulsory licensing, has been the source of controversy for many years. Much can be said for it, but against it let it be remembered that the principle of compulsory licensing would probably be supported by every major industrial organization in this country. Why? For the simple reason that the great industrial concerns would have complete and ready access to the work of all small organizations, and for the pittance of royalty would have the benefit of research from wherever it stemmed. Compulsory licensing on its face is designed to assist the little inventor and the struggling enterprise. But if not severely restricted, compulsory licensing of all patents would be destructive of small business and would remove the greatest incentive to the average inventor: the guarantee that for the short term of seventeen years he would enjoy exclusively the product of his independent intellectual efforts.

Let us see how compulsory licensing would work. Our little inventor, spending all the money he can beg and borrow, finally brings forth a useful improvement in one of the sciences or industrial arts. He finds himself at last with his patent in his hand and an opportunity to enter the commercial field. With such resources as he can secure by way of investment, he establishes a plant and goes into the market with his product. The X Company, powerful and technically skilled, demands a “compulsory license” under our little inventor’s patent and secures it. The inventor is allowed a royalty, of course, but that is all. The large organization, through its mass production techniques and sales force, produces and sells the article at a fraction of the cost entailed by the small concern, and promptly walks away with the business. Obviously research, development, and manufacturing investment cannot be repaid out of the royalties resulting. Therefore, under compulsory licensing we have the inventor, mortgaged to the hilt, destroyed by his own creation.

It may be argued that under certain circumstances, such as the suppression of a truly valuable invention (and such instances are almost as rare as the dodo), compulsory licensing would be justified. But in fact

I am satisfied that skilled legislative consideration of the subject, under the counselship of representatives of the patent bar, industry, and the public, can produce legislation which will answer *all* the problems that can conceivably arise, but which will not, as Judge Frank warned in a recent opinion, "throw out the baby with the bath water."

Pending legislation proposes, too, that the owner of a patent may grant only an unrestricted, non-exclusive license thereunder. He may not restrict the price at which his competitor licensee may sell; he may not fix the boundaries of the competing territory, limit the field of use to which the licensed article may be put, or limit the quantity of the licensed article that the licensee may make. Remembering that the Constitution says that the inventor shall be rewarded with the "exclusive" right to his invention for a "limited time," it is plain that if the right to use the invention must be given unconditionally, the inventor will simply refuse to grant any licenses.

Out of all of this legislative turmoil and the highly publicized criticisms of the patent system has come a brighter light which, on its face, seems to present an intelligent and fair approach to the solution of the true issues uncovered by the Department of Justice.

4

On July 31 of this year, Assistant Attorney General Arnold submitted to the Senate Patents Committee a proposal which in approach appears sound in principle. Mr. Arnold proposes that the Attorney General be given ready access to all agreements and instruments relating to patents. This is to be accomplished by the filing of such instruments with the Attorney General. This is the answer to the problem which has constantly confronted the Antitrust Division: namely, the difficulty of locating the unlawful agreements known to exist in industrial commerce.

Mr. Arnold further proposes that the Sherman Act be amended to provide expressly that the use of a patent must not effect an unreasonable restraint of trade or

commerce *beyond the restraint normally inherent in and intended by the patent grant*. Mr. Arnold carefully stated to the Senate Patents Committee that he did not consider patent license restrictions, even price-fixing clauses, to be bad *per se*. Rather, he said, he wanted the authority to test in open court, on a "case by case" basis, any patent license agreement which, in the opinion of the Attorney General, had the effect of giving to the patent owner, or the owner of a given interest in a patent, economic power beyond that permissible under the patent law and the general statutes of the United States. This is the Attorney General's answer to the problem of reaching the bad agreement without destroying the good.

Mr. Arnold proposed, too, that if, in a proceeding under the antitrust laws, the defendant attempted to justify his acts upon ownership of a patent or an interest therein, his adversary be given the right to test validity of the patent and to determine if the scope of the patent is sufficient to dominate the article of commerce controlled. This is the answer of the Attorney General to the theory sometimes advanced, that the United States, through the Department of Justice, cannot attack validity of a grant made by the Patent Office, another arm of the government. It is repugnant in principle to have the government on the one hand granting the patent, and on the other hand destroying it. However, since the proceedings in the Patent Office are *ex parte*, other than as the Commissioner of Patents may represent the public; and since, when viewed realistically, the work of the Patent Office is limited by the human factor, inevitably a large number of invalid patents are issued. If subjected to the fire of trial, these would fail to stand the test. If these, the Attorney General argues, cannot be reached in the public interest by the Attorney General, there will be instances where agreements will stand in restraint of trade, disadvantageously to the public and without any foundation justifiable in law.

In addition, the Arnold proposal demands that the United States be given the right to intervene in private patent litigation, presumably to safeguard against any viola-

tion of the Sherman Act which might not otherwise be presented by the parties. But Mr. Arnold in presenting his proposal did not limit the Attorney General to appearing in aid of defense; in answer to a question of a member of the committee, he stated that the Attorney General would appear in aid of the struggling inventor or little businessman attempting to assert his patent against a large organization better equipped with the financial sinews of litigation.

Evidently Mr. Arnold has come to the conclusion that fundamentally the abuses of the patent law can be cured by rather simple amendments of the antitrust laws. With this, I am satisfied, the patent bar and industry agree in principle. In fact the bar has long contended that such problems as exist and the wrongs which have been committed, some of which may have been described in the Senate Patents Committee hearings, have occurred through either a weakness in the antitrust laws or a failure of full enforcement of these laws in past years.

5

As a member of the patent bar, — and I am proud of its integrity, — I wish to say that the patents section of the American Bar Association, at its meeting in Detroit late in August of this year, carefully and constructively considered the Arnold proposals, known in the Senate record as the Lucas Bill, S.2730, and reached conclusions as to implementation of the antitrust laws almost identical with those set forth by Mr. Arnold.

The bar feels that all instruments relating to patents should be recorded in the United States Patent Office on public record or should be filed with the Attorney General, in order that scrutiny of these documents may be freely had in the public interest. Industry and the bar prefer that these transactions be conducted with full publicity.

Amendment of the Sherman Act to provide that the use of a patent shall not effect an unreasonable restraint of trade beyond the degree of restraint inherent in the patent grant is likewise approved in principle by the patent bar, and as a matter of fact is

advocated by the bar as a desirable addition to the statutory body of the law. Abuses of the patent statutes are as repugnant to the bar and to industry as they are to the public and the Department of Justice. Improvements of the law which will preclude chances of abuse and thereby permit the patent to stand, side by side with the invention it represents, will ensure the continued progress of American technology.

The proposal that the validity or scope of a patent be tested when a patent is set up as a defense to a proceeding under Section 7 (treble damage section) of the Sherman Act is likewise recommended by the bar. If, as a matter of fact, the patent is invalid, the sooner it is effectively eliminated from commerce, the better.

The remaining proposal of Mr. Arnold is that the Department of Justice be given an absolute right to intervene in private patent litigation to present evidence on questions of validity, scope, and infringement of the patent involved, and to defend against violation of the Sherman Act. Such intervention is opposed in principle by the bar for a variety of reasons. First, the right to intervene unquestionably exists in the law as a power inherent in the Attorney General as the advocate of the public interest. This was, in effect, ruled by Judge Liebel in a recent decision (June, 1942) in *General Electric Company vs. Hygrade-Sylvania Corporation* on an application by Mr. Arnold to intervene in that patent infringement suit. Whether the action is a patent case or any other form of private litigation, if the public interest is present, the Attorney General should and unquestionably can be heard, either as an intervening party or as a friend of the court by way of brief *amici curiae*. But the *absolute right to intervene* is fraught with peril to the private litigant, and is no more justified in a patent case than in any other form of private controversy. Why, say the bar, should patent litigants be victims of discrimination?

Because additional statutory power to intervene is unnecessary and intervention can be had in every appropriate case on proper showing, this last proposed amendment of the law is opposed by the bar.

Before leaving the proposals of Mr. Arnold, found in the language of the Lucas Bill, it is interesting to note that this legislation brings into the statutes a principle of jurisprudence which is novel and impressively fair. The bill provides — and with this provision the bar heartily concurs — that if a patent owner or the owner of an interest in a patent has disclosed, at the time the practices were adopted, the acts or conduct adopted by him in the use, by way of licensing or otherwise, of his patent, the Attorney General shall thereafter be entitled to bring only a civil action to seek an injunction against the continuance of those practices should he disagree with their legality. Under the bill, the Attorney General expressly is barred, when the acts and conduct have been substantially set forth in a written statement filed with the Attorney General, from bringing criminal proceedings demanding a fine or other penalties, and in addition civil litigants are barred from enforcement of the civil treble damage remedies of the Sherman Act.

Thus, when the owner of the patent or his licensee plays square with the public by disclosing his activities to the Attorney General, he can then only be sued by the Attorney General for an injunction against his continuing the acts if the court finds them improper. Failure of the Department of Justice to file suit or otherwise act would constitute tacit approval. Mr. Arnold is to be commended for attempting to secure a declaration of this principle in the body of statutory law. As he frankly states, it is his attempt to apply to the use of patents the rule laid down by the Supreme Court in the *Appalachian Coals* case a few years ago.

In the original proposal by Mr. Arnold, and in the Lucas Bill as filed, it is suggested that among other penalties for violation of the Sherman Act by a patent owner shall be the penalty of *cancellation* of the patent. The bar feels that this penalty is unnecessary, although in principle it has no objection, if the defendant is found guilty after a fair trial, to his being penalized by the taking of his patent, the taking of his house, the taking of his money or any other form of property. The cancellation of the patent is merely a

form of fine. Since, however, far-reaching effects may occur from mandatory cancellation of the patent which would hurt unfairly other and innocent parties, such as licensees who have committed no wrong; and since the court has the full power to restrain the use of the patent, to the point of eliminating entirely the usefulness of it, the bar prefers to leave the matter to the discretion of the court and to let the court inflict such penalties as the circumstances in each case prescribe. There is a further serious question on this point, whether, under certain treaties to which the United States is party, this country can adopt a patent cancellation law. This question is full of controversy and is one for the legal minds to argue in detail.

6

Essentially, then, the “battle of patents,” conducted in its original form as a war against patents by the Department of Justice, has now resolved itself by typical American methods into an almost unanimous endorsement of the methods I have described. In no sense should the proposed bill be considered a compromise by the Department of Justice, the Congress, industry, or the patent bar. It represents a sincere attempt by all parties to meet a clearly defined problem with a clearly defined legislative solution. We must provide for a healthier patent system; and above all, I repeat, the inventor must be stimulated to continue to invent if we are to race ahead of world technology. Having invented, he must have protection to secure just reward for his inventive efforts, both personally and by way of protection of those who have the courage to lend financial support to him. With the bad practices stripped away and continued abuses eliminated by sensible legislation of this type, it is to be hoped that the “battle of patents” can be declared ended with the American public and the American inventor the victors.

By these words I do not mean that the patent law is perfect and cannot be improved. Dr. Charles F. Kettering, Chairman of the National Patents Planning Commission appointed by the President early this

year, is engaged in the complex task of surveying the patent laws to find, if possible, where the present laws may be improved; or if that is not practical, to discover a better system for encouragement and reward of progress which will ensure the continued leadership of America in the industrial and scientific world.

The patent bar will be the first to concede that many improvements of the patent system are required. For one thing, suits must be made financially practical and useful to the average patent owner. They are often prohibitive now. The prosecution of patent suits must not be used, as in many instances in the past, as an instrument of business policy rather than as a means of enforcement of the constitutional grant. Suppression of invention, particularly invention on which no patent exists, must be penalized to eliminate the unfair economic advantages which flow from such circumstance. I am satisfied, however, that these questions, however complex, will be solved by the Kettering Committee when it reports its recommendations to the President in the not too distant future.

Finally, since there has been so much misunderstanding about the rights of the United States to utilize inventions in preparing for and in conducting the war, it seems appropriate to repeat here a statement which I have made frequently in the press, that under statutes enacted in 1910 and 1918 — the latter at the behest of President Franklin D. Roosevelt when he was Acting Secretary

of the Navy — the United States has the absolute right to order and utilize in its behalf any invention, patented or not.

In many circles the impression has been given that the owner of a patent can restrict the war effort by refusing to permit the use of his patented invention. *This is plainly not true.* It is proper to point out, however, that there are certain technical circumstances under which the most desirable degree of protection may not be available under these laws. While the frailties of the existing statutes are largely philosophical rather than real, the patent bar, immediately after Pearl Harbor, placed before Congress legislative proposals which would eliminate even the remotest hazard to full war use of invention. Congress has not yet acted on these proposals.

In conclusion, tribute should be paid to Assistant Attorney General Arnold and his staff, not for the fairness of their treatment of the patent system, its adherents or users, for there has been evidence of "prosecutor complex" and little or no opportunity for reply by the accused, but rather for ferreting out and laying bare on the record, part, but certainly not all, of that which depicts a cancerous and unlawful condition in the use of a few patents. Equal tribute must be given to Congress for investigating the problem, and to the patent bar for its open-minded and willing attitude to conceive and espouse law that will end the evils and preserve the virtues of the American patent system.

TRAVELING AMERICA

by JAN STRUTHER

TRAVELING America, I am England-haunted.

I seek new landscapes out of the window of the train,
But wherever I look, an England enlarged, transplanted,
Springs to my sight, and carries me home again.

The clapboard house in a Massachusetts village
Is a weatherboard house in Essex. From both, men sail
To plow their lives away in a dangerous tillage;
In both, wives lie uneasy, an ear on the gale.

The Pennsylvania meadows are green and quiet
As Penn's own meadows three thousand miles away;
The cattle browse, and the honeysuckles riot,
And the streams run slow, and slow men cart the hay.

In Chesapeake Bay the woods come down to the water,
Feathery-soft in the moonlight as funeral plumes:
I think of a small mother with a well-grown daughter,
And remember the Devon coast and the wooded combes.

The Shenandoah Valley, the Blue Ridge lying
Beyond it, the sound of crickets and whippoorwills —
This is the valley of Avon, with plovers crying,
And daylight dying over the Malvern Hills.

Southward. Kentucky. Small fields, steep and stony;
Patient eyes staring from a rickety shack.
(I've seen those eyes in Scotland, and the one cow bony,
And the stunted crops, raised with a breaking back.)

Mobile. Biloxi. Rose-pink water-mallows
Along the Gulf, in the marshes of Pontchartrain.
(The marshes of Kent are smaller; their creeks run shallow;
Their mallow-blooms are paler, and wet with rain.)

The grazing lands . . . It is only the size that varies.
Mind's eye sees color and shape, but has no scale:
It can gather the length and breadth of Nebraska's prairies
On the fells of Yorkshire, hard by Arkendale.

The orchards of Michigan and Minnesota
Are Hereford apple-orchards in blossomtime;
And, climbing the long Black Hills of South Dakota,
It is still the Monadhliath that I climb.

But here, in the Southwest, opening my eyes on
Vermilion mesas rising from painted sands,
I have found at last a land with a new horizon,
A land which holds no echoes of other lands.

Here are cactus and thorn, with nightmare flowers;
Basalt and gypsum; trees long turned to stone.
Over the dried arroyo the red cliff towers:
Here is nothing familiar, nothing known.

Silence, and sun, and sand. The lizards flicker.
Ghostly and restless rolls the tumbleweed.
The eyes that gaze from the scattered huts of wicker
Are the secret eyes of an ancient and secret breed.

This is a country of dream, a world enchanted,
Improbable, fantastic, a wild release.
Here, and here alone, I can walk unhaunted.
I shall stay here long. Strangeness, at last, brings peace.



WE CAN PAY THE WAR BILL

by ALVIN H. HANSEN

I

ARE we bound to be impoverished by the war; will our standard of living fall drastically for a generation or two after the peace? I feel strongly that most people expect impoverishment and a lowered standard of living.

History suggests that countries recover from the ravages of war with amazing speed. John Stuart Mill referred to this fact in the middle of the nineteenth century, and we have had many evidences of it since that time. Dr. Arthur Lyon Bowley's study of the standard of living of five English towns in the middle twenties disclosed that only half as many people were living below the poverty level as in 1913. Measured by various criteria, such as nutrition and housing, or the purchasing power of wages received, the standard of living was higher than before World War I.

Similarly we have a good many studies comparing the position of the working classes in Germany in the late twenties with that of 1913. These led to the same conclusion. Germany staged a perfectly amazing comeback in the latter part of the twenties. It is seen in the rebuilding of her merchant marine, the re-equipping and modernizing of her railways, the building of factories equipped with the most up-to-date machinery, the great housing program and public works of all sorts, and, in general, in peaks of employment at real wages higher than before the war.

When one comes to think of it there is no

good reason to expect that we should be impoverished by the war or that we should have a lower standard of living — if we manage things at all wisely.

In the first place, I should like to point out that when we win we shall come out of this war, as a nation, completely debt-free. That is to say, we shall not owe any other country anything. We shall not have to pay tribute to any other country. (About the *internal* debt I shall have something to say later.) More important, however, is the fact that we shall come out of this war with a larger productive capacity than we have ever had. We shall have fabulous productive capacity in the great basic industries, in iron and steel, in machinery and machine tools and the like. And while certainly our peacetime industries will have been starved of modern equipment, — the more so the longer the war lasts, — these industries can very quickly be re-equipped with the best modern machines by reason of the productive capacity in the basic industries. Competent statisticians have suggested that our manufacturing productive capacity may be 50 per cent higher, or more, by the end of the war.

We shall also come out of the war with a larger proportion of our working population trained and skilled to work in modern industry than ever before in our history.

So, from the production and engineering standpoint, there is every reason why we should have a far higher output, a higher real income than we have ever experienced before, if we manage our economy so as to use our productive resources to the full.

With respect to this particular point, I

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should like to direct your attention to the calendar year 1941. I think we can learn a great deal from that year.

2

Our last peacetime year was 1941. Our war output was still a relatively small amount compared with the vast program upon which we have now embarked. We had not yet encountered restrictions. Our 20-billion-dollar Federal budget, including 13 billions for defense, did not yet encroach seriously upon private consumption and private investment. Indeed, as the event showed, it induced (through the increased flow of purchasing power which the defense program poured into the economy) an expansion of consumption and investment. The year 1941 was a wonderful demonstration of the potentialities of expansionist economics.

In that year we had a per capita output 20 per cent higher than in any previous year in our history. From an engineering and production standpoint, that was an amazing performance. We had a record output of durable consumers' goods — $10\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars — and at the end of the year we were better equipped, per capita, with automobiles and all sorts of durables than ever before. We had a higher level of output of non-durable consumers' goods, such as food, and semi-durables, such as clothing and the like, than we had ever produced before. Consumer expenditures totaled 76 billion dollars — 10 per cent in excess of the previous peak of 1929. Besides, the production of capital goods, public and private, was far higher in the year 1941 than ever before. War plant and equipment to the amount of nearly 10 billion dollars were financed by the government. And when one puts public and private together, one reaches a total capital formation of 28 billion dollars — about 9 billion dollars above the previous peak year, 1929.

We did all this on a 40-hour week, and we still had 5 to 6 million unemployed. Even today there are still $3\frac{1}{2}$ million of the labor force unemployed. The year 1941 was a fabulous demonstration of output under modern technical conditions.

Compare the calendar year 1941 with the

fiscal year 1943. It is now contemplated that we shall produce in fiscal 1943 some 70 billion dollars of war output. The President, in his January message, used the figure 56 billion dollars, which almost everybody thought was fantastic. We know now that it was considerably too low. In March of this year, war expenditures were 3 billion dollars; in July they totaled 4 billion. A year ago the figure was only 750 million dollars a month. The curve is rapidly rising to 6 billion per month.

Now if we spend 70 billion dollars on the war in the fiscal year 1943, that will be 57 billion dollars more than our war output in the calendar year 1941. These figures are so fantastically large that they challenge credulity. How can a country produce any such fabulous amount and still supply a sufficient output of civilian goods to maintain the health and efficiency of the population?

The answer to that question is twofold. In the first place, modern economic societies, even in good years, have a very considerable amount of slack in their system. In 1941, as I have just said, we produced an unprecedented output and still had 5 to 6 million of the labor force unemployed, and we did it on a 40-hour week. If the unemployed labor force is absorbed; and if working hours are increased, let us say, to an average of 48; and if in addition we tap the large potential labor supply not ordinarily included in the labor force, as we did indeed in the last war, — younger people, older people, women, and all those employed in more or less useless occupations in which people find employment when there is a slack demand for labor, — the total potential expansion is a very considerable amount. By taking up the slack, we can produce perhaps 18 or 20 billion dollars of the 57-billion war output that we must produce in the fiscal year 1943 over and above that of the calendar year 1941.

Secondly, modern societies are extraordinarily rich; that is to say, they have vast accumulations of wealth, which from the social standpoint means an accumulation of stocks of goods of all sorts. It means manufacturing plant and equipment, railroads, public utilities. It means stocks of durable

consumers' goods, automobiles and household equipment, electrical appliances and the like. It means large stocks of raw materials, semi-finished and finished goods. Already possessed of a very large amount of durable goods, whether capital goods or consumers' goods, it is possible for us to quit producing those things for a long time while continuing to use what we have. The result is that the utility derived from these things keeps on flowing at about the same rate as before, even though the public ceases to buy them altogether. Our peacetime consumers' industries are well equipped with plants and machinery and they can keep on producing for several years without any significant decline in output, even though there is not a single new machine installed. We can thus convert our productive resources away from both producers' and consumers' durables over to the war effort. It is estimated that by this conversion we can increase war output by something like 22 to 25 billion dollars over and above the 1941 level. Difficulties will arise, particularly with respect to raw-material shortages, but these are believed to be manageable within the limits of the projected program.

That brings us up to 45 billion dollars out of our 57 billion dollars increased war output that we must make over and above the calendar year 1941. The rest of it must come from a conversion of resources away from the non-durable and semi-durable consumers' goods, including clothing and the like. We can probably spare 10 or 12 billion dollars converted over to the war effort without feeling the pinch appreciably. In other words, the point I am making is that even though we do produce 70 billion dollars of war output in the fiscal year 1943, we shall discover, much to our surprise, that our standard of *living*, in contrast to our volume of consumption expenditures, will be pretty high. If we look at these figures superficially, we may be inclined to think that our standard of living must fall drastically. It will indeed fall in the sense that we shall not be buying things at the former rate, but we shall continue to enjoy things we already possess, and our standard of living will not fall anything like so much as the figures seem to indicate.

We shall have plenty of food, I am sure, and we shall have plenty of the necessities of life to maintain health and efficiency, and we shall continue to enjoy all these stocks of durables that won't wear out for quite a long time.

3

Such a gigantic conversion in so short a time, with the consequence that half of our productive resources will be devoted to war, involves of necessity a terrific dislocation of industry. Must there follow from it a tremendous inflation of prices?

We know that wars in the past have always been accompanied by price inflation; but we know also that in this war the experience to date is rather different. This indicates a large advance in social and economic planning. All countries began this war with a quite different attitude toward planning and control from that which prevailed in the last war. The result is that in most countries we find thus far nothing like the price inflation that occurred, if one makes a month-by-month comparison, at a comparable period in World War I.

We are doing much better than we did in the last war. In the last war, in a comparable period, we had experienced a rise in prices more than three times the increase in prices at the present moment. If one considers England, one may accept the argument of Professor Arthur Cecil Pigou that there has not been any important price inflation at all. It is true that wholesale prices and the cost of living were readjusted to a higher level almost immediately upon the outbreak of war. This rise, however, was due not to inflationary pressures but rather to the fact that the British decided to allow the pound to drop. Under world conditions then prevailing, import prices rose in England by the full amount of the depreciation. Import prices were further increased by higher freight rates. These two main factors account for the British price rise.

With respect to this country, we have had a relatively moderate increase up to the present time, corresponding on the whole to the slightly steeper price increase that occurred in the first two years of World War I. If we

had stopped there (say at the level reached at the middle of 1916), we should not have had any price inflation worth worrying about. Then, as now, the price increase — up to the middle of 1916 — was very largely associated with, and indeed facilitated, the increase in output.

In World War I, the major price inflation in the wholesale markets occurred in two relatively brief intervals: (1) in the nine or ten months at the end of 1916 and the early part of 1917, and (2) in the post-war period from April, 1919, to July, 1920.

We have now reached a point analogous to mid-1916 just before the great World War I inflation developed. War expenditures have risen from 750 million dollars a month, a year ago, to 4 billion dollars a month in July of this year, and will probably reach 5 or 6 billions by December of this year. The money income receipts of individuals have twice the money value (in terms of present prices) of the consumers' goods that will be available during the fiscal year 1943. We must take drastic measures now.

We must tax excess corporate profits to the limit. But we must also adopt much heavier taxation of incomes below \$3000. Here indeed is the great mass of excess purchasing power from which arises the main inflationary pressure. It may well be that we ought to adopt a war consumption tax levied at retail, billed separately so as not to confuse the tax with the price. I am wholly against a retail sales tax for peacetime. It is bad for business and bad for employment. If passed during the war, it should carry a clause providing for its automatic repeal as soon as the emergency is over. But during the war it could mop up a large amount of purchasing power.

And even a greater volume of excess purchasing power should be mopped up through a program of compulsory savings.

4

It is perfectly clear that, after the war is over, we cannot undertake a stupendous reconversion of our resources rationally without continued effective controls. It is utterly foolish to conceive of this reconversion period

as in any sense normal. The reconversion will entail just as drastic a distortion of the economy as the conversion from peace to war. And if we let our controls go as soon as the war is over, we shall certainly have a violent post-war inflation. It will not afford much comfort to have prevented a wartime inflation only to experience a tremendous inflation when the war is over. When the reconversion process is completed we can then safely remove the wartime controls.

The reconversion will be on a far vaster scale than in World War I. Millions of people will gradually be discharged from the military forces and from the war industries. The automobile industry alone will have a million and a half people employed — a million more than the automobile industry employs under peak peacetime conditions. Add shipping, aircraft, the iron and steel and the machine-tool and the metal industries, and it is clear that there will be some 15 million people who must be shifted over from the military forces and the war industries to peacetime employment.

After World War I we experienced an immediate post-war boom. That boom gave us a serious post-war inflation. It was based upon essentially three things. First of all, the peacetime industries had been starved of plant and equipment during the war and there was a higher investment from September, 1919, to September, 1920, in plant and equipment than we had at any time during the war period or in the boom years of the twenties. On top of that, we had a violent scramble for raw materials, a building up of inventories all around, which led to a strongly speculative boom. In addition, the export of agricultural products to Europe increased after the war despite the high levels that had been reached during the war.

This time, similarly, if the war lasts any considerable period, there will be large accumulated shortages of automobiles, household equipment, and electrical appliances. There will be large accumulated shortages in housing and in plant and equipment for the peacetime industries. On the basis of all of these, we may expect in these areas a very intense boom.

But the change-over this time will be so

enormous, so many millions will be involved, that we may also expect, side by side with boom and inflation, a large amount of unemployment. This we must strive to prevent by making systematic plans for re-employment.

Now we come to a longer view of the post-war situation. What may we expect after the change-over following the immediate post-war boom in durables? History indicates — though there are economic historians who dispute it — that wars are a tremendous stimulant to technological progress. Out of dire necessity created by war spring new products, new methods of production, new uses of resources. We are discovering in this war new substitutes. The whole raw-materials picture is going to be drastically different. The developments now going on with respect to substitutes and methods of production may well revolutionize the building industry. Out of the tremendous new experience in the fullest possible use of our resources, there is good reason to believe that we shall experience a technological revolution so far-reaching as to provide the basis for a substantial private investment boom.

One thing more we do know. We need only look back into our history to learn that we must expect a serious post-war depression sooner or later. I hasten to add that depressions are not simply a phenomenon caused by war. We have frequently had depressions, long and serious, that had no connection whatever with war. We must therefore conclude that unless we adopt bold policies very different from those pursued in the past we shall sooner or later run headlong into very serious depressions. And there are many potent reasons why we may indeed expect worse depressions in the future than in the past.

Modern societies are more sensitive to depressions, are subjected to greater strain in periods of unemployment, than were earlier societies, which were more rural in character. It is the urban and industrialized community that suffers most severely under depression, because this community peculiarly experiences the phenomenon of unemployment. The rural economy indeed suffers a fall in prices, but the population can obtain suffi-

cient food. For this reason there is a powerful tendency, in depression periods, for the urban population to go back to the land in order at least to obtain subsistence.

5

The thing we need to grasp very clearly is that the key to employment, the key to full activity in our future economy, lies essentially in the field of capital or investment expenditures. (Ways and means of increasing consumption should not, however, be neglected.) Yet investment is a relatively small part of the whole economy. Nevertheless it is essentially the dynamic and controlling part. It is in the investment area that the state needs to enter in a much larger way than it has in the past. But this does not mean that the government must enter the field of production, since public development projects can largely be constructed under private contract. Moreover, it is only a relatively small sector that the government needs to enter — one that private enterprise, for the most part, cannot enter at all.

I want to present just a few simple figures that will illustrate that point. In boom years, when we have the largest amount of investment, net investment represents only about 12 per cent of the total flow of the national income. The rest of the output consists of consumers' goods and services. There is not the slightest reason why the government would need to interfere in the production of consumers' goods (except the community services which government alone can perform). It is necessary only that it perform a balancing function in the area of investment. If the state plays a bold role, we may expect the opportunities for private investment to be expanded and enlarged under the stimulus of a sustained market.

Bold government action is especially necessary when private investment outlays drastically decline. At the end of a vigorous private investment boom, when a large outlay has been made in office buildings, hotels, houses, producers' plant and new kinds of machinery, a temporary saturation point is reached. Temporarily rich and profitable investment outlets, made possible by new

technological developments and population growth, have been exhausted, and only marginal and submarginal outlets remain. At this point optimism vanishes and the economy develops into a down-spin. We had reached an extraordinarily high saturation of investment in this country in 1929. Thus the boom died a natural death. Indeed, I doubt if one can find at any other time in history such an extraordinarily high degree of investment saturation as was reached, notably in the United States and in Germany, in 1929.

The essence of depression is a decline in private investment outlays. If we are going to achieve a full-employment economy, the state must enter as a balancing wheel and engage boldly in large public development and improvement projects as a counterweight against impending depression. If investment outlays are maintained, then one can be quite sure that general consumption will continue on a high level. If a temporary saturation has been reached in consumers' durables as well as in producers' capital, the gap which must be filled by public investment is still larger. But consumption in general will not decline if the income of consumers is increased as productivity rises. But when capital outlays decline and when people are unemployed in the capital goods industries, consumption falls off. And when consumption has fallen, that in turn accelerates the decline in investment. When consumption expenditures have diminished by a considerable amount, what sense does it make for a consumers' goods industry to enlarge its plant and equipment? There is already overcapacity in view of the falling market.

But if the government steps in boldly, it will be discovered that the *induced contraction* causing a cumulative decline in private capital outlays will not develop. For example, from 1929 to 1932, private capital outlays fell by 15 billion dollars. Now one might say that the government would have had to step in with 15 billion dollars of public improvement outlays in order to sustain the economy. That, I think, is a vast exaggeration. If the state would step in boldly — and it won't do merely to make a bluff and

hope that large outlays will not be necessary, as some writers have assumed — then we could be sure that private investment outlays would not decline in such drastic manner as they would if the cumulative secondary influences were allowed to develop. It is conceivable that about half the decline in capital outlays would have done the trick in 1929. Instead of falling by 15 billion dollars, private capital outlays might have fallen by only half that amount had the state boldly stepped in and sustained income and employment with productive and useful public projects.

6

There are many areas in which we can raise the productivity of our society by public development and improvement projects. We have twenty or thirty river valleys in this country, the full development of which would raise our productive capacity, open up private investment opportunities that otherwise would not be present, and in general raise the real income of our society. In the rural area there are a large number of public improvement and development projects that would enrich our natural resources, including soil conservation, irrigation, flood control, and reforestation. Urban redevelopment offers a vast scope for investment in terminal facilities, express roads through and around the cities, airports, parking spaces, playgrounds, and public and private housing. We need also to consider ways and means of fostering foreign development projects in China, Latin America, and other retarded areas. We are not going to be able, in my judgment, to get any large amount of foreign investment by the methods that have been used in the past. We shall have to implement such institutions as an RFC on an international scale. But if public development authorities undertake the large-scale projects, including river valley development, roads, port facilities and communications, we can expect private capital to enter the manufacturing and industrial area in large volume.

With respect to public improvement projects, there is one matter that I should like to stress. The question may well be raised: Are

these things going to be self-liquidating? Will they pay for themselves? Yes, a good many of them will be self-liquidating. We are told that the TVA, for example, will probably bring back to the Treasury 100 cents on the dollar. But whether it does or not, I contend that it was still, from the standpoint of the whole economy, a tremendously profitable and productive investment, even though it brings back only 50 cents on the dollar. This is true by reason of the secondary effects on private investment outlets, the increase in productivity of the whole area, the increase in the total real income of the country as a whole. Consider urban redevelopment. Is there anyone who believes that we shall escape from the log jam that our cities are in, with the growing slum and blighted areas around the heart and center of our modern cities, without the Federal government's stepping in and furnishing the funds for the acquisition of such areas? The Federal government might not recover the full cost in future rentals from the land. But the opportunities thereby released for private investment, and the general economic stimulus flowing from urban redevelopment, would nevertheless make the venture profitable.

It is not necessary to regiment our economy in order to achieve and maintain full employment. All we need to do is to ensure an adequate volume of investment reinforced by means to increase consumption. It is in the areas of the public utilities, the railroads, roads, housing and public improvement and development projects, that the great bulk of our capital outlays have always been made. In some of these areas the government can effectively aid in opening up private investment outlets, while others are appropriate spheres for direct public investment.

Take railroads, for instance. We could retain private enterprise in the operation of the railroads but permit the government to own the right of way and the terminal facilities. The private companies could still operate the railways just as they do now; but if the state owned the right of way and the terminal facilities, it would be possible in depression years to move forward with large

capital outlays in those areas. The private railroads cannot and will not do so in periods of depression.

In addition to public investment in developmental projects, another important change must — and I think will — be made in our economy. Let me cite what happened in England after the last war. We are likely to experience something like the same process as a result of this war. The most striking change that occurred in the English post-war economy was the significant shift in tax structure and in the direction of expenditures. If you compare the 1913 tax structure with that of the twenties, you will see a marked shift toward a highly progressive income and inheritance tax. A similar revolutionary change is now going on in this country as a result of the war. On the expenditure side, England undertook a greatly expanded social and welfare program — minimum standards of social security, education, and health. This shift in the tax structure, together with the increase in social expenditures, had a stabilizing and sustaining effect on employment and on the national income. This favorable effect has been stressed by Sir William Beveridge, the distinguished founder of social security in Great Britain.

Following the war, we must undertake a large increase in social expenditures, financed through a steeply progressive income and inheritance tax. We shall have a much larger Federal welfare budget than before the war. These social expenditures must include, among other things, an adequate nutrition program. In terms of the demands (partly psychological) that are made upon people under modern conditions, a considerable part of our population cannot afford adequate food. Why should we not spend money on school lunches as well as on school equipment? It makes little sense to send undernourished children to expensively equipped schools.

Within the controls that I have mentioned we shall, I think, retain a freely functioning price system. There is by now ample evidence that an expansionist society with full employment makes it much easier to attack the restrictive practices which tend to hold

costs and prices at abnormally high levels. Thurman Arnold has said that he found, as we were getting on toward full employment, the job of attacking the restrictive practices easier. We all know that, with respect to tariffs, it is impossible to move toward freer trade when there are 10 or 15 million unemployed. Tariffs can be reduced effectively only as we approach full employment.

All the special interest groups become powerful and strong in periods of depression, falling prices, and unemployment. Take our building trades. Everyone knows how inefficient they are and what restrictive policies they pursue. We shall never get anywhere in removing those restrictions except under the conditions of a full-employment economy. So long as the threat of serious unemployment prevails, we shall continue to have those restrictive practices. In an expansionist economy we can achieve a freer price system than we have been accustomed to in the past.

Many economists have urged in recent years a reduction of costs and prices as a means of recovery. I venture to suggest that the cost and price structure will move into better balance and become more manageable under an expansion program, as the year 1941 abundantly illustrates. There were doubtless areas, for example in 1939, where wage rates were too high. But as the economy moved into expansion and the fixed costs spread over a much larger volume of output, it was discovered that wage rates in general were too low. Witness the fact that profits prior to taxes in 1941 were 50 per cent higher than in the seven best years of the twenties, and that even after deduction of the high 1941 tax liabilities they were still equal to profits after taxes in the seven boom years.

It is easy to see that costs are likely to be too high when the economy is operating at half-capacity. What is needed is to combine the control of costs with a program of expansion.

A question that always arises when one discusses public development and improvement projects relates to taxes and the public debt. Here also the year 1941 affords a re-

vealing experience. In 1941 we reached an income of 95 billion dollars. We achieved that income, as everyone will admit, mainly through the increase in military expenditures. We got it on a 20-billion-dollar budget for the calendar year.

I recently received a letter from a New York business statistician who said: "You can't sustain full employment without a public expenditure of 50 billion dollars a year." I replied that in 1941 we reached a 95-billion-dollar income on a 20-billion-dollar budget. At full employment (which we had not reached in 1941) we can produce at current prices a national income of 110 billion dollars. On such an income it is possible to raise very large taxes without encroaching on private expenditures. Thus in 1941, after all tax liabilities had been met, there was 6.5 billion dollars more available for private expenditure than in 1929. Nevertheless, we should finance some part of these public development and improvement projects out of borrowing — particularly self-liquidating public works. As for those that are only partially self-liquidating, it may well be justified, from the standpoint of the whole economy, to finance a part of them by borrowing. We shall always want to finance the great bulk of the Federal budget by taxes, if for no other reason than that we should very rapidly develop large inequality in income distribution without a steeply progressive tax structure.

For a hundred years we have enjoyed a percentage increase in real output of about 4 per cent per annum. I think we may reasonably expect at least a 3 per cent per annum increase in our real income in the future. The increase in productivity is advancing as rapidly as ever. Those who say that we are in such a tangle that we are no longer able to produce efficiently ought to look at the rising trend in output running straight through the twenties up to the year 1941. The output for 1941 lies slightly above the trend. There is no evidence of any decline in increase of productivity despite the fact that we have reduced working hours very materially.

We shall have at the end of the war, at current prices, a national income of from 110

to 120 billion dollars, and perhaps a public debt nearly double that figure — a ratio which British experience has demonstrated to be thoroughly manageable. A 3 per cent annual rate of increase in the national income would permit a substantial increase in debt from one cycle to another without any increase in the ratio of debt to the national income.

7

With respect to the national debt, there are some points which we need to keep in mind. In the first place, there is an essential difference between an internally held debt and an externally held debt. In the case of an externally held debt, payments have to be made across the exchanges; and that may break the exchanges and disrupt the whole world economy. England could not pay the debt owed us between the two wars because of the difficulties of the exchanges. No such problem arises with respect to an internally held debt. In the case of an externally held debt, moreover, should a nation succeed in transferring the payments, it is in fact paying tribute to a foreign country, thereby lowering to that extent its own real income. With respect to an internally held debt, the all-important question is who owns the bonds and who pays the taxes. We are all inclined to think of this problem in terms of the situation in England in the period after the Napoleonic Wars. At that time it was to a large extent true that the public debt was held by the rich. Taxes weighed heavily upon the mass of the people, and it was possible to say that the productive elements of society were paying tribute to an idle *rentier*, bond-holding class.

That is no longer true of any great modern nation, and certainly not of our own country. Today about 85 per cent of our bonds are held by small savers or by institutions all of which perform a useful social service, the benefits from which flow to the entire community. They include educational institutions, life insurance companies, savings banks, commercial banks, government trust funds such as the old-age and unemployment insurance funds, and the like. The interest charges flow to institutions (covering

necessary costs of operation) which render service to the entire community. Therefore no burden is placed upon the productive elements of society by reason of the public debt.

There is another thing worth mentioning. Let us suppose that the holdings of bonds correspond precisely to the distribution of the Federal tax burden. (I do not suggest that any such perfect correspondence between the holding of bonds and the payment of taxes is necessarily an ideal situation. But in order to assist thinking through the problem, let us suppose this to be the case.) Suppose I as an individual, for example, holding a thousand-dollar bond, get \$25 interest each year. I pay, however, \$25 extra taxes in order to service the public debt. I take \$25 out of one pocket and put it back in the other pocket. If in fact the public debt were held in that manner, it would literally be true that a public debt, no matter how large, would be completely neutral on the economy, except for one very small qualification: namely, the very small use of productive resources necessary to collect the taxes — a bookkeeping charge of negligible proportions.

The taxes and the bonds are not, of course, evenly distributed. There is, however, reason to believe that after the war there will be a mass holding of government bonds by individuals directly, and indirectly by institutions broadly representing the public. Thus a large public debt in conjunction with a highly progressive tax structure may actually result in a better distribution of income than we have had in the past.

The war program has improved our perspective. We know now what the American economy can do. We need, in the post-war world, economic statesmanship with vision. In the past we have sadly neglected our natural resources — our material and human potentialities. There are, for example, in the Arkansas River valley, in the Columbia River valley, rich resources that cry for development. Urban redevelopment presents a great challenge and a great opportunity. We have been penny wise and pound foolish. We need a dynamic leadership by American business, unafraid to use the state as an engine of expansion and economic progress.

“SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC”

by AUSTIN STRONG

I

I HEARD with an inward ping of pleasure the whistle of the paddle-wheel steamer warning us that she was swinging her enormous bustle around Brant Point.

The clock in the Unitarian Church began striking the hour.

“The boat’s late,” I said.

My companion said nothing, but sat beside me upright as an exclamation point, remote as a portrait.

Though we saw him here every morning in his accustomed chair in the Captains’ Room, we knew little about him save that he had traveled widely and that he had a native eloquence if he could be induced to talk. Now he had “rounded Brant Point” for good, to end his days in peace on Nantucket Island where he was born.

I smiled as I listened to the deep-toned bell booming circles of sound over the huddled roofs of the gray town. This bronze beauty is not only a Portuguese but a papist, blessed by no less a dignitary than the patriarch of Lisbon. It was bought in that city at the beginning of the last century by a public-spirited sea captain and set up in the gold-capped tower of the South Church, where for over a hundred years this good Catholic has called the freethinking and tolerant Protestants to their non-conforming meetings.

An American born in San Francisco, AUSTIN STRONG spent most of his boyhood in the South Seas. He lived with his parents at Vailima, Samoa. His grandmother was Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and his mother was Stevenson’s favorite amanuensis. Years later, his New England blood called him back to Nantucket, where he has been gathering the material for his recent *Atlantic* stories.

“Yes, sir, she’s half an hour late,” I said again, but Mr. Bolling had inherited from his Quaker forebears the gift of silence. His thin face was aquiline and his aristocratic nose discouraged familiarity. His hands rested neatly folded upon his gold-headed Malacca cane through which ran a tasseled cord; his gold-rimmed eyeglasses hung from a black silk ribbon; his linen was immaculate, always freshly laundered, creaking with starch.

Hoping to lure him into conversation I said facetiously: “There’s a star-face for you, Mr. Bolling!”

I pointed my pipe at a flaming thing in a skirt cut high above her knees, who teetered past our windows on high heels, her hair bobbed boy-fashion, a cigarette between her lips.

Mr. Bolling began banging on the floor with his cane. He turned and held me with a blazing eye, then spoke in a slow, cultivated voice, each word delivered with precision as if he enjoyed the taste of every syllable.

“What’s the fun of being a woman if one can’t be feminine. These be-bottomed strutters aren’t women — they’re newts!”

I sat up with interest.

“Tell me, Mr. Bolling, did you ever see a really beautiful woman?”

By a lucky chance I struck a gusher. He gave his panama a tilt, leaned far back, placed a neatly shod foot on the railing, and became someone entirely different: someone warm, expansive, eloquent. He came out from his cell of silence like an escaping Trappist as he stared through the windows at the sunlit square.

2

"It happened right here on Main Street, up there in front of Ashley's Store, 'Parker's Corner' in my day. You won't believe this when I tell you that right now my heart skips a beat as I recall when I first saw her rounding the head of the square like a brand-new frigate with all sails drawing, flags and pennants flying! My, my, it was a picture! You just couldn't keep your mind where it ought to be when she went by. I don't know how to put it, but even in broad daylight her skin seemed luminous, as if she carried a lamp within her. She came from some enchanted land to dwell among us sober folk who lived in Nantucket under the drab Quaker discipline.

"Though I was a boy of twelve and she a grown woman, I fell in love with her, and don't you believe a boy can't fall in love at twelve. It was very real with me — so real in fact that I would race ahead of her to wait on the corners just to watch her go by, refreshing the whole street with her beauty. There was something magical about her, for when you caught a look from her eyes something inside of you melted away. Never was there a kinder glance. It came to you slowly from under long eyelashes, just for you, for your very own, finding its way to your heart's core, and there it would lie for the rest of the day curled up and warm like some secret good news. I was not alone in my adoration, for the whole town loved her — men, women, children, dogs, off-Islanders, and all hands round!

"Her hair was reddish gold that flashed back the sunlight like a ship's binnacle. I tell you it was so golden you could lose a twenty-dollar gold piece in it and have a hard time finding it. And there was nothing sexless about her like these slab-sided pullets you see on Main Street. No, sir, there was no mistaking that she was a woman. She had a small waist, little feet, and a shapely bosom, round and firm, from which rose a lovely neck. She wore earrings, sir, the like of which I've never seen before nor since: tiny sprays of wheat exquisitely fashioned out of pure gold to curve up and around the lobes of her ears. My, my, they were just joy and

rapture to behold, and did the things to you they were designed to do. Now you won't believe this, but they were the first earrings I ever saw on a woman, for only the sailors wore them in our Quaker town where most of the women were forced to imprison their beauty within muslin caps or those hideous gray poke bonnets.

"She lived opposite us with a sick father, a retired widower, who had left Nantucket in his youth and established a business in Montevideo where he spent most of his life. After his wife's death he returned with his daughter to end his days like most of us on this precious 'elbow of sand.' Our houses were opposite each other on the same street near the edge of the town where the moors begin. I would get up early on Sunday mornings just to watch her come out of the house to go to church. Occasionally a priest would come from the mainland by the packet to celebrate Mass for the few Catholics who lived here in those days. It was a sight to see her come out of her front door carrying a thick brass-bound prayerbook and a rosary of gold beads twisted around her wrist. She wore black lace mittens and a soft mantilla over her hair. I would listen for the crisp rustle of her ruffled black silk dress which stood stiffly around her like a bell.

"We heard that her mother was Spanish and a gold-head like her daughter. I can testify that a fair-haired Castilian makes for a loveliness indescribable. I only saw it once again, and that was in Paris when I watched the Empress Eugénie driving by in the Bois de Boulogne.

"We never saw her father, for his illness kept him a prisoner in the house, but we knew that he was difficult and that she was having a sad time nursing him, though you would never guess from seeing her that there was a thing on her mind but laughter from the joy of living.

"Yes, sir, it's a glorious thing to be a beautiful woman, but you've got to know how to be one and she did, full and bye, you know what I mean — she carried it! Though she was naturally lovely she had something extra, an inward grace I suppose you'd call it. Well, whatever it was, it captured and enraptured the Islanders, bringing

color and brightness into their lonely lives. And let me tell you it was lonely around here in those days. Imagine three-quarters of the menfolk scattered all over the seven oceans for years at a time. It was hard on the women left behind and she knew it. But she wasn't soft, for that wouldn't have gone down with our shrewd people. She had a straight back, tough as hickory, which her Nantucket forebears had given her, and a whiplash humor which acted like a strong tonic on the lonely and the anxious. That's why no woman was ever known to be jealous of her.

"Yes, it's a funny thing, come to think of it, that though the Quakers on our island were very strict and frowned on color and beauty in any form, they somehow never frowned on her — nobody could. She was accepted by the people like one of those strange, beautiful birds the sailors brought back from the tropics, and they let her go free and unhindered. Life was dull as fog for most of us — no theaters, games, or parties, and lights out at curfew. She sensed the dreariness of our lives and unconsciously took it upon herself to cheer us; and, believe me, she did it in the most enchanting way.

"The gods, in an expansive mood, gave her a voice. Each note had a life of its own and rose from her throat full, clear, and round. I knew instinctively it was something rare, for whenever she sang she stole your thoughts away — far away to uncharted places. Naturally we children went plumb crazy about her and would waylay her after school, surrounding and pressing her close in a giggling, squirming circle, holding her prisoner until she sang herself free.

"She sang us South American love songs and gay ballads while dignified ship captains with tall hats and reefer coats stopped to lean on whalebone canes, and drivers in low-slung wagons loaded with barrels of whale oil fresh from wild sea battles eased their horses to the curb and listened; doors opened a crack on Petticoat Row; windows were pushed up in houses opposite; the street sweeper rested on his broom, while even the Quakers in their mouse-colored clothes slowed their pace as they walked discreetly by with downcast eyes.

"Then one day we were stunned by the news which exploded in our faces. She was going to marry a Nantucket Quaker! Everyone groaned and there was much talk on Main Street. Somehow it seemed all wrong and wicked that such beauty was condemned to the prison of a disciplined life.

"Our bird of paradise was trapped in a cage. As for me, it was my first meeting with jealousy. Such hatred filled me against that inoffensive, placid young Quaker that it still frightens me to recall its intensity. I cannot remember much about him, for my fury kept him out of focus, but I know that I would have gladly done away with him if I had known how. No one on the Island understood what she had in common with him, for it seemed like the union of ice and fire, but there was no doubt that she loved him with all the splendor of her heart.

3

"After her father's death her Quaker took her to the Meeting House on First Day, where she sat in a gay flowered dress among the dove-gray women, while he joined the menfolk across the aisle. After an hour's silence she was brought before the elders and other weighty members and instructed for her Certificate of Membership into the Society of Friends. It must have been a wrench for her to forswear her allegiance to her own church, with all her love of color and beauty, and surrender herself to the plain life where loveliness was anathema. But she did it. Yes, sir, she went over to them hook, line, and sinker.

"She stood up there among them like a Jacqueminot rose in a cabbage patch and was solemnly warned against 'vain and frothy conversation,' of the snares and vanities of adornment and the wearing of 'Babylonian garments.' She was instructed to speak the plain Scripture language of *thee* and *thou* and to learn all the Queries and Advices, and told that vocal music was forbidden as 'it articulates ideas which may convey poison to the mind and tends to seduce the thoughts of youth which makes no selection, but learns all that falls in their way.' She was gravely warned that her sing-

ing must cease forever and through the discipline of silence she must 'keep down the willings and the runnings.'

"Well, sir, the poor girl promised them everything and she was duly signed up and delivered to a life as dull as stale porridge. Lord, I shall never forget the night before her wedding. I couldn't sleep for heartache, and sat like a silly coof at the open window of my attic room staring at the stars which hung close down over the Island. I remember everything about that night: the sound of the heavy surf on the South Shore, the faint gaggle of a skein of wild geese high overhead on their long, strong flight to the Carolinas, a moon that was trying to turn night into day. Have you ever noticed how the moonlight changes the gold on the South Church into a misty silver? I remember how still everything was; the whole world held its breath as if aware something ominous was going to happen.

"A dog barked over 'Egypt' way and was promptly silenced. I knew the night was a weather-breeder, for I could just hear, faint as conscience, the foreboding sound of the bell buoy occasionally tolling outside the Eastern jetty.

"I heard the click of a latch. Then a hooded figure slipped out of the back door of the house opposite and headed straight for the open moors. I knew it was she. In an instant I was down the stairs and out of the house, fast after her. But I found she was hard to keep up with, for she was young and strong and swift, while I was a short-legged youngster. I followed her until my breath hurt me and my feet were full of pain. Then to my dismay I lost sight of her.

"I began to walk vaguely towards the center of the moors, hoping against hope to find her. I must have gone some distance, for a blister fastened on my heel like a wasp and forced me to limp. Tired, sore, and frightened by the loneliness, I turned to go home, when I heard singing coming in faint wisps, high over the distant booming of the surf. I followed the sound for a long way until I came to a sunken bowl in the moors, and there I saw her at the bottom standing straight and still as a statue with her pale face to the moon.

"I sat down on the edge of the bowl fascinated. She had thrown off her cloak, which made a pool of black at her feet, and stood dressed in scarlet brocade covered with bright leaves of gold; a high tortoise-shell comb held a mantilla above her head, and there was fresh arbutus at her waist and in her hair. As I had never seen jewels in my life before, I fancied I saw a magic ring of light around her neck and a star at each ear.

"She sang as I never hope to hear a mortal sing again. I lay curled up in a tight ball against the cold and listened as she sang and sang through the night, while I floated in and out of sleep until finally the cold roused me and made me flap my arms to keep warm. Still she sang and still I listened, until the first hint of dawn came to warn her.

"At the end she became inspired and sang like someone possessed. It's funny how children sense things. I knew I was looking at something I should not be seeing. It was her farewell forever to her singing and to her freedom. I've heard of a swan song, but I guess I'm one of the few who ever heard it from a human being. When I tried to rise to go away and leave her to herself I slipped on the edge and rolled ignominiously down the bowl to her feet. My sudden appearance struck her off her guard. She knelt, held me tight in her strong arms, gave a great dry gasp, then rose, and gripping my hand hard she led me off over the moors for home.

"To ease my limping she put her arm about me, helping me over the rough places. I forgot the pain, for it was pure bliss to feel her so close. I can still recall the good scent of her — of sandalwood, fresh linen, and young health. When we reached the edge of the town she knelt, wiped my eyes, and after straightening my clothes she kissed me tenderly, and for no reason at all we both wept. She turned and ran into her house — the most beautiful woman that ever was made.

"I never saw her again. I saw the dead thing they made of her, for I went to her wedding the next day at the Friends' Meeting House. It was awful to sit there for over an hour trying to guess by the backs of the bonnets which one was hers. I tell you it was

solemn. We all sat in stillness in a plain wooden house painted white, with the sun pouring in at the many-paned windows; the only sound was the faint twittering of birds outside and it made you realize that the Quakers don't need cathedrals, high altars, or lofty rose windows; their silence creates something august and awe-inspiring.

"Presently two men chosen as the groomsmen came forward and the young Quaker stood up pink and clean, and I must admit he looked very handsome as he stood there in quiet dignity, dressed in a new gray suit with a fresh linen stock at his throat. I craned my neck to look at the bride. To my dismay I did not recognize her. Her golden crown was gone, hidden behind a gray poke bonnet, her lithe young figure made clumsy by heavy clothes. They had made her just another gray counterpart of their drab and monotonous selves. I caught a fleeting glimpse under her bonnet of a waxen cheek as she rose to join hands with her young bridegroom. Then, according to the custom of the Friends, they married themselves to each other.

"He spoke in such a low voice I could not catch his words, but presently her voice rang out and I heard it for the last time; she spoke and the place was filled with the magic and warmth of her.

"In the presence of the Lord and this Assembly,' she said, 'I take thee to be my husband, promising with divine assistance to be unto thee a loving and faithful wife until death shall separate us.'

"I did not wait as the two groomsmen brought the marriage certificate on the table to be signed, but slipped out and went behind the Meeting House where, like a puppy, I was sick upon the grass."

4

Mr. Bolling removed his foot from the railing, fell silent, and showed signs of retiring within his cell.

"What happened then?" I asked, tapping the ashes from my pipe.

"Oh, she disappeared right here in our midst. The Friends lived so close among themselves they seemed to shut unseen

doors on the life around them. It was nothing you could put your finger on; we'd pass them in the street, buy things in their shops, go to school to them; they were good, kind, and gentle and yet they were away from us and seemed to live behind a glass wall.

"Boylike, I soon forgot all about her. I went to Boston, married, seldom came to Nantucket. Life changed, many people left the Island, and she and her husband drifted off with many of the Friends who migrated to 'America.' Years afterwards I met an old Quaker lady in Philadelphia who was a distinguished Greek professor in a girls' college. Tiny, round, and pink, she was the spit and image of Benjamin Franklin. She fooled you on first sight, for you thought 'Here's a dear little charmer' until you met her penetrating gaze head-on. It was something of a shock when you realized you stood completely unmasked as two quiet gray eyes examined you with interest and dry humor.

"She became quite animated, however, when she heard I came originally from the Island of Nantucket, and fairly melted when she found that I had known the Quakeress from South America. She sat for some time in silence and then told me the end of the story with a depth of feeling surprising in a Friend.

"She came to our town in Pennsylvania,' she said, 'with her tall young husband, and I can bear witness that she came to us like the clear-eyed daughter of Zeus, Athene herself. None of us had imagined that human beauty could reach such inspired perfection; truly "a girl beautiful as an immortal in nature and form." They lived in a fine house, for her husband prospered and they had a few precious years together, filled with happiness, when tragedy came out of a sky without menace and struck her down: her only son, their high hope, was born dead. Her husband soon followed, carried off by an epidemic, and she was left completely bereft of human ties.

"She lived on in our town and clung to our faith. She came to all our meetings, but was never moved by the Spirit to rise and speak; but drifted in and out of our lives remote and alone. She was still radiant to look upon, but she was a puzzle and a heartache

to us. The Quakers are a wise people, with knowledge of human suffering, but she baffled us; we could not understand how so strong a character could break, and it was some time before we realized that she was not altogether with us. We were moved by the sight of her, for it was like looking at an exquisite crystal goblet with a crack in it.

"Then a very strange and beautiful thing happened. It was at a Quarterly Meeting when many Friends came from far and near with important elders and visiting overseers. Our Meeting House was filled to overflowing and we had a particularly long silence that morning, deep and centered down, when to the surprise of us all, the poor lovely thing rose in our midst and removed her bonnet. A pin caught in the ribbon, freeing her hair, spilling gold over her shoulder, and we saw that she was even more beautiful than we had thought. She turned, and smiled on us one by one; then lifting up her voice she began to sing.

"There was no consternation. No one moved. We sat in deep meditation while she

filled the Meeting House with celestial music. She sang and she sang, a glorious Latin hymn of praise which lifted us plain, humble Quakers to the very gates of Heaven itself. After the meeting she was gently brought before the overseers and asked why she had thus disobeyed the Friends' advice against music in any form, and she replied like an honest child: "I had a concern."

"The elders withdrew to wrestle with the problem and they pondered for many hours. Finally, to their everlasting credit, they brought in their verdict:—

"WHEREAS, *It being the decision of this Quarterly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, and whereas she was moved by a concern beyond human jurisdiction; therefore, be it Resolved, That she be allowed whenever and wherever the Spirit doth move her, to lift up her voice and sing to the everlasting glory of God.*"

The good Catholic bell in the tower of the Unitarian Church began booming the noon hour. We both slowly rose and left the Captains' Room in silence.



APPROACH

by FRANCES FROST

AUTUMN's red vixen, burnished in the dawn,
ventures the moss with cobwebs on her fur,
and drifts the ash-blue woods on silent paws,
seeking the gold-eyed fox to succor her

with love in loneliness. The leaves come down,
hot color in the hemlock shadow. Smoulder
of mountainsides about her as she runs,
she hears him barking from his secret boulder,

and halts on leaf-fall feet. Her shy heart faints;
trembling she waits in fern and juniper.
Scarcely touching the wood-grass, delicately,
a bronze leaf caught in his coat, he comes to her.

MR. SPEAKER

by DAVID L. COHN

1

SOME months ago an anti-labor terrorism swept Oklahoma and Texas. The cry of communism was raised. Labor, it was said, was everywhere on strike; war production was declining; the lives of underpaid soldiers were being endangered by overpaid workmen who lived in luxurious safety at home. The patriots called for labor's blood.

Stately expressions of frustrated wrath appeared in the more dignified Texas newspapers; others howled in their rage; letters to the editor piled up on the desks of editors. One letter aroused especial attention. Signing herself "Mother," a woman wrote that although her son had been in the army for sixteen months he had not yet been issued a rifle. The inferences were clear: (a) labor-loving Roosevelt was impotent to conduct the war, and (b) wages-loving labor was lying down on the job.

When Speaker Sam Rayburn heard what was happening in Texas he got mad and explored that talent for freehand cussing which is one of nature's many gifts to Texans. "Not even the United States," he told a friend, "can fight a civil war and a foreign war at the same time." The Speaker went to Texas.

There, on a public platform, he first disposed of "Mother." Inquiry had revealed that her son had been issued a rifle, that he had qualified as a marksman, and that he had then been transferred to the Quarter-

master Corps, where for months he had been attacking strongly entrenched bodies of canned corn with a hand truck. Then the Speaker addressed himself to the charges that labor's delinquencies had slowed down war production. To one local critic, as discriminating in his attack as a West Texas cyclone, he said: "I'm more interested in dive bombers than dirt-daubers." (Texans are familiar with the dirt-daubing wasp.) Then without oratorical effort, and sticking close to the subject, he limited his recital almost to one overwhelmingly convincing fact. "Last month," he said, "we produced thirty-three hundred planes. They were made by men — not by mirrors. The rate of production is rising. The President's 1942 quota, which the Axis called fantastic, will be met if not exceeded."

A few hours later, headlines all over the country announced: Speaker Rayburn Says U. S. Produced 3300 Planes Last Month. The news was important because plane production figures are a carefully guarded secret. Yet the secret was being revealed by one of the highest government officials, and the fact was reassuring to the public.

If the effect of the Speaker's remarks was elsewhere striking, it was destructive to Texas labor-baiters. Labor, it appeared, was not lying down. Rayburn returned to Washington. A few newspapers in various sections of the country wondered why the Speaker was permitted to say what was denied to them, but in Texas irresponsible critics went under, everybody went back to work, and the terror, for the moment at least, was laid.

A Southern Democrat, born in Mississippi and educated at the University of Virginia and at Yale, DAVID L. COHN is a frequent and versatile contributor. The *Atlantic* has published his short stories (see his first book, *God Shakes Creation*), his articles on Isolation and on Blaming the British, and — most Southern of all — his savory papers on such Southern belles as Natchez, Dallas, and New Orleans.

2

The Speakership of the national House of Representatives is the second most powerful post in our government, and the Speaker, therefore, looms large in the affairs of the land. Against this is the fact that the powers of the President — any President — are great. When a strong President is in office these powers are increased by persuasion, pressure, and encroachment. They multiply by arithmetical progression in times of grave domestic crisis, and by geometrical progression during war. Mr. Roosevelt is a strong President. His long administration has been almost entirely composed of domestic crisis, threatened war, and war. Congressional prestige, for a number of reasons, has steadily been declining in the eyes of the people. One might conclude from this that the Speakership has become an office of form rather than substance — that the Speaker merely goes through the ceremonial motions of presiding over a House which today is moribund and tomorrow will be dead. If this were true our democracy would be approaching its end.

The present Speaker, Sam Rayburn of Bonham, Texas, widely known both in Texas and Washington as "Sam," has an undefinable air of Texas about him. A small, bald, shy, stocky, energetic bachelor of sixty, he was Speaker of the Texas House of Representatives at twenty-nine and has been a public figure for thirty-five years, but he has never affected the clothes, speech, or mannerisms of the professional statesman. In a country where "personality," showmanship, and even the crudest buffoonery are often part of the standard equipment of the perennial officeholder ("Ole Mack's the beatinest man ever I seen"), the Speaker seems as much out of place as a deaf-mute at a party caucus. He has no flair for publicity and no instinct for headlines. He is not a darling of the cartoonists, as was his friend and fellow Texan, Jack Garner, whose bushy eyebrows adorned the legend of Cactus Jack. His voice doesn't quaver when he speaks about the people; he doesn't bait labor or capital, quote the Bible, or call the farmer "nature's nobleman." He seldom makes speeches;

when he does, no silver-tongued oratory flows from him, nor any cracker-barrel opinions dressed up to attract attention.

The Speaker dines out rarely in a city where not to dine out frequently is regarded as a secret infirmity comparable only with the vice of keeping a secret; where, moreover, bagging the Speaker for dinner is a heady triumph for lion-hunting hostesses. This is not because Rayburn is antisocial. He likes to begin the day by having one or two intimate friends in for a breakfast of thick lamb chops and strong coffee; and he often ends it with a dinner for a larger number, at which he serves pepper-stinging chili and hot tamales and the company talk about what really concerns them. His tastes and pleasures are simple. He lives in a two-room service apartment and finds the big limousine that comes with the Speakership distressingly ornate. He was not dismayed, incidentally, by Congressmen who got X cards in the gasoline rationing, nor impressed by those who got A cards and loudly let the world know it. Moderate in all things, pugnacious virtue strikes him as vicious.

If the Speaker's tastes are simple, so are his pleasures. These are cooking, fishing, and watching his prize cattle on his Texas farm. (Characteristically, he calls it a farm — not a ranch.) He is a Texan without a ten-gallon hat, an officeholder who doesn't slap backs, a politician with no instinct for publicity, and a doer who is shyly modest. The result is that although he has been in Congress for thirty years, has made distinguished contributions to the nation's welfare, and is one of the most powerful figures in government, he is not so well known to the public as many of his inferiors who have used publicity to good purpose.

Sam Rayburn, paradoxically, is an orderly-minded man who doesn't like labels — other than the label "democrat" with both a small and a large D — and thus he pleases neither professional conservatives nor professional liberals. Conservatives do not entirely approve of him because to him conservatism does not mean falling into a trance and standing transfixed on the status quo, but rather the process of feeling out the ground, going slowly, and then speeding up.

Liberals are often annoyed with him because he professes to know nothing of liberalism and refuses to be tagged although he is the Speaker in a New Deal administration. Rayburn, however, was born on the farm in the pre-packaging era when folks got their cheese off the big round and their crackers out of the barrel, and so, with rustic stubbornness, clings to the outmoded concept that the contents are more important than the package. Without benefit of label, it appears that Rayburn, who was once an underdog himself, is passionately interested in the welfare of underdogs, but he does not think that a man is a saint because he wears overalls and chews Brown Mule, or that another is a devil because he is tailored by Savile Row and smokes Coronas.

Distinctly a middle-of-the-road man with a touch of both rural skepticism and rural conservatism, he distrusts alike the domination of big business or of big government; he believes that just as you do not break a horse's leg to keep it from straying on the plains, but tether it or hobble it for the night, so big business ought to be regulated but not destroyed; that the law should never be used as an instrument of revenge; that there is room in this country for free men and free enterprise; that the frontier is closed only to those who have closed minds. When pressed to define his political and economic convictions, this small man with the sad, shrewd face, with the simple faith and the moralistic fervor of the average American, is likely to say without any touch of fraudulent piety, "Well, a little applied Christianity wouldn't hurt anybody."

Sam Rayburn, however, is no mystic, but a man filled — when the occasion demands — with a hot indignation and a becoming pugnaciousness. In this respect he is typical of that most dangerous antagonist, the deceptively gentle, soft-spoken Southerner or Southwesterner who, when aroused, fights to kill.

3

Nearly eighty years ago, William Marion Rayburn returned from the Confederate Army to find the once comfortable farm home of his family in the Clinch Valley of

Tennessee ravaged by bushwhackers and guerrillas. Undaunted he married Martha Waller, a vigorous, clear-minded country-woman, produced eleven children of whom Sam was the eighth, struggled to feed his brood on the little farm, and when the future Speaker was five, sold out and went to Texas. There he bought forty acres of land in Fannin County and began his struggle anew. The addition of a wandering uncle brought the household to fourteen.

The Rayburns had been corn farmers in Tennessee but knew little of the cotton to which they turned in Texas. Their first summer was almost disastrous. Everybody in the family who could work at all worked in the fields, but the land produced only enough cotton to keep the toilers meagerly clothed and fed.

The years passed — years of poverty and pain. One day, when Sam was seventeen and stood working with his father in the cotton, he said that he wanted to go to college. In the fall, with twenty-five dollars in his pocket, — the entire treasure of the household, — he entered the East Texas Normal College at Commerce. There he got a job sweeping the schoolhouse, another ringing the college bell, and a promise that he could pay for the rest of his education when he got the money. His cash income during his college years was eight dollars a month. Later he taught school to pay his debts, and when he was twenty-four he ran for the Texas legislature.

At this time Rayburn's assets were a pony, a smile, and determination. He had no money, no platform, no experience. But his pony took him to every farmhouse in the district, his youthful smile won him a welcome, board, and bed, while his determination compensated for inexperience. When the election returns were in he had triumphed over his opponent, the Honorable Sam Gardner, of Honey Grove, and he moved on to Austin, the state capital.

Here he saved his legislative fee of five dollars a day to attend law school between sessions of the legislature, got into forensic rows in the always high-spirited, sometimes tempestuous assemblies, and determined to become Speaker of the legislature. He

achieved this office at the age of twenty-nine and muddled through one tornadic session, he now says, "by God, by desperation, and by ignorance." A little later he was elected to Congress by a narrow margin, and the timid young Congressman landed in Washington just as Woodrow Wilson was being inaugurated for the first time and the nation was moving into an era of wars and booms and depressions. Twenty-eight years of service in the House as Representative and Majority Leader brought him in 1940 to the Speakership.

Rayburn rarely speaks of his youth, but when he does, one understands why this temperamentally conservative man is no lover of the status quo. One evening he sat in his apartment with friends as they talked of farmers and the rural standard of living. He remained silent until someone said he did not see why farmers went in so strongly for automobile riding. Visibly moved, Rayburn edged forward in his chair and spoke: —

"When I go home to Bonham and see farmers' cars parked in the courthouse square, while the womenfolk walk around window shopping with their children or talking with their neighbors, I'm glad to see it even if they haven't got a dime in their pockets. Many a time when I was a child and lived 'way out in the country, I'd sit on the fence and wish to God that somebody would ride by on a horse or drive by in a buggy — just anything to relieve my loneliness. Loneliness consumes people. It kills 'em eventually. God help the lonely. That's why I'm glad to see farmers have cars and use 'em."

As he spoke, Rayburn relived the long, lean, lonely years of his childhood, and it was clear that he wished other children might be spared the bleakness of his youth.

Through the years of Republican domination, Rayburn served as a member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Here for the first time the farm-born Texan perceived the immense complexities of business regulation and understood the potentialities of big business for good or evil. When Franklin Roosevelt became President, Rayburn was chairman of the Committee,

and there began the long and incredibly bitter period of battle over such regulatory statutes as the Securities Act of 1933, to prevent fraud in the sale of securities; the Securities Exchange Act of 1934, to prevent unfair practices by stock exchanges; the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935, to provide for the control of public utility holding companies; and the act to establish the Rural Electrification Administration for the purpose of furnishing electricity to the farms of the nation.

Rayburn now worked with such dazzling members of the New Deal as James Landis, Thomas Corcoran, and Benjamin Cohen. He held prolonged committee meetings where he questioned hundreds of witnesses, brushed off scores of lobbyists, — whom he hates with a venomous hatred, — and fought a powerful, unsleeping, ingenious opposition coached by Richard Whitney, then president of the New York Stock Exchange. Finally, he routed the strongest lobby that had ever appeared in Washington to oppose a piece of legislation when he brought the utilities holding company bill to passage. Here, with extraordinary dexterity, the temperamentally conservative Rayburn moved surefootedly between the left and the right, retained the affection and confidence of both sides, displayed a knowledge of the intricacies of business which surprised some of the bright young men, and through it all enunciated his cardinal doctrine of legislative faith: "Legislation should never be designed to punish anyone. It must be fair. And ordinarily it's a question of regulating the minority — the pistol-toting minority."

Rayburn is, in fact, fair to everybody but orators. He himself is not an orator and believes in the American maxim, "The steam that blows a whistle will never turn a wheel." Yet orators are abundant in America and some of those who reach the House are prepared to deliver an oration, with or without provocation, on any subject at any time. This fact has moved the Speaker to an act of almost sadistic cruelty. He has ruled that talk in the House must be limited to the business in hand; when that is disposed of, the gates to the cave of the winds may be opened. Yet in order to prevent psychologi-

cal aberrations among frustrated orators, he permits any member at the start of each session to speak for one minute. At the end of the sixtieth second his gavel falls, and although this may deprive the country of another Gettysburg Address, it serves the purpose of getting the day's work done.

4

Sometimes it is given to a man to affect by a single act the whole destiny perhaps of a nation. Such a moment of awful responsibility came to Sam Rayburn on August 12, 1941. The House had before it the question of extending the Selective Service Act. Thousands of men had entered the army on the assumption that after a year of service they would go home, while there was general agreement that a year of wholesome outdoor exercise at Uncle Sam's expense would do them good. Now the period was about up, and the country was still technically at peace. Pearl Harbor lay veiled in the obscurity of the future.

It apparently made little difference to the nation that the Army's Chief of Staff said it would be catastrophic to disband the fledgling army. We were not at war, but we were not at peace; the country was divided; isolationists and interventionists fought their battles, while abroad as well as at home all eyes were focused on the House. If the Act was not extended, a severe blow would be dealt the morale of anti-Axis nations; the Axis-occupied countries would despair of rescue; South America would conclude that we talked big and acted small; while the Axis could have been fairly certain that we would not go to war, or if we did we should be impotent.

Alternately hushed and uproarious as though conscious of the destiny-making step that it was about to take, the House approached the roll call. The packed galleries were dotted with soldiers from near-by camps — they wanted to leave the army. Among them sat a delegation of mothers clutching little American flags — they were part of a group fighting extension of the Act. On the floor below, the roll call began. Administration leaders held their breath. They

knew that despite desperate efforts to whip members into line the margin between victory and defeat was perilously thin. One by one the clerk droned out the names in the hushed chamber. The Democratic whip, Pat Boland of Pennsylvania, and his assistants made last-minute pleas to wavering colleagues. Finally the roll call was completed. At that moment, so close was the vote, only one man in America knew the result — the tally clerk.

"On this vote," announced the Speaker, "203 members have voted Aye, 202 members have voted No, and the bill is passed." The vote was frozen because under House rules no member can change his vote once the result of a roll call is announced.

Then the House gasped as Representative Short of Missouri demanded a recapitulation, and the Speaker ordered it because the vote had been so close. Again the roll was called and this time the Speaker, veteran of many a parliamentary struggle, said: "No correction in the vote, the vote stands, and the bill is passed and without objection a motion to reconsider is laid on the table." In the heat and confusion of struggle, no member of the opposition objected to the motion, as he might have done under the rules. The issue had been determined in that split second and could not thereafter be affected although the effort was made.

Short again arose and demanded a reconsideration of the vote. It was too late, ruled the Speaker, because he had already announced that "without objection a motion to reconsider is laid on the table." The House is governed by strict and sometimes intricate procedure; members are presumed to know the rules and how to use them; to prevail, a legislator must be an accomplished parliamentarian. It was now the turn of another member of the opposition, Representative H. Carl Andersen of Minnesota, to protest. "I beg to differ with the Speaker," he said. "The Speaker did not announce that a motion to reconsider had been tabled."

"The chair has twice stated that he did make that statement," Rayburn replied.

"I beg to differ with you —" began the Minnesotan.

"The chair does not intend to have his

word questioned by the gentleman from Minnesota or anybody else," the Speaker retorted.

Thus had the army been kept from near dissolution five months before Japanese bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. The anti-Axis countries comforted themselves because the American army had been kept intact; the Axis countries because it had been saved by an inconclusive margin. But a few months later, when the Japanese struck and the Army was able to move thousands of trained men to points of danger, the fact suddenly took on enormous proportions in the destiny of the United States and of the world.

This is what the record reveals. What it does not reveal is less dramatic but just as fateful. The Selective Service Act was extended by only one vote, but it might have gone down to defeat if it had not been for the actions of Sam Rayburn as a man as well as Speaker. Before the House approached the final vote, he had gone to several members who were determined to vote no, and by strong personal appeal, by desperate pleading, and by a vivid demonstration of the perils of the international situation, he had changed several votes to the affirmative. Some of the most obdurate men in the House changed their votes "for Sam," while strangely enough some of his oldest friends voted against the extension of the Act; but he got enough support to tilt the scales.

It must be remembered that only two other men have served longer in the House than Rayburn. He has given fatherly aid to many a young man coming to Congress for the first time. As Majority Leader and as Speaker, he has been endowed with great powers but has used them sparingly because he relies more upon persuasion than coercion. Men, moreover, are men; they are strongly moved by personal considerations; and when they have served together for years it is natural that close ties of friendship should develop.

Rayburn, moreover, heads the powerful and highly cohesive Texas delegation in the House, which includes Hatton Sumners, chairman of the Judiciary Committee; Luther Johnson, ranking Democratic member of the Foreign Affairs Committee

after Chairman Bloom; Fritz Lanham, chairman of the Public Buildings and Grounds Committee; and Joseph Mansfield, chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee; while across the hall sits Senator Connally, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. It was the sum of these time- and affection-engendered and political forces that enabled Sam Rayburn to swing successfully the most fateful piece of legislation which he had dealt with or piloted in his long career. We cannot yet weigh the effects of its passage.

5

The Speaker and the entire Congress are momentarily overshadowed by the figure of the President, not because Congress is weak or because the President is strong, but because we are at war and the directing of the war is, by virtue of our system, largely in the hands of the Executive. Rayburn is a man of dogged determination — his career is proof of it — and a warm defender of the rights and prerogatives of Congress. As Speaker he is in frequent consultation with the President. If he accedes to the President's wishes more often than he rebels, he does so because he is less interested in exalting his own point of view — or the view of any group of men — than he is in reducing political friction to a minimum in a time of the gravest national peril. He does not suffer from the delusion that the advancement of Sam Rayburn is of greater importance than the victory of Uncle Sam.

Rayburn typifies much of what is most attractive in American life. He is a man of simple faith and simple utterance; indignant in the presence of injustice and scornful of sham; restrained in his tastes and his pleasures; determined but not dogmatic; dignified but not pompous; intelligent but not brilliant; hardworking, honest, kind, and patient. Many men of his kind have sat in the House before him and helped direct America in the paths of greatness. He is a fine example of our own kind of civilization, created and tempered by the peculiar conditions of American life.

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES

by MacKINLEY HELM

15

I SAILED for England on the twenty-third day of April, 1920, on the first lap of a journey to Africa which I have not yet completed. I had fifteen hundred dollars in my pocket, after depositing an equal sum in a bank account for my mother. In spite of my entreaties, Ma had never given up her lifelong occupation. She laundered aprons and towels for doctors and dentists, collecting and delivering afoot. In addition, she washed and mended for many a poor colored boy at Harvard College.

"This is my little mite for raising our people up," she would say.

We sailed, Lawrence Brown and I, on the S.S. *Mauretania*, the fastest ship afloat. As first-class passengers we found ourselves in a somewhat anomalous position. If we spared the ship's staff a good deal of embarrassment, it was because both of us were seasick most of the time. At Southampton there was a little trouble about my passport. I was listed as a musician, and the immigration officials wanted to know if I proposed to give concerts for money. I had to say that I would if I could, but I explained that I had come to England primarily to study and meant to go on presently to Africa.

In London we taxied all over, looking for a hotel that would take us in, and then,

Roland Hayes, whose parents were slaves, was a musician from his earliest childhood. From his father he learned to imitate the bird calls in the deep woods of Georgia; from his Mother Fannie — Angel Mo' as he always called her — he learned self-discipline and the enormous patience required of any artist. His friend, Dr. MacKINLEY HELM, has set down the artist's autobiography in prose of a singing quality. In this third installment we see Roland Hayes winning fame abroad — fame which was to bring him what he most desired: recognition at home.

having spent all the money we could afford, we explored remoter districts on foot. Finally we reached a neighborhood with a sprinkling of Negro families, and there we were directed to Dusi Mohammed Ali, an African who lived in St. John's Wood. Mohammed installed us in a pair of rooms at a guinea a week apiece and went out to find a concert agent for me.

Messrs. Ibbs and Tillett of Hanover Square got a Local Board permit from Whitehall and presented me, within a month, at a small concert in Aeolian Hall in Bond Street. They paid the rent and gave me a moderate amount of publicity for the sum of sixty guineas, which was considerably more than I took in. I gave recitals every month from May to August in that year, and three more during the autumn season, and by the end of the year I had scarcely a shilling to my name. I had many friends and good prospects, but no paying engagements in sight.

My reputation in England was ultimately built up on hundreds of personal associations with people of high and low degree, rich and poor, musicians and writers, City men and lords. There came to my first London concert the Virginian wife of an Englishman, a Mrs. Fairfax, who had seen one of my announcements on a bulletin board at Aeolian Hall and vaguely wandered in. Reminded of home, she said, she had wept through the afternoon. She came to the artists' room to see me. "All England shall hear you," she promised. I met Miss Myra Hess and spent a day with her and her mother in the country. I came to know Ezra Pound.

But for all the goodness of our friends, Brown and I continued to live precariously

in the early months of 1921. The small fees I collected for singing at occasional at-homes would hardly have stayed our hunger if Roger Quilter, the democratic son of an English earl, had not made free disposition to us of the resources of his well-stocked kitchen.

At last Messrs. Ibbs and Tillett, feeling that I was ready for a concert at Wigmore Hall, engaged that celebrated chamber for the night of April 21, 1921. Since I had no money to pay the customary guarantee, they advertised the recital out of their own funds and persuaded the Wigmore manager to let me sing on tick. I felt honor-bound to work for a great success. I worked beyond my own strength and judgment, actually, because both purse and reputation were at stake. I was hungry, my spirits were low, the weather was stormy and cold, and I came down with pneumonia.

My physician ordered me to give up my recital. I reached the old-fashioned ninth-day pulmonary crisis on the morning of the appointed day. I was running a high temperature, but I still felt the concert must go on. If it was a matter of life and death with me as a man, as the doctor warned me, it was also a conflict between the death and the survival of the artist.

I sent Lawrence Brown out to do some errands and persuaded my good friend Mohammed Ali to help me get up out of bed. He dressed me and wrapped me up and had me ready to be bundled into a taxi when Brown returned. Lawrence, when he saw me, turned white under his black skin.

Wigmore Hall was full when we arrived. The manager was wringing his hands because I was late, but he grew hysterical when he saw the condition I was in. I had to be carried upstairs. I asked an attendant to place a chair between the piano and the door from the artists' room. Nearly unconscious when I made my entrance, I managed to reach out and grasp the back of the chair for support. I slid along the curve of the piano until I reached a point where I could stop to bow to my audience. Brown followed me, shaking with fear and momentarily awaiting my collapse.

I had not the slightest feeling. I was resigned to any dreadful end. I only thought, "This may be the last act of my life." I had no physical force to muster; my body was as weak as water.

At the end of the first group of songs I walked out alone, like a man in a trance, past the piano, past the chair, and through the door into the greenroom. When I returned to the stage for the second group, I had no feeling of sickness or infirmity. I reached out to my audience and gathered it into myself. The critics, in the morning, informed the British public that Roland Hayes was a musician of the first water.

The next afternoon, while I was taking tea in Roger Quilter's house, a telephone call was relayed to me from Messrs. Ibbs and Tillett. I knew that Mohammed would have given them Quilter's number only under the most urgent necessity, and I went trembling to the telephone, expecting to hear that my concert had brought about my financial ruin. Mr. Tillbrook, the treasurer of that organization, was on the wire.

"Has Mrs. Fairfax told you the news?" he asked.

"No," said I. "What news?"

"I think I should wait for her to tell you," said he.

"Do tell me now," I pleaded.

"Well," said he, "if I do tell you, you must not repeat it just yet. You have been commanded to sing before Their Majesties in Buckingham Palace."

I fainted dead away.

16

I had been instructed to rise, make a deep bow, and remain at half-mast until Their Majesties were seated. I had supposed that I should then be ceremoniously presented, at which time, according to the book, I would have held a deep bow until I should have been spoken to. But the King himself upset these carefully ordered arrangements.

"There will be no formality today," he said, as he came into the Drawing Room. "I propose to meet Mr. Hayes as man to man. Present Mr. Hayes to me now."

I stepped forward to make my bow. The

King advanced and offered his hand. I was then presented to the Queen, the Princess Mary, and the Duke of York, the present King of England. I sang to them for half an hour, from a small approved program of European, English, and Negro songs. Their Majesties demanded more, and altogether I remained with them for nearly two hours.

On my way home from Buckingham Palace I sent a cable to my mother to say that I had sung before the King and Queen. I heard from my friends that Ma was immensely pleased, but she simply replied, "Remember who you are and give credit where it is due."

When the story of the command performance appeared in the Boston newspapers, reporters flocked out to call on her. "We have come to hear the story from you, Mrs. Hayes," they said.

"What story?" asked my mother.

"Don't you know that your son sang to the King and Queen of England yesterday?"

"Yes, I knowed it before any of you all knowed it," said my mother. "Now you all go along. My irons is hot, and if I don't get on with my work, my boys won't have their shirts."

She allowed herself to be photographed only on the condition that the camera men would not interfere with her ironing. The reporters trooped out into the kitchen behind her and plied her with questions. Ma went placidly on with her work. She was photographed at the ironing board, and Harry Sutton made her portrait from a print. Today, that portrait makes a holy shrine of my Brookline house.

Early in May of the year 1921, Dame Nellie Melba came to London to sing a farewell concert in the Royal Albert Hall. At her reception by the King and Queen, Their Majesties took pains to recommend me to her. Thus it came to pass that on the following Saturday Roger Quilter and I motored over to Maidenhead to lunch at the house where she was staying.

I sat next to Melba at lunch in the garden, and I remember being embarrassed because she and Quilter shouted ribald stories at each other, down the length of the luncheon table: for that was my first intimate glimpse

as a seated guest, so to speak, of fashionable English society.

After lunch, Dame Nellie asked me to sing "A Furtive Tear," from Donizetti's opera *L'Elisir d'Amore*. When I asked her why she had chosen that aria, she said that she thought we might as well begin at the top. Jean de Reszké, whom she called the greatest singer of all time, had sung it inimitably, she said.

"If you can approach de Reszké's presentation of the vocal line of that song . . . just the *entrée*, if you like . . . I shall know that you are a great artist. It is the severest test a singer can take."

The air begins *pianissimo* on a high note. The attack must come without effort, like a breath out of the silence, with no indication of the vocal mechanics. What follows is written along a long, sustained vocal line which must remain intact, and at the end there is a cadenza which the voice has to carry without accompaniment.

I had not finished the first phrase, had scarcely sung two bars, when Melba jumped up from her chair and ran to me with outstretched arms.

"No one, not even de Reszké, has ever made such a divine entry into that song," she said.

Trying not to look distracted or embarrassed, I began the aria again and sang it through. I confess to a moment of great pleasure when I saw Melba dissolved in tears.

Ernest Newman, the music critic of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Times* of London, came to one of my concerts, at the end of 1921, and published the extravagant opinion that the only singer he really liked at the moment was the new Negro tenor. It appeared that Joseph Salmon, the 'cellist, had only been waiting to be reassured of a conviction privately arrived at, and within a few days he invited me to come to Paris to sing at soirées which he undertook to arrange.

I had met M. Salmon at the house of Mr. Norman O'Neill, the composer, who had written some songs for me. The night Salmon was present I sang a short program of Handel, Purcell, and Schubert; two songs

from Roger Quilter's Shakespeare cycle, one of which, the "Take, O, Take Those Lips Away," was written especially for me; and some spirituals, of which the last was my great-grandfather's story of the Crucifixion, "He Never Said a Mumberlin' Word."

When I finished singing I was astonished to meet only silence. There was no applause, not a word was spoken. The room was nearly dark; my audience seemed to have vanished while my eyes were closed. I saw only Quilter, who moved toward me like a spirit. I asked him what had happened to his guests.

"They are in the dark corners, hiding behind their handkerchiefs," he whispered, with an exaggeration of his habitual stammering. "The English are ashamed to show their emotions, you know."

M. Salmon came up to me at last, handkerchief in hand, and said, "Mr. Hayes, I'm an old man now, and I cannot expect to live very long. You must come to France while I'm still alive. I shall introduce you to all Paris."

M. Salmon had promised me five concerts with *cachet* at once, but I presently found myself with twenty-five or thirty invitations to sing in great houses. I had the patronage of Bourbons and Rothschilds, of the Princesse de Colloredo-Mansfeld, the Duc and Duchesse la Rochefoucauld de Bisaccia, the Comtesse Bourtourline, the Portuguese Baroness d'Itajuba, and the famous Mme. Tata. In Paris, it was no crime to be black.

There were two very special guests at a party which M. Salmon gave for me, Mme. Alexandre Dumas and the Comtesse Anna de Noailles. Mme. Dumas invited my host and me to dine with her on the third day following, and after dinner she took me into a small drawing room where she had laid out a quantity of Dumas photographs.

She picked up a portrait of a tall, soldierly, dark-skinned man in shooting costume.

"What do you think of that?" she asked.

"He certainly looks like a black man to me," I said.

"And so he was," she replied. "Now you may tell whomever you meet that a Dumas *vrai* told you that Dumas *père* was a Negro."

Paul Landormy wondered, in *La Victoire*,

whether Paris had a single tenor who knew his *métier* as well as I. "Do not take M. Hayes for a savage," he had written; "he could give points to the most refined musicians in our own civilization, in the way of spinning sound from the starting point of the melody to its finality." I liked the figure about spinning out the sound, because to me the essence of singing is the perpetuation of the vocal line. And in fact, I liked everything about Paris and wanted to live there, to move and have my being in that unambiguous air.

17

In the fall of 1922 I received a letter from my mother, in which she spoke, for the first time, of old age and the inevitability of death. I was deeply shocked to come upon the words, a few lines later, "I can't last much longer. As I said, old age will kill me any day."

I sailed from France in November to see her. I hoped to persuade her to go back to Europe with me, so that I could look after her during her last days; or at the least, I thought I might convince her, before she died, that my concert work was really a mission: dedicated, like that of a preacher, to God and religion.

We had a wonderful visit together, Mother and I. Ma came a little closer to me than she had ever been before, and I, on the other hand, learned to understand more nearly the secrets of her heart and mind. I found her still deeply occupied with her work at home and in the church, and I was not surprised when she declined to go abroad with me.

Mother was not much impressed by my European trophies—contracts and programs and jeweled presents from the King and Queen—but she wept a little when I told her that I had sung spirituals which she had taught me to thousands of poor creatures in the London slums; and she allowed herself to be quite won over when, after a concert I gave on a Sunday afternoon in Symphony Hall, one of the critics wrote that I had not really sung a music hall recital. I had, he said, conducted a religious service.

When we were seated at table the next day, in front of steaming platters of Ma's

good cooking, my mother reached out and patted my hand.

"Well, son, I give in," she said. "I see now what you are trying to do. I'm not afraid for you any more. I see that yo' feet are on the Rock."

I asked what it was that had caused her to change her mind about me.

"I didn't feel nuthin' about yo' singin' till yesterday," she said. "Ev'ybody felt something holy then, and now I see it in the papers."

On the evening of September 26, I was scheduled to give my second concert in Vienna, under the auspices of an agency in which Anni Schnitzler, a niece of Arthur Schnitzler, was a partner. I was sure I now had the technical capacity for singing *Lieder*, and I had every reason to believe that my program was impeccable. Nevertheless, I woke up that day feeling heavy-hearted.

I confessed my depression to Dr. Alain Locke, who was visiting me at my hotel in the Ring. We were old friends and his mother was devoted to mine. I said that I was overcome with weariness and fatigue. He urged me to pull myself together, reminding me that I should be in competition with Jeritza, who was making one of her perennial farewell appearances at the Opera that night. But again in the evening, on the way to the concert hall with Dr. Lierhammer, I thought I could not possibly force myself to sing. I felt as though my heart were frozen.

I sang my way through the evening so introspectively that I was not aware of any response from my audience. After the concert I was brokenhearted. I thought I had failed. Anni Schnitzler came into the green-room and found me weeping.

"Dear Roland," she said, "why do you look so unhappy? Are you exhausted? I have never heard you sing with such feeling. What new fire has been lighted so deep inside your body?"

"Don't speak to me," said I. "I know it was terrible." And I burst into tears again.

Anni dried my eyes and made me speak to the people who had come to see me. I

shook hundreds of hands, but I could not bring myself to speak to anybody. Dr. Lierhammer came in with Simeon Rumschiski, the orchestra director, who had been my great friend in London. Rumschiski took me in his arms and said, "My poor Roland, my poor Roland." I was desolate. I broke down completely. I could not bear to think he had heard me sing badly.

Then he said, "Roland, I have something to tell you. I'm afraid your mother is very ill."

"She is dead," I said. I knew it in my bones.

"Yes," said Simeon, "your mother is dead."

In her last letter to me, Ma had closed on a characteristic note: "Well, Roland, stay in the bounds of reason. Do not let the folks cheer you to death. Watch yourself. I don't think you have as much flesh on you as you had when you let the Lord do for you. Watch how you use the fisical man. Don't worry about me. I'm alright. I have the whole church around me."

The "whole church" was still around her at her funeral. A great procession, two blocks long, walked behind her coffin along the way from the church to the cemetery. I cabled to the minister and asked him to play at the service my recording of the spiritual, "You're Tired, Chile, So Sit Down." Ma used to sing it in the Flatwoods, and over her ironing board in Boston.

I was too far away to go home to bury my mother. Instead, I took hold of myself and went on with my concerts. That was my duty, as Ma would have been the first to tell me.

Later, at the bottom of her travel-stained trunk, I was to find her last will and testament. This is the will, as Ma wrote it: —

"I, Fannie Hayes, is writing my will. When I die I have 4 boys. I have 10 acres of land in Georgia. I want my boys to have it and do what they like with it. I have a dollar or two in a bank here in Boston. At my death if I don't spend it before I die I want my boys to divide the money amoung themselves. Now my personal things, I have 3 quilts for the baby, one silk quilt, two cotton ones. If I stay with Roland till I

die, all the other things I have is Rolands. He can do as he likes with them. This is Fannie Hayes will written 13 day of April, 1916."

18

My recollections of my first official American tour are largely onomastic. I sang three or four times a week, went to bed almost every night in a sleeping car, woke up in one or another of thirty strange cities, met delightful people whom I had no time to talk to, and worked desperately to keep my audiences interested and my body fit.

Before the tour began I appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Pierre Monteux. Philip Hale wrote a Note about me for the program, so that I was able to make my debut *à la mode*. Only one circumstance marred the perfection of the evening. Not many of my own people were able to hear me. "Rush" seats were not easily available at subscription performances in Symphony Hall in those days.

I made my first American essay at singing Bach on the occasion of my debut in New York, a few days after the concert in Boston.

"Roland Hayes sang of Jesus," Heywood Broun wrote of me in his column in the *New York World*, "and it seemed to me that this was what religion ought to be; it was a mood rather than a creed, an emotion rather than a doctrine. There was nothing to define and nothing to argue about; each person took what he wanted and felt what he wanted to feel and so there was no heresy. . . . I saw a miracle in Town Hall. Half of the people were black and half were white, and while the mood of the song held they were all the same. They shared together the close silence. One emotion wrapped them. And at the end it was a single sob."

Before my time, white singers had too often been in the habit of burlesquing the spirituals with rolling eyes and heaving breast and shuffling feet, on the blasphemous assumption that they were singing comic songs. It pleased me to believe that I was restoring the music of my race to the serious atmosphere of its origin, and helping to redeem it for the national culture.

My managers dispatched several cargoes

of *feuilletons* to the South, describing my first Boston and New York concerts, and I followed on a long tour in their wake. Only Atlanta, the capital of my home State, refused to hear me at that time. The Boston office had written to an Atlanta manager and received a reply in basic English — "Atlanta isn't interested in niggers."

From the South, we swung out towards the West, and in Indianapolis a bit of the past caught up with me. During one of the intermissions in my recital there, an usher handed me an envelope addressed to "Professor Rowland Hayes." It contained a Christmas card from the Reverend G. William Ward, the preacher who baptized me in the Tennessee River when I was fifteen years old. I invited him to come and see me in the artists' room after the concert, we talked over old times, and the next day he wrote me a letter. He congratulated me on having reached "the *Road to Fame*." He thanked God that he had taken some part in my religious life, and hoped that I would make a practical demonstration of my religion by sharing my income.

For himself, said the Reverend Ward, he felt he was beyond the reach of help, except as the Lord was willing to provide. He had lately lost a matter of six hundred dollars in a real-estate deal, a thousand dollars in a rubber factory, and pickpockets, he said, had "hit" him for four hundred dollars and a diamond ring. Furthermore, there was an overdue mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars on his house. He would count it a blessing if I could make up those sums until the Lord got around to providing.

I calculated I had bought my baptism dear.

Success at home was of greatest moment to me. Ever since the color of my voice had been revealed to me, I had given myself wholly and deliberately to being, above all, a Negro artist, and I needed now either public approval or redirection. That is why it meant so much to me to read in Detroit, where I sang with the Symphony Orchestra, that I had made the spirituals sound "almost as though they had been written by a

great master." Thus was my object little by little advanced.

The critical world may have found me perplexing, but it made the honorable confession that I had a new kind of vocal instrument, with its own individual color. And I must say that my country was more than generous to me on that first tour, and in more ways than one. After I had paid every penny of an appalling schedule of expenses, I still had ten thousand dollars to put in the bank at the end of my tour. I had saved all that money in spite of the fact that I had nearly always been required to pay — as indeed I still do — at least 50 per cent more than white artists are charged for hotel accommodations and services. My professional career was well launched at home, along with the bull market of the twenties.

19

During the summer of 1924 I received the Spingarn Medal. Theodore Roosevelt, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and W. E. B. Du Bois were members of the committee in that year. I was unable to be present because I was solidly booked up abroad through the summer season. In fact, on the very evening of the presentation, I was singing again before the Queen of England in Lady Harcourt's house in Mayfair.

A year later, just before I sailed from New York aboard the *Aquitania*, Dr. Walter Damrosch presided at a little ceremony up on deck, and I officially became the tenth Spingarn medalist. James Weldon Johnson, the secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, called upon Dr. Damrosch to make a speech. I did not have very much to say in reply. My heart and my throat were too full, and my mind overflowed with images of the "dark hours" through which my great-grandfather, my grandfather, and my mother had passed in order to produce the music which I was destined to sing. I went back to my stateroom and placed the new trophy in my treasure box, along with the diamond stickpin which King George and Queen Mary had given me.

Before the end of that season in London,

in the summer of 1924, my Boston manager wrote to me to say that I should have to prepare three separate programs for my next American tour. He had booked me again to appear three times in Boston, and in New York as well. I went straight to Prague, to join the only friend I had in the world who could help me in such an ambitious undertaking. After the death of my mother, the Countess Hoyos of Vienna had written to a friend of hers, a highborn lady who lived in a chateau near the Czech capital, to ask her to look out for me during my first visit there. The lady from Prague, the daughter of a nobleman and the mother of a boy who was heir to an historical title, became my indispensable friend.

To that lady and her son and all her numerous and powerful clan I owe the real beginning of my intellectual life and my musical maturity. In their company I learned to sing with authority. I was able to consult in their houses all the vocal masterworks of all the great composers. I sang from the seven volumes of Schubert with my friend, and that was only the beginning of my education. In preparation for my visits she would assemble a bibliography of whatever composer we had nominated for study. We read the definitive biographies and sang and played the music in chronological sequence. In such a way, year after year, we went through Bach, Handel and Mozart, Schubert and Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms and Hugo Wolf, and then the early Italian masters. We read Goethe, Schiller, and Bismarck for background. Whenever I appeared, from America or England, from Paris or Germany, my friend would be waiting to plunge with me into new problems, with shelves of books and stacks of music ready for research and study.

As tired as I was after an exacting tour at home or on the Continent, I found it so exciting to spend long weeks working with my friend, during the late months of summer and early fall, that I was able each winter, from 1924 to 1930, to take up my work in America as fresh as a cucumber. And I must say that there were many times when I needed all the resources of energy and enthusiasm I could store up abroad.

(To be concluded)

DESCEND, O DANTE

by FLORENCE CONVERSE

DESCEND, O Dante, from the Heavenly Rose,
Light our lost way with your star-dusty feet.
We are beset with those devouring foes
You fled, those bestial ancients that repeat
The old familiar tactic of the Beast,
Marking the quarry, cutting off retreat.
Nor leopard, lion, wolf, has ever ceased,
Though you avoided them, to stalk the prey.
Now, woe! we are that prey, we are that feast.
The allegory shifts and symbols stray,
The dramatis personae change their roles,
But menace looms as dark as yesterday.
Worldly delights take daintily their tolls;
Imperial pride, and property for power,
Those primal greeds, haunt still our hungry souls.
We are devoured of sin, and we devour.
Return, O citizen of Heaven, to Earth's blind hour!

O pilgrim spirit, turn your purged eyes
Again to time, from your eternity;
From light unveiled, to shadow and surmise.
Look down upon our storm, O eyes that see
The scattered leaves of all the universe
Ingathered in Love's Book of Prophecy
Fulfilled. Look down, great exile, and rehearse
With us the steepness of the alien stair;
Taste yet again, with us, the salty curse
Of beggars' bread. Come from your Otherwhere
Of vision, to us perishing. Descend,
And share again the old distraught despair
Of exiled peoples trapped in hate's dead end;
Of conquered nations, bogged in hope's decay;
The desert-dreams of prisoners who pretend
To freedom. Hark, the homing souls astray,
Crying for light! Come, Holy Candle, light our way!

TRIBALISM

by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

1

I RECENTLY received a questionnaire designed to elicit my opinions about the war. Of the nine questions it contained, only two were of a general nature; the rest concerned the British Empire. One offered me six policies of which three involved our relations with Great Britain. Another question asked me to choose between policing the world by myself and dividing the job with Great Britain, China, Russia, or the Netherlands. In a third, I was asked to vote as between free trade with the British Empire, and a tariff barrier; and between admitting Canada and Australia as states in our Union, and maintaining friendly relations with them as dominions. I was then offered four statements, three of which assumed as a matter of course that the British Empire must rule the world with the aid of the United States. The document concluded with a battery of generalizations, of which these are specimens: "The British are naturally a more law-abiding people than Americans." "The British have a right to expect more help in this war from South Ireland than they are getting."

Now I have the same sort of respect for the British Empire that Mark Twain had for the equator. It is a fact in nature. The British, moreover, are our gallant allies and are quite as brave as our gallant allies the Chinese, the Russians, the Greeks, the Yugo-

slavs, the Dutch, and the Fighting French. I respect the British for what they have endured at Dunkirk and Malta, Coventry and Plymouth. I am not, and I have never been, an Anglophobe. I make my living by teaching the literature of England, and I know something of what Great Britain has contributed to the wealth, the culture, the stability, and the happiness of the world.

Nevertheless, this questionnaire seemed to me wholly bad. I did not answer it both because I do not know who was responsible for it and because its language was misleading. Take, for example, the last sentence I quoted: "The British have a right to expect more help in this war from South Ireland than they are getting" — a sentence which cleverly conceals a leading question. Of course the British have a right to any expectation they think they have a right to. Yet the real question is not the rightness of their expectations, but the probability that the De Valera government will act. If a sufficient number of Americans check this sentence affirmatively, we shall be told, however, that the United States "expects" Eire to enter the war. Observe how the word "expect" has changed its meaning. It is thus that propaganda is made.

This, however, is not the chief reason for my refusal to reply. My chief reason arises from my hope that this questionnaire does not fall into the hands of a patriotic Chinaman or a patriotic Dutchman or a patriotic Russian or a patriotic Yugoslav or a patriotic Greek. I can imagine the emotions with which a cultivated Hindu may read this document, with its calm obliteration of three-fourths of mankind. Indeed, I

Educator, biographer, and poet, HOWARD MUMFORD JONES is a native of Michigan whose ability as a teacher of English has been in demand at the University of Texas, at Chapel Hill, at the University of Michigan, and presently at Harvard. Once before, in his rousing article "Men — Not Cattle," Mr. Jones reminded us of the racial discrimination which takes violent form in this country despite our best intentions.

hope the questionnaire has not fallen into the hands of the Germans, since it will be cited by them as proof of their righteousness in fighting to free the world from the hypocritical supremacy of the Anglo-Saxons.

This document is a perfect example of tribalism. When the tribe thinks it is superior to the human family, the result is tribalism. There is a vague feeling among us that only the enemy suffers from tribalism. We have to thank the Nazis for the most outrageous form of this fallacy, to be sure. The monstrous Nordic myth, a myth without basis in history, in anthropology, in philology, or in natural science, reveals by its colossal crudity all that is fallacious in the idea of tribalism. If we are ever to have enduring peace, we must destroy Nazi tribalism and all the so-called philosophy which supports it. The Aryan fairy-tale can impose only upon the sort of mind that believes there is something tainted in Negro blood, some genetic tendency in Jews towards money-getting, or some hereditary cowardice in Italians which prevents them from being good soldiers. But we cannot win the war only to substitute for Nazi tribalism a more genteel tribalism of our own. Have we cleansed our hands of this guilt? Let us see.

2

Before the Japanese started the southward drive towards Australia and just after the creation of a military alliance in the Pacific among the British Empire, the United States, China, and the Dutch, a high Australian official made what I can only call an unfortunate statement. He said that Australia is a white man's country and that the Australians mean to keep it so. I do not know how this pronouncement was received by General Chiang Kai-shek and his wife, but I trust they read it with smiles that were childlike and bland. Is it not asking a good deal of the hard-pressed Chinese to fight on our side in order that Australia may remain a white man's country? I had thought the objects of the war were of a less tribal nature than this.

I have since read, as everyone has read, of the arrival of American Negro troops down

under; and I find that American correspondents report with relief that the Australians are being nice to them — nicer, one gathers, than are we at home. But why we should ask colored men to die in order that Australia shall remain a white man's country remains a military mystery. Substitute "free" for "white" in the statement, and it will make sense. Put "white" back in again, and you have tribalism.

I do not know how many people listened to the speeches made and broadcast at the East-West dinner in New York over which Mr. Willkie presided some weeks ago. I stumbled upon it while trying to avoid some of the more distressing forms of radio advertising. The dial suddenly brought me the voice of an eloquent Hindu whose name I never learned, but whose words should be studied in our schools. He and his people, he said, were willing to die in order to destroy fascism, but they were not willing to die in order to preserve Western democracy, or the British Empire, or Christian civilization. He intimated that he was not impressed by Christian civilization. He said with quiet irony that the culture of India is older by some thousands of years than the culture of the British Isles. He remarked that Western democracy was so feeble it could not prevent the rise of Mussolini or of Hitler. These are not pleasant sayings. Unfortunately they contain much truth. The old shibboleths have lost their magic in the ancient East.

Two or three nights later I happened to be reading that precious example of romantic egotism, Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son*. It was published a little more than a century ago. Here is a passage: "In India Europeans lord it over the conquered natives with a high hand. Every outrage may be committed almost with impunity, and their ready flexibility of temperament has acquired a servile subordination. Resistance, or even complaint, they scarcely urge; and the greatest kindness from Europeans, for long and faithful services, never exceeds what is shewn to dogs — they are patted when their masters are in good humour, and beaten when they are vexed — at least it was so when I was there." This was

written, I repeat, a little more than a hundred years ago. The manners of Europeans in the Far East have, I trust, improved, and the manners of the Japanese have certainly degenerated. Doubtless both China and Japan suffer from tribalisms of their own. But the elephant, you recall, has a long memory, and the elephant is not an Occidental animal. Small wonder that my eloquent and anonymous Hindu warned his unseen audience that words like "Western democracy," "Christian civilization," "white supremacy," and the like are not going to win the allegiance of Asia — and without the aid of the Orient we cannot, in many people's opinion, win the war.

In the year 1849 John Mitchell Kemble, editor of *Beowulf*, published *The Saxons in England*. He had studied at Göttingen under Jakob Grimm, the gentlest and noblest of men, but a genius whose teachings were, ironically enough, to lead to the most ignoble and ferocious of theories. *The Saxons in England* is an important book because it is the first English example, however harmless, of the tribalism of the nineteenth century. "Written at a time when the foundations of existing European governments seemed falling to ruin," says an historian of literature, it "declared that England owed her pre-eminence among nations, her stability and her security, to the principles and institutions bequeathed by the Teutonic invaders." The work of Kemble was continued by E. A. Freeman, William Stubbs, and John Richard Green, whose *Short History of the English People* has probably taught more people English history than any other single volume. Yet it is a volume which, at bottom, rests upon the concept of tribalism. E. A. Freeman was asked to lecture at the Johns Hopkins University and the Lowell Institute in 1881. "The institutions of Massachusetts or Maryland," he said, "are not simply the institutions of Massachusetts and Maryland. They are part of the institutions of the Teutonic race, and those are again part of the general institutions of the whole Aryan family." There were, he taught, "three Englands" — Germany, England, and the United States, and he had come here to lecture, with, in Professor Cargill's phrase, "a

mighty resolve to knit up the racial consciousness." American Anglo-Saxons naturally applauded, but neo-Teutonism aroused less enthusiasm among Americans not born — and I quote the conditions for a college scholarship I know — "of that old Anglo-Saxon stock which has gone forth from New England into all parts of the United States and has been the means of giving strength and stability and character to our government." In Wisconsin, where I grew up, the postmaster was named Skaar, the Congressman was named Esch, the Senator was named La Follette, the president of the university was named Van Hise, and the creator of the so-called "Wisconsin idea" was named McCarthy. We thought we had a pretty stable government, but there wasn't an Anglo-Saxon in the lot.

3

We sometimes act as if the growth among us of organizations like the Christian Front, the Ku Klux Klan, the Anglo-Saxon League, the Silver Shirts, and other virulent tribal clubs is mysteriously due to enemy propaganda. The inference is unwarranted. Like seed in the parable, propaganda falls upon rocky ground and upon fruitful soil alike, but it flourishes only where the earth is ready to receive it. Unfortunately, the ground has been prepared among us by very respectable gardeners. Back in 1848 I find an article in the *American Whig Review* about the future destiny of the Anglo-Saxons, which makes interesting reading. The author lays down the premiss that the present age is developing, with startling rapidity, the national characteristics of races which must be ultimately subordinated to one race, and that race the Anglo-Saxon. Why? I quote: "At present it might appear as singular as it will be found true, that the Anglo-Saxon race has ever been distinguished from all others, by moral elevation, by religious fervor. How much of this should be attributed to a direct interposition of the Deity in their behalf, and how much, on the other hand, belongs to their own silent efforts, we need not determine." The author, however, did determine. He reached the conclusion that "Providence

has raised up, and sustained, and qualified the Anglo-Saxon race, to perform a great work in reclaiming the world; has guided and protected them from temptation, or brought them from it *purified*, and ennobled by every scene of trial; and has given to them — to us — the destinies of the world.”

I have sought vainly, since I first read this article, for some phrase that would characterize the peculiar complacency of the idea that God has favored any one race over any other, or purified or ennobled any one race in preference to the rest. The only satisfactory comment I have been able to find upon the majesty of this self-laudation is in an essay of Mark Twain's. A Jew had observed to him that there was no uncourteous reference to his people in Twain's books and asked how it happened. Clemens replied it was “because the disposition was lacking. I am quite sure,” he said, “that (bar one) I have no race prejudices, and I think I have no color prejudices nor caste prejudices nor creed prejudices. Indeed, I know it. I can stand any society. All that I care to know is that a man is a human being — that is enough for me; he can't be any worse.”

Let us drop down to the year 1877 and to an American magazine, the *Galaxy*, important and influential in its day. Here is an article, “A Dream of Anglo-Saxondom.” The author dwells with pride upon the fact that the Anglo-Saxons miraculously escape from ordinary natural laws. The Anglo-Saxon stands apart from all other races. “The Anglo-Saxon,” he writes, “establishes himself in distant corners of the world, where the climate and conditions of life are totally diverse; but his character is apparently not subject to the changes which external influences have wrought on other races.” In fifty years, he said, the Anglo-Saxons will possess “almost a monopoly of the undeveloped resources of the globe.” “The United States,” he averred, “is destined to be the chief seat and breeding ground of the race for many generations to come. . . .”

Some people nowadays are talking very glibly about the “American century.” I quote this vision of the American century recorded in 1877. “With what a gorgeous

pageant the Anglo-Saxon peoples will celebrate their confederation! What a triumphal procession of subject races: Indians of the East by thousands, their rajahs, richly apparelled, mounted upon elephants; tribes of red Indians from the Western plains, tamed for the nonce; Nubians, Egyptians, picturesque Arabs from the Barbary deserts; dark masses of Ethiopians, piratical Malays, dragon-bearing Chinese from Hong Kong and San Francisco; haughty and oleaginous descendants of the Aztecs; Esquimaux in their quaint envelopes of skins; lithe and hungry-eyed Fijians; proud and war-like Moors, marching with their more docile kinsmen, the Kanakas; hairy and half-made Australian savages, who look indeed as though the 'prentice hand of Nature had experimented with them before it essayed nobler humanity — men, in short, of well-nigh every barbarous kind, from every quarter of the globe, will grace this crowning triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race!”

The only possible comment on this circus procession was uttered by Mr. Dooley in 1898. “I'm wan,” he said, “iv th' hottest Anglo-Saxons that iver come out iv Anglo-Saxony. . . . I tell ye, whin th' Clan an' the Sons iv Sweden an' th' Banana Club an' th' Circle Francaize an' th' Pollacky Benivolent Society an' th' Rooshian Sons of Dinnymite an' th' Benny Brith an' th' Coffee Clutch that Schwartzmeister r-runs an' th' Turnd'ye-mind an' th' Holland society an' th' Afro-Americans an' th' other Anglo-Saxons begin f'r to raise their Anglo-Saxon battle cry, it'll be all day with th' eight or nine people in th' wurruld that has th' misfortune iv not bein' brought up Anglo-Saxons.”

4

Global warfare requires global thinking, and global thinking cannot be tribal, as even the Nazis are clever enough to know, since in Arabia they picture themselves as protecting the Semites and in the Far East they ally themselves with the Japanese. The inconsistencies of the enemy do not, however, justify us in being inconsistent ourselves. And as I may have hitherto seemed hostile to the British, let me heartily and sincerely

affirm that the *Pax Britannica* has worked in the past as the *furor Teutonicus* will never work in the future. But it has worked, as in French Canada or Dutch South Africa, only in proportion as it has avoided tribalism; and it has failed, as in Ireland and Burma, mainly in proportion as the Anglo-Saxons have insisted that they were the people chosen of God. They are not the chosen people. The oppressed of the earth, fighting to rid themselves of the tyranny of the Nazis, are not fighting to retain, restore, or increase some other form of tribalism; and phrases like "the American century" do not appeal in Africa and Asia, Russia and South America. Let us have done with the notion that because in self-defense we have lent our arms to a dozen nations over the earth, these nations are meekly going to submit to our influence when peace is restored. It is not thus we shall ever found the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

No, global warfare demands global thinking, and global thinking requires global education. Are we intelligently preparing ourselves not merely to support the war but also to support the peace? To ask the question is to answer it. We are not preparing ourselves, and I fear our education is becoming more, rather than less, tribal. Particularly that part of a college education which deals with human history and human values is currently under two contradictory pressures. Each of these pressures is away from global thinking, the supposition being, apparently, that by supporting two errors we shall create at least one truth. Both movements result from well-meant desires to aid and strengthen the democratic state against fascism, but both suffer from the same radical defect. One is a drive to require of all college students a course in American culture, American history, American institutions, or the like; and the other is the instituting of "broad" courses in the humanities, survey courses in the history of Western man, great authors, or something of that order. There is merit in each of these ideas; but I may be pardoned for saying that amid the inevitable and appalling anarchy of the post-war world, we shall need to rely upon something broader than American culture or

European history. The first is, I fear, open to the charge of tribalism in a small way, and the second to the charge of tribalism on a larger scale.

The threat of provincialism, the threat of chauvinism in the proposed requirement of courses in American history or literature has been felt by thoughtful men, who propose to correct error, if it arises, by requiring, in addition, general courses in the humane tradition. Characteristically these courses are to begin with the thought of Greece and Rome, sweep through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and descend to the modern world of Europe and the United States. If the course in American institutions shall prove narrow, the course in great authors or in general literature or in the intellectual history of Europe will, it is thought, broaden the outlook of our students.

To be sure, it will. But will it broaden that outlook in the right way? Do we need to know more of Europe merely, or do we need to alter the whole basis of our thought about mankind?

5

Have you ever looked at a map drawn to show the land-masses of the earth as they really are and not as the Western world fondly imagines them as being? Our maps customarily show Europe, or the Atlantic Ocean, or the North American continent, or the New World as the center of the known universe. But if you will look at a map which places the great land-mass of Asia-Africa-Russia in the center of the page, the East Indies and Australia being but the southeastern extension of that mass, you will discover that Western Europe is a rather minor peninsula extending along the Atlantic Ocean; and by consulting almost any table of world population you will also discover that of the nineteen hundred million human beings in the world, something like thirteen hundred million do not live in Western Europe or the New World, and have very little interest in its cultural history. It is a sobering thought that there are more Chinese in the world than there are people in Western Europe; that the Hindu population of India about equals the total population

of North and South America; that the population of Africa is about the size of the population of Russia and that we of the so-called "civilized tradition" know almost nothing about either. There are, I find, about fifty-five major political divisions in Africa, a continent of immense importance to the future of freedom, but I suspect that if I were to ask any one of us to draw a freehand map of that enormous area, he would end in the condition described by Dean Swift:—

So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

I do not pretend that the tribes of Uganda are as important to us as the tribes of Hellas, but total warfare involves the total history of mankind, and how and where Asia and Africa, China and India, the empire of the Mongols and the empire of the Saracens are to be studied in the ordinary curriculum of the American college is a problem we have never, never faced.

With his customary eloquence Mr. Walter Lippmann has recently called us to return to the traditions which begin with Greece and Rome. Likewise President Hutchins of Chicago has insisted that we shall return to the traditions which begin with Aristotle and Aquinas. Incidentally, I am not aware that the medieval university reduced the B.A. degree to the junior-college level, but apparently we are to modernize our medievalism. Neither of these reformers seems to me really to reform. If our return to scholasticism is merely to strengthen our belief that we are the people and wisdom will die with us; if our return to the classics is to be merely a modern version of the Renaissance; if we are to be so absorbed by Europe that we continue to turn our backs upon the rest of the globe, we shall continue to rest complacently in a larger sort of tribalism. That can lead only to disaster.

About a quarter of a century ago H. G. Wells published a book which everybody read and nobody paid any attention to. The book is almost a book of prophecy. I refer to his *Outline of History*. I quote from it two passages. Here is the first one:—

"Western writers are apt, through their patriotic predispositions, to overestimate the organization, civilizing work, and security of the absolute monarchy that established itself in Rome after the accession of Augustus Caesar. From it we derive the political traditions of Britain, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy, and these countries loom big in the perspectives of European writers. . . . By the scale of a world history the Roman Empire ceases to seem so overwhelmingly important. . . . Compared with the quiet steady expansion, the security, and the civilizing task of the contemporary Chinese Empire, or with Egypt between 4000 and 1000 B.C., or with Sumer before the Semitic conquest, this amounts to a mere incident in history."

Here is my second quotation: "It is difficult to believe that any large number of people really accepted this . . . painting of the map of Africa in European colors as a permanent new settlement of the world's affairs, but . . . there was but a shallow historical background to the European mind in the nineteenth century. . . . They had no sense of the transferability of science and its fruits. . . . They do not realize that in Asia the average brain is not one whit inferior in quality to the average European brain; that history shows Asiatics to be as bold, as vigorous, as generous, as self-sacrificing, and as capable of strong collective action as Europeans; and that there are and must continue to be a great many more Asiatics than Europeans in the world."

I am not wise enough, singlehanded and alone, to rewrite the college curriculum, but I am profoundly convinced that our absorption with the culture of Western Europe must go. We need to learn in all humility how small a part we and Europe have played in the total history of mankind. We must immensely expand our mental horizon. We must alter our whole concept of cultural education on both practical and theoretical grounds. Anything short of global thinking in higher education will be inadequate so long as the world is dominated by the airplane and the bomb. We must get out from under the shadow of Occidental tribalism and move into the broader realm of responsibility for the human race.

I have said the arguments for this change are both practical and theoretical. The practical arguments arise from the success of our enemies and the practice of our friends. If we had learned half as much about Japanese mentality and Japanese culture as the Japanese have learned about European culture and American mentality, we should not now be frantically hunting for Americans possessing even an elementary knowledge of Japanese geography, Japanese history, or the Japanese language. If we knew half as much about the traditions of the East as the Germans know about the traditions of, let us say, Arabia, the East would not now be as suspicious of us as it probably is. If the Chinese, clinging to their immemorial culture, can yet profit from the traditions of the West, cannot we, clinging to the traditions of the Occident, learn profitable things from the culture of the East? Until we can learn to take the point of view that Plato has no monopoly of wisdom nor Aristotle of intellect; that, however influential the ideas of Mr. T. S. Eliot may be, they cannot compare in importance or influence with the ideas of Siddhartha Gautama known as Buddha; until we can humble ourselves to learn that there are cultures and traditions, literature and wisdom, art and morality older and richer, perhaps even wiser, than our own — until we can remake our thought about history and humanity in some such terms as these, we cannot reach the height of our great opportunity.

As I see it, the problem before Western education is how, while we cling to what is

sound in national traditions, we can begin to think and act not merely as Americans, not merely as Europeans, but as members of the human race. I might remark of the requirement of courses in American history that if they return to the wisdom of the founding fathers they will help us, but only then; and I might remark of the requirement of a general course in the humanities that everything depends upon the points of reference we select. We can be crippled by these requirements or we can be enriched. We can be enriched, however, only if we return to the great eighteenth century concept, important for the last time in that century, of universal humanity. It is significant that the word "race" does not appear in the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution of the United States.

I have spoken, however imperfectly, of global thinking and global education, but I find, as I constantly do find in this connection, that the wise men of the Enlightenment have anticipated us. They did not propose to confine education or the benefits of humane society to the United States or the Anglo-Saxons or Western Europe or even the countries of Christendom. They saw, as we must see if we are to survive the war and construct a durable order of peace in the world, that this order must be based upon comprehension, not withdrawal; upon the concept of the human race, not of tribalism; upon the adjustment under sympathetic leadership of the conflicts of many cultures, many traditions, many nations, many men. Nothing short of this universality will serve.



THE WIND OF PELICAN ISLAND

by ROBERT EASTON

1

FROM outside the bunkhouse, far into the night, we heard a sound as though a kettle were boiling on some distant fire.

"Don't care much for that sound," Old Rube said. "That's the kind of wind talks to cattle."

We edged our boxes nearer the wood stove and Dynamite said to Rollo Jane: "Rollo, tear up that box and throw it in the fire; you Okies is used to sitting on the floor."

Rube continued, "Like I told T. S. Ordway this morning 'bout them Mexican steers you fellers drove. 'T. S.,' I says, 'you got the biggest feed yard in the West; you been feeding Herefords and Durhams for years, but these here just ain't feed-lot cattle. How do you know they'll eat? How do you know what ailments they'll take? These cattle is from the old longhorn strain and you can't predict 'em.' 'Well, Rube,' he says, — you know how slow he goes when he's thinkin' a lot, — 'Well, Rube,' he says, standing there all duded up in felt and tweeds, 'maybe they oughta go on pasture first till we see how they gets along.' And that's how come him to call the barges and you fellers to be over here on Pelican Island."

I said, "Thanks, Rube," and shivered.

The bare boards of the bunkhouse didn't begin to stop that wind. They simply focused it along their cracks until it struck us like a beam of ice. The kerosene lantern

smoked and flared and ran a dirty shadow on the wall; the wind rustled old copies of the *San Francisco Examiner* on a table by the window, and brought us the damp decaying odor of the delta island.

"Rollo," said Dynamite, "did ye hear me speakin' to ye a while ago?"

He and Rollo were friends, though Rollo was a dirt farmer and Dynamite twenty-six years of Utah brimstone and powder. Rollo had lost his Oklahoma farm to dust in 1936 and now drove a tractor in the yards at \$3.65 a day and helped us when we had a lot of cattle to move. Next him by the stove sat Sims, the perfectionist, the artist on horseback. He rode his saddle like a bronze statue. Then came old Reuben Child, the lame cowboy, the old Texas longhorn who had been a champion roper in his day and one of Ordway's cow-foremen till he fell from a truck and broke his hip. Now he said, "You fellers is too green to be this far from timber. If you want wood on Pelican Island, dig a shovelful of ground."

"Hear that, Rollo?" said Dynamite.

"Shore 'nuff," said Rollo mildly and never moved.

Dynamite rose and went outside, letting in a swirl of wind that sent doors slamming through the house and nearly ruined the lamp. Again we heard the faraway sound, a tiny shrill note, as if a mosquito were angry or a fly had got caught in a spider's web.

"Don't care much for that sound," said Rube.

Dynamite came back with both hands full of dark brown earth, kicked open the stove and dropped in the dirt. He turned the

One of the youngest contributors in this issue, ROBERT EASTON was born in California on July 4, 1915. Educated at the public schools in Santa Barbara, then at Andover, Stanford, and Harvard, he got down to earth as soon as possible, working first for a large cattle company and then as a cowpuncher on the McCreery Ranch not far from Monterey. Now he is in the Tank Destroyer Command.

damper till the flames roared up the black pipe. "Now damn you, you wise old man," he said to Rube, "if this don't burn we'll take that crutch of yours and it will!"

"Smell it?" said Rube.

A smell like that of greasy leaves burning on damp ground filled the room.

"Whew," said Dynamite, "smells to me like somebody needs a bath."

Rollo Jane looked into the stove and said, letting his voice fade away like a little child's and die, "She's just a-burnin'. . . ."

Sims said, "What a hell of a way to spend Saturday night, watchin' the ground burn." He reminded us we were spending this night away from home on a windy island in a marsh with a cold supper inside us, and why we were. He said again, "Wait'll Ordway hears his ground will burn. He'll have a way to make money on it."

2

T. S. Ordway had bought thirty-nine cars of Mexican steers. When we trailed them from the station to the feed yards he stood by the door of his big Lincoln sedan and never said a word. T. S. Ordway lived in that car. His office was the back seat. In it he drove thousands of miles each month between his various ranches, banks, and office buildings that were as common through the West as sagebrush and dry river beds. Men said of him that if Western Union had an office in the town T. S. Ordway had one. But he was his own main office. He did the business himself; and when he got out and stood beside the car, with the hair turning a little wispy under his city hat and the skin loosening from his rock-bound jaw, he was still all man — all the way up. He watched us pass without a word, and before half the cattle had gone by got back into the car and told the chauffeur to drive away.

We put the steers on barges and ran them down the slough into the river and up another slough to Pelican Island, and when we trailed them down that levee road they followed, as orderly as soldiers. Modern cattle would have been all over the place, but these old critters just put their heads into our ponies' tails and trudged along.

They made a queer sight — all sizes, shapes, and colors, but most of them were pintos, black and white, and there were also many solid blacks, which is the color of the vicious Spanish cattle that once ran along the Rio Grande. For shipping they had been dehorned six inches from the head and only stumps were left, big around as your wrist, but you could imagine what those horns had been.

We had trouble on Little Betty slough that crosses the island as a kind of outlying defense against the marsh. On one side is a field of young grain; on the other a wilderness of reeds and ponds — a foreign land lying beyond water. Here, no matter what the season, it is always earliest spring. The wiry grasses, the clumps of low growth that look risen from the bottom of the sea, have in them every color of green. Kildees run crying over the mud flats; ducks go silently in squadrons down the sky. Everywhere there is an almost inaudible squashy noise. This is the unknown land where life moves in water as at its beginning, and overhead the north wind blows and makes the grass stems sing like wires and brings small clouds upon the sky that lie close together and overlap, like feathers on the breast of a bird.

The marsh is a strange thing, but it was the field of grain that gave us trouble. A drainage ditch six feet wide and seven deep separated it from the road and was full of water; hungry steers trying to cross fell in and swam along until we snagged them with our loops and dragged them out. My pony, Old Barb, a chunky sorrel with white stockings, had a bad time with a big Jersey steer. We played him like a giant trout to a low place in the bank and then, when I turned Old Barb sharply away and stung him to make him hit that line, a horn stuck in the bank and Barb hit the end of that rope and went straight in the air, like a dog at the end of a chain, and came back over. I felt him coming and got away in time. We rose together, sticky with mud, and he looked at me as if to say, "You got us into that." But on the next try we snaked out our fish. We had to do this several times before we reached the pasture that covers all the western part of the island. There is good

feed on it and a nasty bog called King Tule on the west side toward the Bay, but ordinarily cattle won't go there, and if Rube hadn't talked to old T. S. about these Mexicans being so unpredictable we could have come home and had our Saturday night. As it was, we went to the bunkhouse of the farm crew, and the only good thing we found there was Rube himself, who had followed us in his pickup truck like an old dog on the scent. Everyone else had gone. So we rustled around and found some cold stew and built a fire afterwards in the drafty old bunkhouse, and settled down to talk ourselves into a better mood.

3

And now Sims had spoiled it. Sims was a kind of sour apple anyway. He said, "Nowadays it takes money to make money. If I had what Ordway's got I'd go to El Paso and buy *me* thirty-nine cars of steers at six cents a pound; and I'd lay 'em in here at seven, hold 'em four months, and let 'em go to the butchers at ten. That's business."

"Sure," said Dynamite, "good enough business for me."

Rube said, "Remember this — it takes a big man to make big money. Didn't T. S. build this feed yard himself out of a marsh? Didn't he build the levees and turn the mud flats into gold? Likely he will clean up on these Mexican steers, but think of the risk he takes. What did he pay for 'em? Sixty thousand dollars. Stands to lose it, don't he? What if they takes sick or the market drops or the butchers don't like 'em? Where is he then? I tell you it needs a big man to make big money."

"Goddamn," said Dynamite. "I wish't I'd grow a little."

"I'll tell you a story," said Rube, "about T. S. Ordway that'll show you what I mean. Many years ago when he was starting out in life he took a contract as builder on a dam, a subcontract it was, and under it he went out and bought materials and hired men. He did the job all right, finished on time, but when he come for his money they gave him script instead. He never said a word. He went to town that night — Las Vegas, I

think it was — and sat down to a poker game. Now up till then he'd never played a game of cards for money, but he sat down *that* night to play for money; and in the morning he got up with cash enough to pay his men. He said, 'I never paid my men in script and I never will.'

"Now that's what T. S. Ordway done in Las Vegas," said Rube, and pulled a sack of Bull Durham from his shirt pocket and began rolling a cigarette. The wind rattled the shingles on the roof, and made a thousand sighing and complaining sounds, with always at the back of them that little note, higher now and sharper, like a wasp getting ready to sting.

"Don't care at all for that sound," said Rube. "Ever see wind talkin' to cattle?"

Sims said, "If you mean those Mexicans we drove today, they're too poor to listen."

"They're longhorns," said Rube. "I seen their daddies in Chihuahua when the wind come whisperin' of dust. Then they traveled."

Rollo Jane, who until now had spoken hardly a word, became excited at this mention of the wind and said, "It was wind done for me." And I knew he was thinking of the farm he had lost in Oklahoma. "Three year in a row it come, bringin' the dust. We'd get the land all worked up nice, put in the seed and watch her come; and every year when she got about so high" — he made a measurement between two fingers — "the dust took her — buried her there in the fields. We prayed for rain, but that feller up there sent us the dust instead."

Rollo had a wife and three babies in a trailer house up at the village.

Sims spoke now. "Like back home, when the apples get about so big" — and he made a measurement between *his* two fingers — "the cyclones come."

Dynamite opened the stove and the wind blew out a little puff of ashes. "Fire's dead."

Rube stretched and yawned. "Look outside, young feller. There's a whole island to burn."

Dynamite drew back his hand in a mock gesture of menace, but went outside.

"Minds me of one time years ago," said Rube, "a young feller from Stockton — I

forget his name — went out at night to look for cattle on Rainbow Island over there; but he never come home. Next day they tracked him to the edge of a peat burn, and that was all they could do.”

“Oh, these islands will burn,” said Sims.

“Take Pelican, here,” said Rube. “One place over in the pasture burned thirteen year till old T. S. come along with his pumps and flooded the land.”

Dynamite returned carrying a small box with dirt for the fire, letting in a hostile blast of air that took the papers off the table and drew dust right out of the floor.

“See them steers?” Rube asked; and then he said, “Mercy, goodness! I plumb forgot to milk old Daisy Bell — sittin’ here gassin’ with you fellers; and she and her baby out in the cold wind. You’re no good!” He dismissed us with a wave of his crutch and stumped away into the night. We heard the sound of his pickup start and die out down the levee. It left us very much alone.

For a while we sat around the stove listening to the wind whine and groan and pick away at the old bunkhouse. A board got loose somewhere and went to slamming; and always up high was that wasp, sharpening himself, getting closer and closer.

Dynamite went outside, came back and said to Sims, “Lookie here.” His eyes had become extra blue, I saw, so I went outside too.

We stood upon the porch and the wind whipped us with the moist, rotting odor of the marsh. We could see the levee clear to the landing, and everything was all right down there. Off the other way — west toward the Bay where clouds running low under the moon made the fields go light and dark — we could see the silver grain, and beyond it in the pasture something was wrong. The steers hadn’t lain down; they weren’t feeding the way hungry cattle should. They stood together in groups of four or five, or maybe ten or twenty — you couldn’t tell, they were so far away; but when the moonlight came just so, you could see their heads go up and a flicker of it running on their stubs of horns.

Dynamite said, “I don’t like the look o’ them steers.”

Sims said, “Aw, what could be the matter with ’em?”

Rollo came out and joined us.

“Think I’ll take a ride down there,” said Dynamite and went across the yard toward the barn, braced forward into the wind. I followed him and so did Rollo, and before we had our horses curried off, Sims came and began saddling his Appaloosa mare. I could tell he was mad.

When he got outside he set the mare up and spun her like a top as though they were in Madison Square Garden.

Dynamite, standing doing up his tie rope, never looked around. He said to me, patting the rump of his brown nag, “This horse’s got a lot of Steeldust in him.” The horse had no more Steeldust in him than I had, but Dynamite liked to think so because that was the breed of Texas ponies. Rollo opened the barn door wide to bring out his black Percheron, and the wind sucked in behind him and swept the floor clean all in one “whoosh.” He clambered up the great beast, who was just as slow and gentle as Rollo, and we started.

4

The wind flattened the clothes against our backs and blew the ponies’ tails out all around them like the skirts of women. It pushed the clouds away from under the moon and made our shadows run before us, cut so clear that when they crossed a ditch or board we wanted to duck our heads. It cried and laughed and died beside us in the reeds like a complaining child, and then it would come again with a rush and a sweeping of a thousand wings and you could hear that little note away up there, that wasp getting readier and readier.

“See what I see?” said Dynamite.

I could see cattle standing up. All over the pasture they rose, stretched, and stood together facing us, sniffing the wind.

“Well, we’re here,” I said, and as if they heard me speak that field of steers turned altogether and began to move. Slowly and surely they followed down the wind toward the great bog of King Tule and Oyster Neck, that juts out sharply in the Bay, and they never made a sound.

"Take your good holt," said Dynamite, "'cause now we're gonna ride."

He leaned from his saddle and flung open a wire gate, and it was my bad luck to stay and shut it. The others went away down the field like bits of darkness blown by the wind. There was no question what to do; we had to get around the herd and beat those cattle to King Tule, and we had to do it quick. I got aboard Old Barb and set sail. The steers were walking quietly. I passed close to them; they paid no attention. I thought, "This is absurd. This isn't a stampede. These are gentle cattle walking over a pasture."

First I overtook Rollo, who sat his Percheron like a sack of meal, drumming with both heels and swearing helplessly to see me pass; and then I got close to Sims and saw him holding in his mare, afraid of that bad ground. Barb passed him going like Man o' War for the wire, and I felt proud. Dynamite was far ahead. How he got speed out of that brown nag was the mystery of all the world of running horses, but he got it — plenty of it. He already had turned past King Tule and flanked the herd.

A cloud covered the moon, and in that darkness the wind made up its mind to do us no good. It rose and sounded through the wiry grasses and brought that wasp down out of the sky and set him right behind us. The cattle broke into a trot. They weren't excited, they were like old men going home; and a thought of Mexican deserts ran across my mind, shrouded in dust, with cattle moving shadowy as ghosts. Barb went for a *matrero*, which is what the Mexicans call a cunning steer, and sent him back toward firmer ground. They would go when you pushed them, but you had to push them, every one. A big dun three-year-old had his eye on the reeds of King Tule, a hundred yards away. Twice Barb scooped him up and put him where he belonged, but on the third run the steer dodged, Barb spun in the mud, and I heard an awful sound — a sound like somebody had taken a stick and wrapped it in a towel and broken it over his knee. And as I heard this, Barb went away under me and I floated in air. It was a leisurely thing. I thought, "Good, I'm clear of him.

This isn't bad. Now I'm going to hit on the back of my shoulder." And then I hit.

I wasn't hurt; I didn't even lose my hat. I got up right away and saw the steer wave his tail and head for the King Tule, and then I saw Rollo bear down like a locomotive and scoop him up. I noticed cattle running all around me, close to me. I saw their shadows on the dark wet grass. I saw the hip of a red steer that was going to hit me before I could turn, and felt a jar and a shooting pain. From the ground I saw Barb ten feet away try to get up, get only his head up and then fall back. A wave of cattle shut him out. A hoof struck my anklebone as a hammer drives a nail, and sent pain clear to the thigh. I smelled a horrible decaying odor of the ground itself, and then I saw Barb rise again, brace his forelegs, and stay sitting on his rump like a huge dog. He swiveled around upon himself to face the cattle, and his ears went up sharp and clear against the sky like two leaves. The steers gave way before him. To me he wasn't a horse — he was an island seen through the trough of the sea. Crab-fashion, on hands and knees, rolling and falling among the hoofs, I got to him, moving faster than ever in my life before; and as I came beside him the next great living wave broke on us and went away on either side, as water does around a stone.

I shouted and brandished my hat. The cattle came on silently, loosely packed, so they could barely swerve and miss us. Barb's forelegs quivered. He kept putting a jerk in them to take that slack out, but just when the flow of cattle had begun to thin they snapped and let him down. Blood ran from his mouth where the bit had cut him. I took the bridle off and watched him lie there, opening his mouth as the pain hit him, but I couldn't stand that and looked away.

Rollo Jane alone was keeping the cattle from King Tule, and how that boy did ride! I looked for Sims and saw him back on the tail of the herd, pretending to work hard, but he wasn't — he was afraid of that bad ground. The moon came out very bright, and far ahead I saw Dynamite fly over a piece of black marsh. Water from a pond he crossed shot up like silver sparks. He seemed

to be in the air. He was like a man who drew his horse up under him and left the ground. And he was riding to win, he and Rollo, for with the help of Barb and me they'd bent the right flank south and pointed it for Oyster Neck. Two men there could bend her back along the Little Betty, and they were there. Rollo came down like six men upon those cattle. He was catching Dynamite, racing on the throat of the neck and a little to one side, when all of a sudden he disappeared.

But Dynamite didn't know. He dashed onto the point of land and turned the leaders. I saw him leap a ditch and then another, quickly; and in the moonlight far away it looked as though his pony had begun to buck. He turned fifteen or twenty head and circled to do it again, and then he must have seen it was no use: behind where Rollo should have been the cattle streamed away down Oyster Neck. He didn't quit. He charged back across those steers and back again, making shadowy lines of them shoot from the herd; but he was one alone and the job was too big. I could see his brown nag fail, tripping once, and at last Dynamite pulled him up and stood there making a long dark eddy in the flow of cattle.

Those steers never had run; they flowed like water pressed by some invisible hand, as the earth rises behind a mountain stream and sends the water down.

Still, if the fence held across the Neck, Dynamite would win. I remembered Jim Magee, the construction boss, telling of the stout fence he had built on Oyster Neck to keep the cattle from the bluff and the bogs along the water; and down where the point of land narrowed I could see a black mass of steers damming up, and I knew the boards had stopped them. Behind that dam the dark area of steers grew and grew, swirling in the moonlight slowly and more slowly, until they almost stopped; and then there came a sound ringing like a shot, and then another, and then a volley of them; and I saw the cattle release slowly down the Neck. They gained in speed, frightened by the crash of splintering wood, pressed forward by the wind, running silently, with never a sound since the moment they began to move.

The lead steers spread out singly on the bluff, clear against the sky, and behind them two thousand pairs of stubby horns were coming to find shelter from that wind; and in the bottom of the Bay they found it.

I watched them go. I thought I heard waves breaking on a beach, and the sound grew and the wind took it away and brought it back louder than before, undulating, alive; and then I knew it was the moaning of the cattle as they broke in waves upon the rock and died.

5

Sims rode up to me and said, "Have a spill?"

"Yeah," I said, "I've had a spill."

Barb was quiet now, poor devil, but every so often he gave a kind of shiver as the pain took him. I asked Sims if there was a gun in the bunkhouse, and he said one of the farm boys had a forty-five. I pointed out where Rollo had fallen, and told him to get over there. He went, loping his mare like he'd ridden on marsh ground all his life.

I saw Dynamite riding back from the Neck. He didn't even look after those cattle, but went off with Sims into a shadow, and I couldn't see what they were doing. After a long time Dynamite rode up to me and sat against the moon, with the wind tugging the brim of his hat, and when he saw Old Barb I could hear him choke. He said they had found Rollo lying with a broken collarbone at the edge of a peat burn; his horse had been too heavy to get out and smothered. Then he looked at Barb again, and all he could do was swear a little softly and say to me, "Well, dammit, we made our ride; that's all a feller can do."

He started for the bunkhouse to get a car and a bottle of whiskey for Rollo, and I told him to find me a gun. Then Barb and I waited alone. The night wore away and a rim of light came up along the east, as though out there a thousand miles somebody had kindled a fire. Everything I heard became an echo, which is what happens when you're very tired, and that made the island a queer place — as though all over it hundreds of people were trying to talk in different languages. Barb got restless and wanted

to stand up, so I sat on his head. I wished Dynamite would come. Barb had his mouth open and would put one eye on me as he took a deep swallow of air. He didn't look like my horse at all, down in the rotten mud that way, with me sitting on his head. I didn't want to remember him like that.

The lights of a car turned up the Little Betty and pretty soon Dynamite came on foot. He carried an ivory-handled forty-five with a bright silver barrel, and said for me to hold the bottle of whiskey while he used the gun.

"Give me the gun," I said.

"No," he said, "I'll do it."

"Give me the gun," I said.

"Why, you silly kid — you don't know how to shoot a horse. You likely never shot a horse in your life."

I held out my hand and he gave me the gun. As I walked around in front of Barb, moonlight reflected from the silver barrel. I thought: "What a silly gun. This is the kind of gun with which men perform tricks at a circus. I can't shoot my horse with it." Then I whistled and Old Barb raised his head. I drew the imaginary lines from each ear to the opposite eye and pulled the trigger at where they crossed.

"Good shot," said Dynamite.

After breakfast, we sent Sims with Rollo to the doctor; I took his Appaloosa mare and rode with Dynamite for Oyster Neck to see what had happened. I wasn't feeling very happy. The wind had blown itself away and only a breeze, gentle as May, floated some delicate white clouds. We followed the auto ruts along the Little Betty that Jim Magee had made the summer before when he hauled lumber for the fence, and that ran far from the place I didn't want to see. We found the fence splintered to pieces. Dynamite thought there would be crippled cattle on the rocks, perhaps some that were unhurt, and we were starting for the bluff when a horn sounded behind and we saw a pickup truck bouncing over the field. I thought it was Rube come to say: "I told you so," but this time it was T. S. Ordway himself with Jacks, his foreman, at the wheel, and Jim Magee sitting on a box behind.

Jacks looked the same as ever, — well-tanned leather doesn't change, — but I had expected signs of concern on the face of T. S. Ordway. After all, sixty thousand dollars doesn't run right off the books every night. He sat looking straight ahead out the windshield. He wore the same city hat and tweed coat that looked grown onto him as all his clothes did, as though he never took them off. He was talking to Jacks about a bridge he planned to build across the slough. He waved to us without interrupting himself and sat there watching the distance, deliberately saying every word as men do who are used to having people listen. The new bridge, he said, would cost thirty-five thousand dollars, but by doing away with the barges and the ferry it would in the long run save money.

Jim Magee climbed off his seat and stood beside the truck. He was a fighting Irishman but ready to smile first, with bare forearms like oak limbs.

T. S. stopped talking and looked far away at nothing, as he always did when he had a lot on his mind, and then he said to me, "Boy, I'm sorry you lost your horse."

That made me feel better because all at once I remembered Barb had been his horse, not mine.

Now he said to Jim Magee, "Guess we'll have to build a stouter fence — eh, Jim?"

Jim agreed to that, but the owner said no more; he was talking to Jacks again about the bridge. "I'd like to see it made of concrete piers; they would last longer. Let's go back now and see if that bottom will take concrete."

Jim climbed aboard and they drove away. Half a mile down the field the car stopped and we could see T. S. and Jim stand beside it and put their heads together, looking up now and then and pointing off across the field, and we knew T. S. Ordway had thought of something else to build.

Dynamite reached thoughtfully through his pockets to find the dirty plug of tobacco he always carried, and as he fished it out he brought up with it the big idea for which he had been searching.

"One thing here you can be sure," he said, "you're working for a great man."

THE AMERICAN WAY

A Conversation Piece

by MAXIM KAROLIK

I

SEVEN years ago, when my wife and I decided to begin the M. and M. Karolik Collection in collaboration with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, we talked a great deal with Dr. Edgell, the Director, and Mr. Hipkiss, the Curator, about the beauty of eighteenth century American arts. At first we emphasized their aesthetic qualities. But little by little we all became more and more conscious of the social significance of this collection, which consists of portraits, silver, furniture, prints, engravings, and miscellaneous other articles.

Mr. Hipkiss in his Introduction to the catalogue of this collection wrote: "To judge eighteenth century American arts one needs to sense the spirit of the people, what went before them and what came after them."

What was the spirit of the people in eighteenth century America? What went before them? The answer to these questions may be interpreted in this way: I believe that the people who came here during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did not intend to continue the way of life they left behind them. They were longing for something new, something better. The epoch-making Declaration of Independence shows what they were longing for: freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and freedom of assembly. They also dreamed of equality of

opportunity. This desire has been called the American Dream. The concept that all men are born equal was to the men of 1776 no mere phrase, no flight of fancy; it was their blueprint of American Destiny. It implied a deep faith in the common man, and it expressed a determination to give him equality of opportunity. It was America's unique contribution to history. All these ideas, which we take for granted today, were astonishing news to the Old World, and the men who proclaimed these principles here were called over there wild Indians (the word "Bolshevik" was not known at that time). Catherine the Great of Russia was outraged and exclaimed that the Declaration of Independence was a challenge to the divine right of kings. It took over thirty years for Russia to recognize the American government at that time.

Comparing the relationship between eighteenth century arts of France, England, and America, one notes this striking difference: in France and in England the arts and crafts, aside from beauty, reflected power, prestige, pomp, because the pattern of the background — kings, courts, castes, classes — demanded that. Here in America conditions were different. Here the arts and crafts reflected only beauty — I would say, *domestic* beauty.

In France and in England the arts and crafts were a development — from one King Louis to another in France; from one King George to another in England. In America they were a foundation. And that foundation was the home, where they were made and used to add something to the grace of life.

The home was the source and center for

Born in Russia, MAXIM KAROLIK came to this country twenty years ago and shortly thereafter fell in love with America. But it was eighteenth century America — not twentieth — which won his affections; and as he describes the meaning of the famous collection which he and his wife brought together and presented to the people of Boston, we realize that here is a citizen by adoption who truly understands our American way of life.

the arts and crafts. All the things in the Karolik Collection were made for handsome houses and mansions, not for palaces and castles, and not, of course, for museum galleries. One can easily see that the objects in this collection represent, as my friend Mr. Hipkiss said, "beauty without ostentation." By comparison with England and France the latter half of eighteenth century America was only simpler, not plainer. Simplicity in richness, from the times of the ancient East to the modern West, has always been recognized as a desirable quality.

There were many well-to-do people at that time, and a number of them were really rich and could easily afford luxuries. The fortunes of the Derby, Pickman, and Gray families in Salem ran into seven figures. So did those of the Amorys in Boston and the Browns in Providence. At the time, that was considered a great deal of money. Such wealth meant social prestige, personal power, perhaps privilege. Yet these men also represented ability, great industry, and considerable usefulness. These great merchants were important citizens, not merely prominent citizens. They were respected and honored because they were important to the city and to the community; they were builders, they created a pattern of rugged individualism.

What was the social status of the merchant and the artist-craftsman at that time? Judging by the correspondence of the Newport cabinetmaker John Goddard with the Providence merchant Moses Brown; or the friendship of Benjamin Franklin with the Philadelphia clock and watchmaker Edward Duffield, who was Franklin's friend and one of the executors of his will; or Washington's friendship with the Boston cabinetmaker Benjamin Frothingham (Washington, visiting Boston, took a small boat and crossed the Charles River to visit him); or Thomas Jefferson's friendship with Benjamin Randolph, the great Philadelphia cabinetmaker who made for him the little desk on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence — judging by all these facts, the social status of the craftsman and merchant was the same as that of the statesman and soldier.

Here for the first time an attempt was made to realize the dream of many advanced

minds: to create a society in which human beings feel free and equal, in which ability in different fields is respected and honored; a society in which an aristocracy, if it should exist, would be of an aristocratic mind and spirit. Such a society, called true democracy, was the dream of many great minds centuries ago.

2

Throughout the generations following the fateful year 1776, this dream remained the guiding principle in the shaping of a characteristic American life. It called for a new order (no resemblance to Hitler's zoological New Order) to be built on the highest level of human aspirations known at the time. The pursuit of this grand ideal followed a road full of tortuous detours and many pitfalls. In more recent times, the machine age produced its own detour from the traditional course: it has created not only new and great industries, but also a new form of idolatry, the so-called practical mind.

I remember discussing in my youth, in Russia, the American businessman. We heard so much about his practical mind, about his wonderful achievements in industry, and we tried to describe him. We knew about his practical approach to things — that his mottoes were: "Time is money" and "Business is business." But when I came to this country twenty years ago and saw in person that practical businessman, I was astonished to find that he had little in common with the type of men who created the Declaration of Independence. To him, I noticed, these men were sentimental dreamers, impractical idealists. But 1929, the year of the Wall Street debacle, proved that this practical businessman lived in a fool's paradise. What has happened since 1929 clearly shows that he was not practical at all. He believed that money is a controlling, dominating power; he was convinced that nations as well as individuals can do nothing without money. Time and events proved that it is not so, that he was wrong.

During the past ten years I have often heard these practical men say: Russia has rich resources, but no money — that means she can accomplish nothing. Germany has

no resources and no money — that means she will soon collapse. Japan is poor and exhausted — and that means she will soon commit hara-kiri. We know now, to our great sorrow, what happened. It is not for me to criticize this deluded practical man. I mention him only because I want to prove my point: that the creators of the Declaration of Independence were the *practical* men. They knew that money is only a tool with which human beings can build something worth while, and that the value of that tool can be measured by the result of an effort, by the realization of a dream, of an idea. They knew the simple longings of human nature: a comfortable home — the only place where intimate contentment can be reached; happiness, which comes from the realization that one is free to express himself. They knew that grandiose enterprises and colossal achievements are of no use if they add nothing to the good, simple, elemental virtues.

The practical man firmly believed that “the business of America is business,” and that “what is good for Wall Street is good for the nation.” Newport, I think, is a striking illustration of what that practical man did to eighteenth century America.

Here is a city that even today has an eighteenth century air, with a settled tradition behind it. A few eighteenth century buildings and the examples of the work of Newport craftsmen shown in several museums clearly demonstrate what this city represents. With the rapid development of big industries, great fortunes were made by a number of people. Some of them came to Newport and introduced something that is absolutely inappropriate, which has nothing to do with the local tradition and beautiful natural surroundings. They built lavish palaces and transformed Newport into a fashionable place. The architecture of these palaces is not a development from something that is characteristic of Rhode Island; in fact, it has nothing to do with that architecture. These practical men, being very rich and believing in the power of money, could not be satisfied with the beautiful simplicity of eighteenth century American homes. To them it looked too simple, it was not impressive enough. So they built show places

which symbolized, they thought, prosperity, riches, prominence. But, as time shows, these practical men had missed one point: stability — the stability which comes not from the pocketbook alone, but also from the mind and heart; from the ability not merely to see, but to foresee; the stability which requires vision, imagination.

Today we know what is happening to these million-dollar show places. They sell for nothing. And not only because of very high taxes. There is a general realization that these palaces do not belong here; they should never have been built here, because they represent the very thing from which seventeenth and eighteenth century Americans escaped and which they preferred to leave on the other side. Seeing what has happened in the democratic countries during the last three years, people have become aware that this fat, lavish existence has nothing to do with the beauty of rich home life; that this artificial glitter, which at best only shines but never warms, has an undermining and degenerating influence upon the people.

In the passing of these palaces, I see the passing of that so-called practical man. He passed because he was only big, not great. In 1929 he collapsed; ten years later, in 1939, when the war started in Europe, thoughtful people wondered whether it was worth while to revive him. In 1941, after Pearl Harbor, he died and was buried. Whether his passing is for better or worse, no one can yet tell. I am inclined to believe that it is for the better, because other ideals than his are safer and healthier for all of us.

There will always be people who will make little money, others who will make more, and still others who will make a great deal more. As long as this is so (and it is so because it reflects human nature), the true practical man will always remain with us. After all, the word “practical,” as I understand it, means that a man’s idea or plan has a solid, lasting foundation. I am convinced that the new practical man who will emerge after this titanic struggle will have little in common with the practical man of the pre-1929 era. He will not ask “How much does it cost?” and “How much money can I make?” but “What good does it do?” and

will believe that "what is good for the nation is good for Wall Street." This newly born practical man, I believe, will supplement our eighteenth century Declaration of Independence, which gave us political freedom, with a twentieth century Declaration of Independence which will give us also economic freedom. Only then shall we have true freedom from want and true freedom from fear. I firmly believe that he will accomplish this, because it is practical and even profitable.

Sometimes I wonder whether an American merchant of the Amory, Brown, or Derby type could have remained a rugged individualist, let us say, in the year 1925. I doubt it. He probably would have been squeezed out by a monopolistic trust, or forced to join a corporation managed by a board of directors, stockholders, and a president. That president may think he is the boss of the corporation, but he certainly deludes himself if he believes that he is a rugged individualist. Rugged individualists are not created by stockholders and boards of directors. They are always independent, self-reliant, and responsible only to their conscience.

3

I am not trying to paint a rosy picture of the eighteenth century merchants. It is well known that among them were a number of unscrupulous rascals, but on the whole they were a decent lot. The thrift of some of them had even a pious tinge: they actually believed that God had a hand in their business, that He helped them to accumulate their wealth. Of course, to us modern, so-called "civilized" humans, it sounds a bit naïve, but under that naïveté, one must admit, was a strong and restraining moral sense.

The merchant of the olden days was an adventurer who fought not only his individual competitors but also the elements. Transportation, for instance, was his constant problem and worry. The modern businessman is more or less a speculator. He is far from independent. His constant worry is the big trusts and corporations, and he knows that they can jump at him any time and eat him up.

The same thing would have happened to the artist-craftsman. A great silversmith like John Coney of Boston, or a master cabinetmaker like John Goddard of Newport, probably would have been forced to join a union managed by a labor boss, and to work in a factory for wages fixed by that boss.

Many people think that the machine age, resulting in continued struggle between labor and capital, killed the true spirit of America. I doubt whether this is so. If machines managed by human beings can ruin a fundamental principle, it is indeed a serious reflection upon the people. It simply shows that the meaning of that principle did not penetrate deep enough; and that is the reason, perhaps, why we are unable to resist the dominance of the machine.

Six months ago I attended an evening party in New York, where I met a number of interesting refugees from Europe. Two of these had visited friends in Boston and had seen the Karolik Collection. One of them was Dutch, the other Czechoslovakian. Their reaction was interesting: they were astonished to see such "unembellished beauty." The Dutchman called it "beauty without a title." They never knew that America had produced such great craftsmen; they could not understand why Europe did not know anything about it.

One of them read the catalogue of the collection and was much impressed by Mr. Hipkiss's illuminating Introduction. But the fact that such an Introduction was written here in America as late as 1941 surprised him. It shows, he said, that the Americans themselves knew very little about their own eighteenth century craftsmen. That thought gave him some satisfaction — as if he wanted to say: "If Americans, at such a late date, knew very little about it, then my ignorance can be forgiven." I assured him that Americans are only now beginning to evaluate what they inherited from eighteenth century America. He felt better.

But what impressed me most was the faith of these foreigners in the greatness of America and the role she is destined to play in world affairs. They are convinced that the struggle now going on in the world is for the principles of the Declaration of Independ-

ence on one side and, on the other, the principles expressed in Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. One side, they believe, must go under; both cannot live together. As Berlin is today the hope of all the dark, reactionary forces in the world, so Washington is today the hope of all liberal, freedom-loving people.

Of the war itself they spoke very little, but they spoke a great deal of the world revolution the dictators are trying to accomplish through this war: to wipe out, by military or economic force, the democratic principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the French Revolution of 1789.

When I told some of them that there are many Americans who do not want America to play a big role in world affairs, because big roles, they think, cost money, their answer was: But America, willingly or unwillingly, is already doing it, and not for philanthropic reasons, but for her own safety. Fortunately for America and the rest of the world, American leaders recognized the nature of Hitler's revolution long before the European leaders did. The tragedy of Europe lies in the fact that her statesmen followed the slogan of the blind isolationists: "If we only mind our own business, we shall remain safe."

Observing these foreigners, who frankly admit that America is the only country that made them feel the moral force that is still hidden in the democratic principles; that made them realize that although at present their countries, separately, amount to nothing, together they are still a living force, I wondered whether there was ever in the history of the human race a country like America of today, which appears as the only hope and the only promised land to all mankind.

I admit, the passionate faith of these foreigners in America's role sometimes frightens me. I often wonder whether this country realizes what a stupendous and glorious mission Destiny threw in her lap. The attempt alone to fulfill that mission stirs me and makes me feel proud that I am an American citizen. All the sacrifices we are making today are small and petty by comparison with the value of that mission. And when it is fulfilled (I refuse to believe that it will not be fulfilled), the skill and quality, the beauty that radiates from eighteenth century Amer-

ican arts, will enter our homes again. That beauty will symbolize not only the return of prosperity and comfort; it will also symbolize our return to eighteenth century principles. Time has proved that when we neglected these principles we deteriorated and began to drift, politically and artistically.

I will now quote a passage from an article in the *New York Sun* for December 5, 1941, three days after the opening of the M. and M. Karolik Collection and two days before the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor. The article describes the opening: "Seeing the crowd that panted and sweated and fainted and exclaimed aloud at the beauty revealed, it would have been extremely simple and easy to prophesy a trend toward the past, and more than a trend — a surge, a veritable stampede to refurnish homes with the things or in the style of the past." I am not going to say I *wonder* whether this will happen, because the word "wonder" expresses doubt. I say it *will* happen.

That "veritable stampede to refurnish homes with the things or in the style of the past" does not mean, I hope, the refurnishing of homes with reproductions made by machines or by mediocre craftsmen. The "trend toward the past" I interpret as the return to creative craftsmanship. That trend I will not call going back to the eighteenth century, but rather a coming forward, because it is only now, nearly a century and a half later, that the great mass of American people is beginning to understand what eighteenth century America left us — what it represents and what it stands for. I will call it the creative continuation of that "style of the past," from which, no doubt, something new will develop.

It would be well for us, first, to admit that we have not yet created anything that approaches the beauty of our eighteenth century arts and crafts; and second, to acknowledge that we must become conscious of that beauty and realize what it means to us. At present I can say that I have taken action — not only talked — toward a possible recovery of creative craftsmanship, as a need in American home life. The future will tell whether or not this action brings forth results worth further comment.

WILL THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH SURVIVE?

by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

1

WHEN one examines the blueprints of a post-war Paradise offered for our encouragement or enticement by the spokesmen of the contending nations, one perceives a common denominator in their various plans: a unanimous assumption that the new order is to be an affair of this world only; a taking it for granted that all that men need for security and happiness and peace is an industrial and political setup well conceived; a postulation that man, when he regards himself as an end to be served, is morally competent, of sufficient natural good-will to make his system — whatever it may be — minister to something more satisfactory than a frequently renewed fratricidal conflict.

Against this common assumption which characterizes all the popular post-war hopes — British, American, Russian, German, Japanese, Italian — the teaching of Jesus Christ stands in unqualified opposition; nor can the Christian Church compromise in respect to that opposition without ceasing to be Christian. In that simple fact is the essence of the Church's problem.

If man, as envisioned by democrats and totalitarians alike, is for himself a determining end; if he may safely do as he pleases, in such fashion as may from time to time seem to him expedient; if he is able to handle his affairs without redemption from an ingrained folly; if in his own power he can rise above self-seeking and live in a voluntary sociality;

if he is able to get along quite nicely without contact with any power not of himself which makes for righteousness — then Christianity is irrelevant to life. In that case the Church is at worst an incubus which ought to be destroyed and from which innocent children should be protected, at best an ivory tower in which peculiar and incompetent people may from time to time be permitted to take refuge from reality — an institution insignificant but relatively harmless.

As a matter of fact, it is in one or other of those two ways that most people in the pre-war world came to regard the Church. In Russia, the Church was stamped out as thoroughly as the regime could manage with safety, on the ground that it was a dangerous distributor of "opium to the people." In such lands as Germany, Japan, Mexico, the Church was forbidden to bring the current statecraft before the bar of God and, even more significant, was shut off from an effective educational access to the oncoming generation. In "liberal" countries — Sweden, England, the United States, for example — the Church was more and more regarded as a polite confraternity of occasional pious individuals, which had little or no social function except to lend a tone of respectability to a culture secularistic, man-centered, man-devised. In such countries the Church was not persecuted; it was granted every possible liberty. This was due not so much to a singular nobility as to the fact that it was felt that the Church could be relied on to "mind its own business," the said business being defined as providing a poetic delight for those who happened to crave its form of emotional release.

For twenty years a university and cathedral preacher in England and in this country, BERNARD IDDINGS BELL is an Episcopalian. He has a determined conviction of the part the Church could play in the world of tomorrow. His radicalism is inherited straight from the first century.

There was no country in the whole world, in the year before the war broke, in which the Christian Church had for years been expected or permitted to exert a controlling or even a largely critical influence on education, politics, industry, the arts, marriage and divorce. These are life's chief activities. In respect to every one of them, modern man had become used to ignore what might be the will of God for him, to substitute a desired self-expression for an attempt to do that will; and in respect to them all, he assumed his own entire competence. This same self-centeredness and self-confidence are also characteristic of the programs now variously offered for the shaping of things to come. Without a complete rediscovery of its own function, the Church is hardly likely to matter any more tomorrow than it mattered yesterday or than it matters at the moment, which is just about not at all.

2

That the Church has had small influence of late, and seems likely to have little more in the immediate future, is the Church's own fault. Christians have been too willing to come to terms with, and even to flatter, an essentially godless world. Sometimes this has been due to ecclesiastical venality; more often it has come about from inability to understand what has been happening. Carried along by inertia, churchmen have watched without comprehension while congregations have melted away, while the secularly educated younger generation increasingly has absented itself from worship and activity. To have retired fighting before the attacks of a growing secularism would have been a hard but glorious adventure, perhaps the prelude to a new and vigorous offensive; to have drifted into the position of a tolerated minority, politely begging an increasingly indifferent multitude for occasional smiles and reluctant contributions, has been to enact a role no less ignominious because ecclesiastics have not known what they were doing, no less deplorable because the populace, at least in Anglo-Saxon countries, has been too polite to tell church people the truth about themselves.

If one looks at the New Testament, the scriptural charter of the ecclesiastical enterprise, or if one examines the nineteen centuries of Christian history in an attempt to analyze the causes of alternating periods of success and failure, it seems plain enough that the Church's business is the simple and difficult bearing of witness, in terms of creed and code and cult, to the nature of God, the nature of man, the right relationship between the two, as these are revealed in the person and teaching of Jesus; the offering of Him, as solution of man's problems individual and social, to a world which does not desire Him but cannot get along without Him, a world which for its own safety must be brought to adore and obey Him, a world which cannot be brought to do that except by those who do themselves adore and obey Him. The function of the Church is, with complete conviction of the divine inevitability of what Christ reveals about life, to resist all lesser, carnal interpretations of life — resist them in love but with firmness and consistency, convinced that thus it may persuade natural man, turn him to the right-about, save him from conceit and folly and cupidity and from the destruction these engender.

Any significant impact of the Church upon the day whose sun is sinking into a confusing twilight, or upon the tomorrow which struggles in the womb of night, must necessarily be an impact of challenge, of opposition. That challenge remains constant, because of the essential continuity which exists between the immediate past and the immediate future. Their relationship is not that of boy and grown-up man. The liberal age, with its trust in rational idealism, soon degenerated, because of man's conceited irrationality, into an era of class struggle and of stridently expanding empire. These now lead straight on into a period of greedy collectivism dominated by demagogues. The history of man from 1750 to 1950 will be seen by historians in the twenty-first century to have been all of a piece. The secularist structure during the two centuries has been and continues a consistent development: an un-Christian, indeed an anti-Christian folly.

Its foundations are pride, ambition, desire to dominate, lust for this world's goods. Christ plainly insisted that in these are seeds of death, not life; and the Church needs must say the same if it is to hold the respect of those who have regard for honest consistency, or if it is to rescue man from the consequences of his modern mistake. Pride, ambition, desire to dominate, lust for this world's goods — these must be torn from the human heart. That was what Christ demanded in Jewry long ago. In the centuries since, that demand has been the constant foundation of Christian morality. In every generation the saints, believing the demand to be from God, have devoted their lives to renouncing and denouncing, as basic poisons, those things upon which mankind today would feed.

The Church, these later years, has forgotten how to renounce and denounce them. Instead it has sought to soothe a sick mankind with ointment of sentimental piety plus injections of a superficially optimistic geniality. The note of prophecy has, indeed, not wholly died away; but the prophets have been expelled from the synagogue, banished to obscure Coventries, or at least persuaded "to draw it very mild." This is understandable. Prophets are upsetting souls. They interfere with the financing of missionary budgets and, in general, with the smooth running of ecclesiastical enterprises. They make difficult the erection of super-temples, and mar the nice amenities of life. It was so in the days of Amos, Isaiah, Jeremy, of those apostles who in the first days of Christianity went about turning the world upside down, of Loyola and of Luther and of Wesley and of Gore.

Nobody likes the prophets much. But whenever the prophets are silent, the Church is first made powerless and then regarded, quite properly, as parasitic. The Church in a liberal and capitalist world has preferred popularity to prophecy. It is not surprising that now the Church discovers that "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

If the Church is in any real sense to influence the world of tomorrow, it would seem that the Church must so reform itself that it

can make a new and almost brutal proclamation of the ethics of Christ, with an authority born of belief that the way of life therein commanded comes straight from God. The ethics of Jesus, as one reads the same in the New Testament, as one finds it in the systematic formulation made by Christian moralists all down the years, is, to say the least, hardly to be twisted into consistency with the wisdom by which democrats, totalitarians, or what you will, would today build their various Utopias. One may deem it a true morality or a false morality; at least it is a different morality from that of the secularist. If men come to suspect that the secularist wisdom leads to little but insecurity, war, unhappiness, despair, they may just possibly conclude that it is the Christ who is the wise one. That happened several times in the days before we were born. But if they are to have that choice, the Church must continue to proclaim Christ's way as of divine sanction, come weal come woe. That is its justification for being.

3

The morality of Jesus is based on these convictions: —

(1) That human life is more than a brief existence between birth and death; that the things which most matter are beyond the power of the grave to destroy; that all which is, including man, exists to subserve a supramundane purpose; that earthly happiness may often well be sacrificed, and sometimes must be sacrificed, for the sake of spiritual integrity; that man's chief end is to know God and to enjoy Him forever; that nothing short of unity with God can satisfy man's searching, lonely soul; that for individuals to be sane and happy, or for society to remain secure, it is necessary that in their whole scheme of thought men and women shall place at the center more than transitory values.

(2) That patriotism is all too apt to become a snare and that racialism is a delusion; that all men, near and far, rich and poor, wise and foolish, black and yellow and brown and white and red, are brothers, made to live for one another in a mutually sacrificing

sociality; that to exploit one's fellows by way of privilege is disobedience to God, fratricidal folly, cause of war, and this whether the privilege be within a nation and due to accident of birth or misuse of ownership, or between the nations and maintained for the moment by tariffs, embargoes, and suchlike tricks.

(3) That it is better to serve than to be served; that he who exalts himself will be brought low and that it is the humble who will be exalted; that servants are quite literally more pleasing to God than masters, and that the redemption of a master is made possible only as he becomes the servant of his servants; that the more abilities and talents one possesses, the greater is one's obligation to take care of the welfare of those less gifted than oneself. *Noblesse oblige*.

(4) That enemies are to be loved; that if they hunger they are to be fed; that we are to do good to those who hate, revile, despitefully use us. In the light of that teaching of Christ, the Church's moralists in all ages have faced the problem of war. Christians of today, too, are compelled to face that problem; they cannot avoid it; the world at large will not permit them to avoid it. Some few Christians in every generation have insisted that to obey this command involves complete pacifism, utter non-resistance; but most of the moralists have said no to that. Evil may sometimes get such control of men and nations, they have realized, that armed resistance becomes a necessity. There are times when not to participate in violence is in itself to do violence to the welfare of the brethren. But no Christian moralist worth mentioning has ever regarded war *per se* as other than monstrous, or hoped that by the use of violence anything more could be accomplished than the frustration of a temporarily powerful malicious wickedness. War in itself gives birth to no righteousness. Only such a fire of love as leads to self-effacement can advance the welfare of mankind. Such love is expensive.

(5) That it is useless or worse to refrain from doing right today for fear of what may eventuate therefrom in the future, and also that a seeking to find palliation for our present inability or cowardice in hope of a Utopia

to be builded by our children is evidence of diseased minds; that a man must live each day as though it were the last day; that our responsibility is with our own conduct; that now is the prince of this world judged.

(6) That children are the most important of all people and more particularly the determinants of marriage; that it is more important that offspring should be nurtured than it is that fathers and mothers should continue "to be loved."

(7) That it is immoral to lay up riches with the hope that with them we may buy, for ourselves or for our heirs, exemption from the common lot of useful and productive labor; that an economy based on an increasing, unpaid, interest-bearing debt, in which men seek to acquire some ownership, that thereby they may gain relief from the necessity of earning bread by work, is an unnatural economy, doomed to result in social chaos. It is right for man to desire a reasonable security, especially in age; but such security cannot rightly come by increment from private investment. A Christian security must be a social security.

These ethical convictions are clear in the New Testament, recognized by reputable Christian theologians. In accordance with them, Jesus lived. It was because He proclaimed them that He was crucified. To them the saints have borne their witness. Because the Church of the late yesterdays soft-pedaled them, striking its *forte* on more comforting notes, stressing pious acts and subtle formulas with which to decorate an essential worldliness, the wisdom of Jesus, which probes to the heart of our common problems, is a wisdom well-nigh forgotten. There are millions of Christians who simply do not know that the Christianity to which they give a vague and occasional allegiance involves obedience to such hard and searching sayings. When they hear a preacher re-echo these Christian precepts, they take offense. "Let the parsons keep their hands off economics and their voices out of politics." So say many, even most, professing Christians nowadays, quite unaware that they are rebuking, not the preacher who repeats the maxims, but Him who in the first place proclaimed them as having a change-

less and divine validity¹; and if even Christians are unaware of what their Master teaches, one can hardly expect that the world at large should understand. It is because the Church has thus obscured the socially prophetic note that it seems to most people to have no relevancy. The masses of the folk, observing the Church as of late the Church has been willing to present itself, say, "There is nothing here to bother with. These people bear within themselves no salvation. They are as mad as all the rest of us. They are not worth listening to. They are not even worth crucifying."

4

Is the Church then obsolescent?

Certainly the conventionalized Church of the late past seems to have before it little or no future: the tolerated and patronized Church, endowed or otherwise supported — and controlled — by mildly interested adherents who are more than willing to be men and women of the world as it is; the ever so respectable Church, intent upon its own repute, keeper of well-swept conventicles, attended by properly starched congregations (mostly middle-aged or older), and afraid to call its soul its own lest someone be offended; the Church willing to accept divided lives; the Church as buttress of a social order based on values not those of its Master. That Church will die; indeed it is dying now with great rapidity. It has become to the more vital elements of society, and particularly to the young, more often than not a bore and an impertinence.

Nor does it seem likely that the Church can continue in these days to have influence if it panders to magic, to superstition; if it offers to its adherents, not a chance to lose themselves in the hard and glorious service of God, but rather a supposed facility for cajoling the Almighty into doing tricks for the worldly profit and enjoyment of the elect.

¹ One should note, however, that Christ did not teach that the Church should seek to establish itself as a sort of rival State, and that Christian moralists are unsympathetic with theocracy. The State is rather to be regarded as directly responsible to God. As Father Kelly of Kelham once put it, in terms of the English scene, "It is the duty of Lambeth to insist that Westminster obey God. It is not right for Lambeth to attempt to make Westminster obey Lambeth."

There was nothing of that sort of thing in Jesus, nor are such absurdities inherent in Christian dogma, Catholic or Protestant; but there has been so much of them in "popular Christianity," both Catholic and Protestant, as to have alienated from religion much of a modern world whose people, however unwise and unhappy, are reasonably informed. Much of that new world seeks — sometimes, alas, in perverted ways — to serve an end more noble than to wangle private benefits. The Church must be at least equally magnanimous. There is certainly no future for a magic-mongering caricature of Christianity.

But it is gratuitous to insist that, within that none too venerated respectability which is what most people deem the Church, there can not and will not emerge a newly vital and prophetic Christianity, capable of so loving the world as to defy it, to exasperate it, and at cost of honest sacrifice (perhaps even martyrdom) once again to love men and women into something like a true humanity. The world has been in a bad way several times before in Christian history — times when the Church has looked as conventional, emasculated, insignificant as it seems to most observers nowadays; and over and over again it has received new vigor as the world's need grew critical.

Seven and a half centuries ago, for instance, the Church looked nearly dead, smothered by a secularized culture, ruined by a long-continued compromise. They tell the tale how he who then was Pope of Rome had a dream in the night. He saw the Church of St. John Lateran, his cathedral, swaying as before a tempest, crumbling and about to fall. So imminent was its collapse that the Holy Father wept. And then he saw a little man, in the rough dress of an Umbrian peasant, who came running, placed his single hand against the tottering wall and pushed; and the cathedral stood firm and strong. The Pope awoke. The next day there sought him out a man named Francis, from Assisi, to ask the pontifical blessing for a great adventure; and the Holy Father saw that this was the man who had appeared in his dream. "What is this great adventure?" he asked. "To restore God's Church," re-

plied Francis. "And how do you purpose to do it?" "By obeying Jesus Christ." The desired authorization in his hands, the Poverello departed; and with his Little Brothers he did restore God's Church. Everywhere the Friars Minor went, — little fishes swimming through the net of social convention, — the Church, challenged by the simplicity of them, their poverty, their sincerity, their joy in God, cast off its self-centered complacency and glowed again with fire of Heaven; and a weary world found, for a time at least, the peace which it had lost.

So it has been again and again in the nineteen Christian centuries. In times of world emergency there has emerged a leadership sufficient to ensure an utterance of Jesus' wisdom, a necessary challenge to the dying civilization, a new outpouring of the power of God bestowed on those intent to do His will rather than merely to follow along with a self-blinded humanity. Why not again?

There is visible at the moment, to be sure, no full-flowering revival of renewed faithfulness to Christ and His wisdom comparable to the Franciscan movement; but the dull, cold spiritual winter is not without its hints of a coming spring in which will be renascence of a life long hid from sight. By no means all the Church's membership is still placidly content with relegation to insignificance. In the ears of more and more Christians there sounds, ever louder, ever more insistent, the command that the kingdom of the world must become the kingdom of God and of His Christ. There are those who begin again to believe, with more than a verbal acquiescence, that all of man belongs to God: his doings economic, industrial, political, sexual, marital, creative, recreational. These rebellious souls, to be sure, are a small minority of Christians; but among them are persons both of high position and of influence intellectual and moral.

The papal encyclicals, for example, have shown a clear appreciation of what is involved, even though it must be acknowledged that the average Roman Catholic seems singularly unaware of them, and frequently is disconcerted when told of their contents. Catholic Social Action is vocal,

with its cry of "Long live Christ the King in home, shop, factory, and nation!" even though to most Catholics religion still seems to mean something far less revolutionary.

Among Anglicans a growing group, led first by Charles Gore and later by William Temple, has seen clearly and spoken bravely. Their efforts came to a dramatic climax in the Malvern Conference of 1940. It is true that the convocations of the Church of England and the general convention of its sister Episcopal Church in America, instead of following that lead, damned it with faint praise and thereby intimated to the world at large how out of harmony is Malvern with well-established denominational attitudes toward society. It is true that some of the Malvern leaders, perhaps discouraged by this ecclesiastical cold-shouldering, hastened to explain that they are concerned only with general principles, and not with an immediate application of those principles. But it is also true that the chief proponent of Malvern, Dr. Temple, has been lifted to the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury, in spite of the determined opposition of many frightened Tories, to the enheartenment of those who long for a truly Christian society.

Meanwhile in Protestant circles the same significant attempt to apply Christ's principles to society is at least in its effective beginnings. The Federal Council of Churches and its emerging child, the World Council of Churches, show signs of understanding the revolutionary character of the Christian morality. Its Committee on a Just and Durable Peace, for example, is effectively indicating that the root causes of war are greed, conceit of tribe and race, desire for aggrandizement. The Oxford Conference on "Community, Church, and State" meant something, even though its performance fell considerably short of the prospectus issued in advance of the meetings. To be sure, the usual Protestant parishioner is still unaware of the socially upsetting implications of this new "Ecumenical Movement" and is apt to be definitely alarmed when he discovers what its leaders seem to be up to; but at least those leaders are awake. They know that Capitalism, Communism, Fascism, all three are anti-Christ.

The really alarming weakness in the Church's present state is due to the slowness of the moral revival among the rank and file of the members. Despite protesting minorities, notwithstanding occasional leadership, the great mass of Christian people remain complacent, unaware both that the position of the Church in contemporary society is humiliating and that the cause of that humiliation is their own timid compromise with a secularism inconsistent with tenets the holding and advancement of which are the Church's chief reason for being. It is their ineffective protest which has brought the Church into its present disrepute. For the world at large their failure has been little short of tragic. For years that world has been hearing and heeding the assured and strident cries of the hawkers of pottage, while the trumpets of God have sounded faint, obscure, confused. Before the Church can regain a lost respect or again have influence in the affairs of men, Christians must first accept without complaint the penalty of their own complacency, must acknowledge and bewail their blindness and timidity.

If to the Church does come a new vision of righteousness, a new willingness to challenge the fundamental motivations of a secularist society, will the world, as we now have it or are likely to have it in the near future, give favoring attention? Not easily. Indeed the first reaction of that world to a Church intent on obeying Jesus Christ, to a Church that will not compromise, is almost certain to be one of bitter persecution.

How can one think otherwise? It can make for the Church no easy friends if it shall say to those who would build the post-war world, be they Russians or Germans or Japanese or Britons or Americans or some strange conglomerate of them all: "Your fine new mechanized, socialized, despiritualized culture is the work of children who have lost their way. It profits nothing for mankind to master nature if the price is the loss of human souls. Your gold is tarnished; your fine garments are moth-eaten; your rumbling cities are a pandemonium; you swarm like super-midges, you who were made to live like sons of God. You have forgotten the

law of your being. You must learn again what your fathers knew and what you have forgotten, if indeed you ever heard of it. You have communized your selfishness? That is not enough. Man must *escape himself* in adoration and service of God if he is to find life worth the living. You are self-condemned to seek and strive and war for heart's desire, and yet obtain it not because you ask not. The roots of peace lie deeper than your statesmen know. Freedoms of a sort you may indeed have won — four of them or forty, it matters not — at cost of blood and tears; but the one freedom that is indispensable, freedom from self, is not a thing to be achieved; it is the gift of One whom man must permit to love him. God's heart is filled with pity for your sad estate, made captive as you are by your own inventions, slave to your own naïve ideas. God can save you. We bring you tidings from Him — tidings of such joy as you have never dreamed of. But first you must renounce your pride, your personal and national ambitions, your desire to dominate and to coerce, your lust for this world's goods. It is a heavy price, but you must pay it." Men do not love those who hold in light esteem the goods which they have sweated to possess. They stone the prophets and they make the saints to suffer; they crucified Jesus.

When the Church at last comes out from the valley of a deserved humiliation, it will find that it is held in small esteem, that it is poor and despised; but such an approach to a worldly world is the only one by which to persuade that world that there are better things to live for than the current wisdom has revealed. Such humiliation, embraced and not resented, is required if one is to draw mankind to God. That is the meaning of the crucifix, whereon hangs One whom Christians are at least supposed to worship. He died for truth, for God, to rise again in power. In the end men listen to Him, understand, worship Him; but to bring that about in the world of tomorrow Christians, like Christ, must again be willing to lay down their lives in defiance of the mores of the world. The future of the Church, under God, lies in no other hands than its own.

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE
Year of
DECISION

1846

BY BERNARD DeVOTO



CHAPTERS XXVI-XXXII

MISSOURI RIDES SOUTH

In his earlier chapters Mr. DeVoto has told of the westward push in that year of Manifest Destiny, 1846. The mountain men opened up the trails and found the passes across the Sierra; the Mormons were on the march, and westward went other great wagon trains — people of wealth and quality like the Donner party, writers like Parkman the historian, and soldiers like Frémont who were going over the ground in the event that we might have to fight Mexico.

In the closing hours of his administration, President Tyler pushed the annexation of Texas through Congress. President Polk therefore had this new area on his mind from the moment he took office; as part of the United States, it had to be defended. Mexico declined to recognize its independence. And to certain large-minded "Texians" like Sam Houston, Texas included part of present-day Mexico and everything west and north of the Louisiana Purchase.

Acting on President Polk's orders, Zachary Taylor reached the Rio Grande in March of 1846. A month later he was attacked by the Mexicans, who captured one of his patrols. This border incident, Congress declared, created a state of war. On May 8 and 9, Taylor attacked at Palo Alto and at Resaca de la Palma, and won.

Rather, the American artillery and the enterprise of the individual American soldier won for him. Taylor, though he was idolized by his troops, contributed nothing but "inspiration" throughout the war. He was brave but stupid, lethargic, without ideas, wholly ignorant of tactics, strategy, and maneuver. At the end of May he crossed the Rio Grande; two months later he began a leisurely, aimless

invasion of Mexico's "Northern Provinces." In late September his officers won the bloody battle of Monterrey, but it had little effect on the war.

The idea that Mexico would capitulate after the occupation of her seaports and her "Northern Provinces" proved fallacious. Polk dispatched General John Ellis Wool to invade Chihuahua. Then he ordered the Army of the West under Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny, our best frontier officer, to invade New Mexico from Fort Leavenworth.

Kearny had six troops of his own crack regiment, the First Dragoons. The rest of his men were volunteers, practically all of them enlisted in Missouri. They included a regiment which has given his expedition a special color in history.

This was the First Missouri Mounted Volunteers, commanded by a frontier lawyer and commonwealth-builder named Alexander Doniphan, a remarkable man with a great gift of leadership. A colonel by election, Doniphan cajoled and drove his troops through hardship and danger. These "Doniphesias" were farm boys from Missouri and frontiersmen from all over — a bellyaching, blaspheming, fearless, friendly regiment. They were, quite literally, an army of good will.

The task carelessly confided to Kearny and his men was fantastic. They were to cross the Great American Desert by way of the Santa Fe Trail. They were to invade a hostile province and hold it, eight hundred miles from their base. Then — so Polk's orders ran — if Kearny saw fit, he could go on and conquer California! Let's inspect this "Army" of the West . . .

THE YEAR OF DECISION

1846

by BERNARD DEVOTO

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WHEN the Laclede Rangers arrived at Fort Leavenworth, it was too late in the day for them to be mustered in. Colonel Kearny invited the officers to dine with him, but could not entertain the whole outfit — and army regulations forbade the feeding of civilians. As heroes, they were willing to die in the Halls of Montezuma but they wanted to live to get there. So the officers, returning from an excellent dinner, found their command preparing to take the post apart. Fast thinking was called for, and Captain Hudson, the lawyer who had raised the company, made an oration. He waved not only the flag of freedom but the silk guidon stitched by fair fingers in the homeland, and the Rangers cheered. "Yes," he bellowed, "we shall knock at the gates of Santa Fe as Ethan Allen knocked at the gates of Ticonderoga, and to the question 'Who's there?' we shall reply, 'Open these gates in the name of the great Jehovah and the Laclede Rangers.'" Tumultuous applause. The captain soared on: "But suppose the fellows inside should call out, 'Are you the same Laclede Rangers who went whining round Fort Leavenworth in search of a supper?'" Hudson knew his Missourians and there was no mutiny.

This gives the tone of the Army of the West. It was the damndest army. It could do nothing

BERNARD DEVOTO grew up in Ogden, Utah, at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, surrounded, as he says, "by Mormon pioneers and other veterans of the West, miners, bullwhackers, cowboys, desert runners, prospectors, Indian fighters." The story of the frontier, he took in through his pores. He camped and fished in the mountains, worked on a ranch through which ran ruts of the California Trail, and wrote his first piece about the Diggers while he was still in high school. He began his systematic study of the Southwest after the Armistice, and from that time to this the Oregon Trail, the Mormon migration, the annexation of Texas, the Donner party, and the deeds of the mountain men were the exploits which his mind worked on year after year. Here is what Manifest Destiny meant to us.

well except march and fight, and would not do those by the book. For a while, till they learned to respect the unalterable, the West Pointers who had to oversee it would willingly have murdered most of its components.

They were volunteers, they were farmers mostly, they were incredibly young, they were Missourians and frontiersmen. All good armies grouch; probably none has ever bellyached so continuously as this one. They groused about their officers, their equipment, the food, the service regulations, the climate, the trail, the future. They would accept direction or command no more easily here than at home, and were always assaulting their noncoms, on the grounds that Joe's stripes could not neutralize his native stupidity and did not sanction him to put on airs. They howled derision of the officers whenever it was safe and frequently when it wasn't, made fantastic plots against the more inflexible of them, and when a vacancy occurred resolved to elect no one except from the rank of private. They abominated neatness, they hated the routine of guard duty and the care of horses, they straggled worse than any other fighting troops in history. Till the army was concentrated at Bent's Fort, its component parts were just where whim took them — a battalion strung out for five miles while the individual soldier wasted ammunition on imaginary antelope; or three-quarters of the army marching in a clump with the guard just to see what the country was like.

They were extremely uncomfortable until they learned the mechanics of soldiering. Their equipment was incomplete and faulty. Boots didn't fit and blisters burned one's heels but were no worse than the sores made by pack straps. Saddles were rudimentary, made running sores on the horses' backs, and seemed designed to split the rider lengthwise. The first few days

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saw the only rain they would encounter till they reached the mountains, and initiated them in the pinch of sodden saddles, daylong drenching, water-soaked blankets, cold food, and muddy underdrawers.

The West Pointers fell back on the simple assumption of all military life, that though soldiers may be fighting men they are also children. Issued a day's rations at dawn, they would eat it all for breakfast, grouching about having to do their own cooking, or throw away what they could not eat and then, at night, curse God, Polk, Kearny, and Doniphan, who required patriots to go supperless. Some would replace the water in their canteens with whiskey, sip it through torrid hours, and have to ride retching in the wagons. Or they would drink bad water till their bellies swelled, and have to crawl into the grass and lie floundered for hours. They knew the management of horses on farms but resented the cavalryman's subjection to the well-being of his mount, and took such wretched care of theirs that the officers had to hold classes of instruction. Kearny anticipated that, coupled with the probable failure of supplies, this bad management would give him an army of infantry from Santa Fe on.

However, he had a job to do and he drove them hard. He was fortunate in having Doniphan, colonel by suffrage of free electors, a drawling uncle to farm boys who were far from home. Doniphan was seldom or never in uniform, unfenced by discipline, always approachable, forever calling privates Jim or Charlie, a master of impromptu exhortation. The boys looked at the Colonel, lounging his huge frame beside some poker game or amiably explaining that Joe had to go on guard tonight because Elmer had done his stint last night, and didn't yield to that phantasy of chopping up a West Pointer. They dug in and marched. Fifteen miles was a standard day's travel on the prairies but it was too slow going for Kearny. He demanded twenty miles a day, twenty-five, twenty-eight, thirty, sometimes thirty-two. The troops wailed but took it — took it, in fact, better than the horses, which weakened on a diet of grain and developed the vicious ailments of their species. And the infantry took it best of all. Companies A and B customarily forged ahead of the cavalry they were attached to and, though they cursed the inhumanity of their officers, took pride in their mileage. Their lips parched in the prairie wind, the sun nauseated them, the wagons and ambulances were always picking up some who had not stood the pace, they were sure that Kearny was a tyrant, but they made camp some hours before

the cavalry and turned out to boo them in great content when the tired beasts sagged in at twilight. The legs of the men swelled at the shin with a queer distemper, which turned out to be periostitis, the common splint they were accustomed to treat in plow horses.

There were rattlesnakes by the hundred, killed on the march, buzzing from beside the buffalo chips the soldiers stooped to pick up, slithering into their blankets at night. There were the mosquitoes, much deadlier than the snakes. There were swarms of buffalo gnats to choke the nostrils and cluster under the eyelids of men and horses. The country began to break out in patches of "saline incrustation," alkali. Like the emigrants to the northward, the army drank corrosive water and got violently physicked. And not only by alkali; the curse of armies, dysentery, had begun to flourish. Nor was the scummy standing water of the buffalo wallows any better for them, when it was all they got to drink at nooning, crawling with infusoria and noisome with buffalo urine. The less fit began to break. As the trains fell farther behind and rations shortened, scurvy appeared. Measles traveled with them. The wagons filled with sick; some of them died. A grave had to be dug at Pawnee Rock; and from there on, burial parties were no novelty. They had come for a patriotic summer while the eagle screamed, but for some of them the great adventure was ending in a short agony and a shallow grave filled with such stones as could be gathered to keep the wolves away.

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Grouchy and hungry, they reached the Arkansas at its great bend. There was water in the river, which was by no means a constant condition. In these parts it is a muddy and rather odorous stream which runs in trickles through a wide bottom choked with cottonwoods and brush. Farther west it narrows to a more certain bed, like the Platte, and as it gets nearer the mountains has more water in it. The trail followed its general direction, touching its crazy course at the nodes, and the freighters were accustomed to camp on certain timbered islands as a defense against the Indians.

The country grew more severe now, the scale infinitely extended, the swell longer and the pitch steeper, the wind stronger, the sun hotter, the dust more inexhaustible, water scarcer and less drinkable. If there was little water, there were millions of flowers; if the steady wind blistered their faces and sudden torrid gusts sand-blasted them with alkali, the infinitely blue sky

produced cloud effects the most magnificent. They trudged through prairie-dog towns a mile wide, jackrabbits by the hundred streaked away from them, the nights were full of wolves. The horses grew weaker but the men slowly toughened. Kearny watched them and applied more pressure. They howled and lustily hated all officers, so much so that accusations of malingering and inefficiency now circulated about even the venerated Doniphan.

The oldest trail went to Bent's Fort and thence south over Raton Pass. The army kept to the Arkansas in true desert, sandy, sparsely vegetated, beginning to break up into foothills, but supplied with drinking water of a sort at safe intervals. They crossed the Cimarron River at Chouteau's Island and, since it was here the international boundary, became an army of invasion at last, though they would cross again to American soil before they reached Bent's Fort.

Inconceivably, the weather got hotter still, but one day a storm passed near enough to cool the air. The nights were always cold, campfires were just buffalo chips, and rations were slim and bad. Then the unpredictable country got green for a space and even produced some patches of trees — and finally, at the Big Timbers, a substantial belt of them. Then more desert, more siroccos — and then the infantry came over an incline to a flat stretch, and on the western horizon thin, dark, cloudlike masses were suddenly recognizable as a culminating wonder, the Rocky Mountains. The doughboys yelled in delight and suddenly realized that they had come a long way from Missouri. A hell of a long way! They took up the march across a last stretch of parched sand and sagebrush and sometime before noon saw the walls of Bent's Fort rising from the plain. Two miles from it they reached Moore's detachment camped by the river, made their own camp, and started to dig a well. It was July 28 and the infantry had beaten everyone except the advance guard to the rendezvous.

Five hundred and thirty miles out from Independence, on the north bank of the Arkansas again, they had reached the first permanent settlement in what is now Colorado, Bent's Old Fort or Fort William, at a crossroads of the West. Except for Fort Union, the American Fur Company's headquarters at the mouth of the Yellowstone, Bent's was the largest of all the trading posts, and it had perhaps the most varied and adventurous history. Its thick adobe walls made a rectangle a hundred by a hundred and fifty feet, inclosing a central patio; two of them were two stories high, and there was a walled corral beyond. It was a complete factory for the

Indian trade — warehouses, smithy, wagon shop, storerooms — and it had dormitories and such incredibilities as a billiard table and an icehouse. Many mountain men wintered among its comforts; usually at least one village of Indians was camped by the river, three hundred yards away. They were usually Southern Cheyenne, whose trade the firm monopolized, but might be Arapaho or Ute or even Kiowa or Comanche. The post's daily life was an adventure story, and the yarns it heard are our lost history.

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The army of invasion moved out from Bent's Fort on August 1 and 2. Kearny had done his best to tighten its organization, had left about seventy-five on sick call to rejoin him at Santa Fe or be carted back to Fort Leavenworth, and had clamped down such discipline as was at all possible.

The traders followed, practically all of this year's trains to Santa Fe. Army and traders, it was a formidable caravan. One census makes it 1556 wagons and nearly 20,000 stock all told, oxen, beeves, horses, mules. A long column moving through the most intense heat yet encountered and the worst desert of the trail. Lieutenant Emory's thermometers showed 120° and the sirocco never died across the sand. The troops tied handkerchiefs over their mouths, to no avail. They got nosebleeds from the altitude and dysentery from the alkali. They could not be controlled at water holes, where the first ones spoiled the drinking for the rest. The horses were even worse; Captain Johnston observed that when the water was scarcest they were most apt to urinate in it. Private Marcellus Edwards of Doniphan's Company D said of one small pool they passed on August 4 that it was "so bad that one who drank it would have to shut both eyes and hold his breath until the nauseating dose was swallowed."

All this time they were angling toward the mountains; the Spanish Peaks grew higher every mile and the main range of the Rockies stretched its abrupt bastion out of sight, north and south. At last they struck the Purgatoire near the present site of Trinidad, Colorado, and it proved to be a stream out of paradise, swift, cold, poetically timbered. They drank till all were surfeited and some vomited; they bathed, they washed their clothes. One of them went mad, several died from the now ended strain, but game was shot, some supplies caught up, and beef could be butchered. The next night the campfires slanted upward at a steep pitch: they were

in the Raton Pass. Here was the first place where an alert enemy could have destroyed them, but in spite of the daily rumors no enemy appeared; the one alarm was just some Doniphasias wasting ammunition for the fun of it. Raton Pass is a long, twisting, arduous grade and they did better with it than the horses, which were now punch-drunk. They reached the top and looked out on one of the continent's great views, all New Mexico spread out below in the molten gold of southwestern sun. They clambered down the other side and found that the molten gold was hot.

Now the scouts were bringing in various Mexicans. Spies probably, and Kearny sent them home to report that he was irresistible. They had proclamations by Armijo and others, the usual proclamations, and they brought notice of trouble ahead. Two thousand troops were assembling to oppose the invasion, then five thousand, eight thousand, twelve thousand. Kearny closed up his intervals, posted scouts, and kept on. At the Mora they found another beautiful campground and the first settlement since Fort Leavenworth, a half-dozen adobe huts and "a pretty Mexican woman with clean white stockings, who very cordially shook hands with us and asked for tobacco." Every few miles there were more huts, where the streams made a green thread across burned plains, and the Doniphasias could buy mutton, corn, vegetables. They could also feel a hearty Protestant contempt for popish superstitions and, gaping at the Mexicans, marvel at the extremity of poverty, dirt, obsequiousness, and desire to please the conquerors.

The daily captives told conflicting stories. Either there were no preparations to resist or the whole province had risen. Americans from Santa Fe came in and the best thought was that Armijo would fight at Apache Canyon, fifteen miles from the city.

Las Vegas was the largest village they had seen so far. They bought some sheep, scorched their palates with the native stews, and stole some corn for themselves and their horses. Kearny promptly won the villagers by promising to pay for the corn, which was not the custom of any other troops who had ever passed this way. There was a growing murmur: some of the Missourians were remembering that the Texas Expedition of 1841 had been attacked and slaughtered in the canyon just beyond Las Vegas and that at San Miguel, a few miles farther on, General Salazar had shot some of the prisoners. That night word came that a Mexican force had reached that same canyon and was fortifying it.

Word of the expected battle went far back on the trail and Captain Weightman of the artillery,

coming up after convalescing at Bent's Fort, rode all night to take part in it. He reached the army at reveille and Major Swords was with him, the quartermaster, bringing Kearny's commission as brigadier general. Kearny made combat dispositions, spare ammunition was issued; some of Doniphan's officers reminded their men that, on General Taylor's word, Missouri volunteers had not distinguished themselves at the battle of Okechobee, so maybe they had better wipe out that stain. Keyed up, the army marched through town and halted while Kearny, from a roof top, announced to the villagers that they were now Americans. He did it skillfully, reminding them of the oppressions they had suffered, promising them security in their property and religion, and assuring them that the United States would defend them against the Indians as in two centuries no one ever had. There is no record of what they felt, a humble folk whose entire history had been misery, paupered by all governments, preyed on by brigands, and called by the Apache the mere herders who raised stock for them. They knew no way of life that was not constant oppression and intermittent massacre. Probably the promise of protection from Indians warmed them a little, though it was not to be kept for half a century. Probably also they cared no more than anyone else to acknowledge another conqueror. However, much experience of conquest had taught them that courtesy was best. They smiled, bowed, cheered, gave fruits and wines to the guards, and took the meaningless forced oath of allegiance in the best of humor.

The first formal occupation made, Kearny prepared to drive the enemy out of the narrow canyon that today bears his name. He sent the infantry with a couple of dismounted companies of the First Missouri over the foothills to the right. He formed the rest of the Doniphasias and the artillery behind the Dragoons, took his place at the head of his old regiment, pushed out a cavalry point, and ordered the army forward. The Dragoons trotted, then broke into a gallop. There was a shine of sabers in the sunlight, the pound of hoofs and the long lift of the charge — and the guidons were fluttering in the empty pass. No enemy, just another rumor, and the army rejoiced in its first battle.

The next day Kearny swore in another, larger town, San Miguel, and among the day's pickups was the son of the General Salazar who had slaughtered the Texans. On the following day they passed the ruins at Pecos that had once been the largest town of the Pueblo Indians. Stephen Watts Kearny had intersected a con-

quest of his predecessor, Coronado. President Polk's brigadier had taken over a harvesting whose last yields are not yet in, and today at Taos or Tesuque or Santo Domingo any tourist may catch a glimpse, making what he can of it, of blood and cruelty remembered for centuries and not yet resolved. The shaping of that memory began with Coronado and the Spanish search for cities named for the buffalo — cities which were said to be paved and roofed with gold.

That same day, August 12, all messengers and prisoners said that Armijo had fled his position in Apache Canyon. So the road was open and Captain Johnston, of Kearny's staff, wrote in his journal, "here is the end of the campaign."

Tuesday, August 18, a cloudy morning with occasional showers. The army marched before dawn, twisting through the defile. They reached the abandoned fortifications and decided that a few hundred men could have held them off, though the engineers thought that the position could have been turned. Out of the canyon to sagebrush flats, arroyos, foothills, small canyons. By midafternoon they were trudging across the high plain above Santa Fe, a slow line of dirty, ragged men on foot or riding emaciated horses. They halted and waited for the laboring artillery to come up.

They were tired and hungry, but below them lay the Royal City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis. The sudden wealth of trees hid its full extent and the adobe houses were dingy against overcast skies. To most of the army it seemed a miserable and dirty town, but it was a capital city and older than any settlement in the United States.

Late in the afternoon the conquerors were ready. Two subofficials had come out to profess submission and, sending his artillery to a hill that commanded the town, Kearny rode back with them and his staff, the army following in column. Bridles jingled and scabbards clanked in the little, twisting, dirty streets, between the brown adobe houses. There was a low wailing behind shuttered windows where women cowered in terror of the rape and branding which the priests had told them the Americans meant to inflict. Soldiers filed into the Plaza of the Constitution, which has always been the center of the town's life. The infantry stood at parade rest, the tired horses drooped; in the silence one heard the rustle of cottonwoods and the silver music of the creek. The ranks stiffened and the muskets came to present arms, Kearny and his staff raised their sabers, the bugles blared down those empty streets, and the flag went up. As it touched the top of the staff, the artillery on the

hilltop boomed its salute, and for the first time in history the Americans had conquered a foreign capital. And they had done exactly what Mr. Polk had instructed them to do: they had taken New Mexico without firing a shot.

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Kearny's men began to shed some of the in-durated provincialism they had brought here. At first they just gaped at the unfamiliar. It was laughable but it was nicely colored. The town was full of Indians — some of familiar types, others very strange. There were the Pueblo people, fat, docile, and tamed — or, as at Santo Domingo, warlike, haughty, bearing themselves with an ineffable contempt. Ute, Apache, Navajo, came in to investigate the conquerors and calculate the chances. All these in scarlet, green, purple — and the New Mexicans also violent in color. Men in breeches slit to show their drawers, operatic with cloaks, musical with spurs and silver ornaments. Women also in primary colors, barelegged, short-skirted, low-waisted. The Missourians were shocked by the paint on their faces, their familiarity and easy laughter, and, the truth is, by the charm they gave to what had to be considered vice. They showed their breasts and, it was believed, — in fact it soon proved, — they could be easily possessed, for pay, for kindness, or for mere amenity. An instructed prudery showed itself: sex ought not to be decorative.

This was a simple, childlike, gay people, given to fandangos, feasts, parades. One joined them at first derisively, then with the simplicity of boys on a holiday. So the frail girls could be frail charmingly, and Inez glancing over her shoulder at Mass turned out to be much like Betsy when the fiddles were playing a hoedown at a corn husking back home.

Similarly with other things. The farm boys began by laughing at an alien way of life but pretty soon were taking to it with the readiness of all Yankee armies. They were lofty toward alien agriculture — irrigation, intensive cultivation, a French valuation of manure and waste. It was comic of the foreigners to work their women in the fields, of the women to carry baskets on their heads. The jackasses no larger than St. Bernards, with produce piled high on their backs, were funny. The communal herds were funny, goat's milk was funny, the children herding the goats with hugs and kisses were funny. Then they weren't funny any longer. The Missourians decided that they would never understand these people, and no matter. They

crowded the Plaza with them, evenings and Sundays, shot dice and played monte with them, were rolling cigarettes and learning to eat chili without tears. They played with the children, dropped in on Juan or Jesús of an evening and jabbered with him and his wife and his aunts and aunts-in-law in a mixed jargon which no one understood. They swarmed to innumerable fandangos. They learned some good addresses.

They hauled a huge, antique press down from Taos and began to publish a newspaper. They organized debating societies, legislatures, glee clubs. The city slickers of the Laclede Rangers set up a theatrical company — and the New Mexicans could now raise their eyebrows at a barbarian morality which dressed up blond young lieutenants in women's clothes.

Kearny was organizing the conquest and preparing the future. His proclamation was hardly dry when he began reducing the taxes that had sweated these people for two centuries. He made every possible demonstration of peace, courted the fat, powerful priests, was brisk and kind to the humble. Kearny broke bread, made speeches, granted privileges, accepted the kindly honors heaped on him, commanded the presence of raiding Indians whom he ordered to make treaties, memorized the protocol and details of local administration.

Kearny had delegated to Doniphan the task which Polk had imposed, of organizing the civil law. Whatever help he might need was at hand in his own regiment. He called on Francis P. Blair, Jr., Captain Waldo the trader, the historian John T. Hughes, and a private of Captain Moss's Company C, a 26-year-old genius named Willard P. Hall, a Yale man removed from Baltimore to Missouri. They produced a constitution and a code, which Kearny proclaimed the law of the commonwealth. Later, in the chaos that headed up in 1850, Congress would find that Polk, through Kearny, had exceeded his authority and would rescind part of them. But, in their essentials, they governed New Mexico up to statehood, and large parts of them govern New Mexico today. Not a bad achievement for soldiers taken from barracks duty to build a state — and another way in which this conquest was strange to a much conquered people.

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Having conquered and pacified his province, Kearny prepared to carry out the rest of his task — to take his three hundred Dragoons on to California. Another regiment of volunteers, the Second Missouri, was coming down the trail

under Sterling Price. It could garrison Santa Fe. Five hundred of the migrating Mormons had been enlisted and would follow Kearny to California — Philip St. George Cooke, promoted lieutenant colonel, was sent back to lead them when their commander died. That left the First Missouri without occupation. Kearny decided that they would be most useful farther south. He ordered Doniphan to join General Wool at Chihuahua. There was no way of knowing that Wool was not at Chihuahua, that he never would get there, that even now his expedition was foundering in the country which Polk supposed it could cross without effort.

Kearny departed for California on September 25, leaving Doniphan one further chore: he would be so good as to settle the Indian question. He would, that is, notify the Navajo, the Apache, and the Ute that they were no longer licensed to rob and murder New Mexicans; he would make treaties with them, lecture them on behavior, and preach or scare them into peace.

Space is lacking to describe the campaigns of October and November, which were pure prodigy. In small detachments, the First Missouri combed country where troops had never gone before and have never gone since — country which, mostly, seems beyond the ability of armies to invade. They shoved their horses up mountains of glare ice; they slept under snow; they crossed rock deserts and climbed down the vertical canyons of that waste, even reaching the Canyon de Chelly. They convinced the Ute, who promised to be very good Indians indeed. The Navajo, who outnumbered them hundreds to one, could have annihilated them but achieved an idea that these were an altogether new and novel kind of white men and behaved with extreme respect. The First Missouri had danced with the Pueblo over some Navajo scalps; now it was their pleasure to dance with the Navajo over some Pueblo scalps. They got some new horses, they filled their pockets with souvenirs, some of them were able to get buckskins to replace their tattered uniforms — the quartermaster supplies they should have had never did catch up with them.

Finally, on November 21, Doniphan herded several thousand Navajo to a rendezvous at Bear Spring. There followed the slow, stately, and preposterous ceremonies by which Indians and army officers were accustomed to reach agreement — parades, feasts, drama, sham battles, and endless oratory. The Navajo claimed alliance with the Americans, who had come here to make war on the New Mexicans and appeared to be illogical when they asked the Indians not

to do likewise. Doniphan got that point cleared up and the New Mexicans classified as Americans who must not be robbed or murdered from now on. A treaty as formal as one with a major power was drawn up. By its terms the Navajo agreed to cherish not only the New Mexicans but the Pueblo as well. Doniphan, Jackson, and Gilpin signed it on behalf of James K. Polk, the father of these good children, and no less than fourteen Navajo chiefs scratched their crosses underneath. It was impressive and affecting.

On December 12, Doniphan was back at the Rio Grande, where his various organizations were disposed between Socorro and Santa Fe. Some of them now got the \$42 clothing allowance they should have had in May, the first pay they had received and the last they were to get while on active service. Doniphan began to prepare them for the rest of the campaign.

A good many of them had died in the Indian country or on the way back; more had fallen sick. The job had had to be done without preparation, with inadequate supplies, poor food, no shelter against the weather. The Doniphanes were baying their resentment — but with a difference now. They had always beefed and belly-ached — they always would; but now their complaints had a new tone, the confidence of tested men. They had done the unparalleled, and had done it easily. They were veterans.

With 856 effectives Doniphan started south on December 12 (half their year's enlistment had been completed on December 10), and the rest of his command followed in two sections. Most of the traders at Valverde broke camp and went with the army or just behind it, an anxiety and a ghastly inconvenience. The weather had turned cold and there was nothing but dry grass and soapweed for the fires. Between December 19 and 23 they came together again at Doña Ana.

Here rumors of great armies coming up from El Paso thickened. On Christmas Eve the camp was under investigation by Mexicans, but no one felt alarmed and no one thought to push the scouts out farther the next morning.

They welcomed Christmas with gunfire and band music, then took up the march in excellent spirits. The camp had not been well made or closely guarded, and much of the stock had strayed, so that Doniphan's trains and a third of his regiment were strung out for miles behind him. The boys sang and joked their way for eighteen miles, then pitched camp toward three o'clock, at a place called El Brazito. It was not far from the present hamlet of Mesilla, New Mexico, and about thirty miles from El Paso.

It looked like a good camp site and, rejoiced to be let off with a Christmas march of only eighteen miles, the greater part of the army whooped off to water their mounts and gather firewood. During the march some scouts had brought in a beautiful white stallion. It caught the appreciative Missouri eye. Doniphan and several of his officers spread out a blanket and sat down to a game of loo to determine whose horse it was. The cards ran Doniphan's way and he had just got a hand which would have ended matters, when he looked up and saw a Mexican army forming a battle line half a mile away. Cursing the interruption, he buckled on his saber and prepared to improvise a battle.

It was an army somewhat larger than Doniphan's total force and had been gathered at El Paso by a temporary general named Ponce de Leon after earlier recruiting efforts had failed. It was adequately equipped and clad in the gorgeous uniforms that no Mexican force ever failed to acquire, but it lacked fighting men. Properly primed with rhetoric, it had ridden out from El Paso to annihilate the Gringos, whom it despised with the universal Mexican contempt of blonds. It had a piratical black flag with two death's-heads lettered *Libertad ó muerte*, and a punctilious officer carried this banner forward to invite Doniphan to surrender. Doniphan, who had got his sidearms on, returned the traditional answer, and the pause had allowed most of the wood-gatherers to come in shouting.

Doniphan formed them, perhaps four hundred all told, into a kind of line as infantry. The Mexicans began bleating at them with a two-pound howitzer loaded with copper slugs, then fired continuously but wildly from their whole line. The First Missouri were under fire at last, six months out from Fort Leavenworth, and were pleasantly stimulated. Curious about the howitzer, which was posted on a flank, some Company G boys ran out and took it. The Mexicans knew that battles were won by charging and, infantry and lancers alike, trotted forward, firing as they came. Doniphan had his men lie down and got most of them to hold their fire. At about a hundred yards he gave the charge two volleys. The charge stopped and the Mexican army began to run away, except that a couple of hundred lancers veered off to a flank and tried to attack some of the wagons. The efficient Reid, however, had got some twenty of his company mounted and launched them at the lancers, who joined their companions to the rear. Reid could not catch up with them and they galloped on to El Paso, where they reported that the war was lost.

It had taken less than thirty minutes. Stragglers hurrying up the road at the sound of gunfire got there too late for the fun, and in fact not all the wood-gatherers got in. Doniphan reported 43 Mexicans known to be killed and 150 wounded. Seven of his Missourians had flesh wounds which they could flourish at less fortunate companions. Arguing violently about who had done the most execution, they went out to gather in the commissary. They got sizable stores of bread and cigars and a great quantity of wine. It was excellent wine; so, veterans also of gunfire now, the First Missouri settled down to celebrate Christmas.

But in the excitement the white stallion had bolted.

31

Entering El Paso the next day, the army had arrived at a considerable city. It was the last outpost of the Great Spain that had found New Mexico beyond its strength. More than ten thousand people, a more vigorous stock than the New Mexicans, lived in the beautiful town in its green valley, and an ancient culture flourished there.

But Doniphan, at the end of a thousand-mile line of communication, two thousand miles from the War Department, did not know what to do. The White House had arranged for Wool to take Chihuahua. Doniphan now knew that the trivialities of terrain and command which the White House strategy had disregarded had broken up the pretty plan. (Happily he did not know that Missouri, hearing that Wool had turned back, supposed that its Mounted Volunteers were lost forever and was now mourning them.) Rumor had Taylor badly licked and perhaps a prisoner; it also had Southern Chihuahua and its neighbors rising en masse to destroy its invaders. What was he to do? Councils of war produced conflicting advice, — the army, if consulted, would have turned back, Private Robinson said, — and finally Doniphan put an end to debate. The hell with it: he would go on and do Wool's job.

He sent for his artillery but at Santa Fe Price, who had extinguished one revolt just as it got started, was wary. He would release only Major Meriwether Lewis Clark and the battery of Captain Weightman, and wanted some time before releasing them. Doniphan cracked down on the traders, who had been an annoyance all along and were a burden from now on. Some of them had set up shop in El Paso and were doing an excellent business. Some bolted ahead to Chihuahua to run their chances; and, though Doniphan sent a posse after them, most of these got

away. Others held back, intending to wait till the invasion was settled one way or the other, or to detour it at their convenience. They were, however, a possible source of manpower, and Doniphan got tough. He called in his patrols, who had been looking for Chihuahua troops or chasing Apache for the inhabitants.

Clark arrived with Weightman's artillery on February 1, and a week later the First Missouri took up the march. The unruly traders were now commanded to form themselves into a military battalion and take part in their own defense. They did so and Samuel Owens, the half-brother of one of A. Lincoln's fiancées, was made their major. Over two hundred of them were enrolled and they had more than three hundred wagons. The arrival of the artillery had brought Doniphan's strength to 924 effectives.

They were marching again, the job they did best. On the sixth day out they got themselves into a prairie fire. A campfire spread into the mountains, where it burned beside them throughout a day's march. Lieutenant Gibson remembered an old song, "Fire in the mountains! run, boys, run!" and that night they had to run when a gale drove the flames down to their camp. There was a wild half-hour while the army set backfires, galloped the horses and wagons about, and swore at one another in pyrotechnic light till the show was over. Still another kind of campfire had been added to their memories.

Doniphan had been keeping them in military formation the last few days and his reconnaissance parties had seen evidence of hostilities ahead. On the night of February 27 he camped some fifteen miles north of a creek called the Sacramento, which was about the same distance north of the city of Chihuahua. His scouts and some stragglers who had come into camp had told him that the Mexicans had gathered at the Sacramento and were prepared to fight him there. The information was accurate; the First Missouri was going to have a battle.

Chihuahua had raised and equipped a sizable force, after floundering through the period of factionalism, jealousy, and treachery that attended every part of the Mexican war effort. It amounted to about three thousand organized troops and perhaps a thousand additional pressed peons who were armed principally with machetes. It did not have Santa Anna to drill it, however, and he was the only one who could make marksmen out of peaceable, oppressed people not used to bearing arms. Its general was a trained engineer but neither he, his soldiers, nor the supporting population had acquired any respect for their enemy. Throughout the war Mexican

armies were always being half paralyzed at the beginning of an action by the discovery that the cowardly Gringos would fight. As scouts reported the approach of Doniphan's command, an exhilaration seized Chihuahua. Battle rhetoric in newspapers, broadsides, and the sermons of priests promised everyone an overwhelming victory. About a thousand people went out to make a bleachers at the expected battleground, and the army took with it a thousand prepared ropes. They would make a coffle in which to lead the captured Americans to Mexico City.

Conde, the commander, had prepared a fortified position near the crossing of the Sacramento, where the hills came in and narrowed the approach. He was a first-rate engineer and brought against the First Missouri the science of fortification which reached back all the way to Roman times and had been maturing ever since. The works would have edified Uncle Toby and should have been impregnable to assault. Conde failed to consider only one eventuality: what if the Americans did not know the textbook approach?

He should have considered it, for, after reconnoitering the position, Doniphan and his staff saw no reason why they need come by the route prepared for them. On the morning of February 28 they started out from camp, Clark's band rendering "Yankee Doodle." On the way to the Sacramento, Doniphan gave them a battle formation new to the art of war but excellently adapted to the circumstances. He formed his train and the wagons of the traders in four parallel columns — the moving fort of any caravan on the Santa Fe Trail when it was on guard against Indian attack. In extremity the wagons could have formed a corral, within which the army could have held off many times its number. He put his cavalry, infantry, and artillery in the intervals between columns, where it was ready to deploy at need. The classical American symbol, a train of white-tops, moved compactly toward the Sacramento. Approaching the fortifications, Doniphan took his formation to the flank, half turning the Mexican position instead of coming from the front as he was expected to do. On the way to the flank there was an arroyo and the Mexican lancers might have cut a disorganized train to pieces. But this train was not disorganized. The high art of the bullwhackers scored a military triumph in getting the wagons across swiftly and in order, to the orchestrated profanity that was appropriate.

It was a wild and stimulating time. The now frustrated redoubts opened fire at long range and the panoplied lancers formed under banners.

Doniphan ordered his troops out into line and Clark's artillery shattered the lancers before they got well started. Thereafter for an hour the artillery commands banged at each other. Clark had made his battalion (part of it was a St. Louis militia organization of honorable traditions) first-rate artillerists. Though the fuses were faulty and many shells exploded prematurely, he put down a successful barrage. The Mexican pieces were old, their powder was bad. The solid shot they fired came up visibly, bounding and ricocheting. The farm boys watched them come, yelled their appreciation of the show, made bets with one another, and dodged so successfully that the only casualties were horses.

The Mexicans made another charge, at the rear and the wagons this time; and the traders, who could shoot as well as the army, beat it off without trouble. Doniphan moved his lines nearer the half-turned redoubts, and musketry fire blazed everywhere. The Missourians were shooting in earnest, but the truth is that the Mexicans, who had had no practice with arms and had been battered by artillery, mostly contented themselves with hoisting their pieces over the parapets and discharging them at the sky. Doniphan, who sat on his horse and cursed with homespun eloquence, watched the army work up to within four hundred yards of the redoubts, and then launched three companies of cavalry and Weightman's artillery in a charge at the Mexican guns. It started out gaudily, but his adjutant, DeCourcy (who was rumored to be drunk), halted two of the companies halfway across. Doniphan got a bad scare and the halted companies stood cursing with fire coming at them from two directions. Weightman galloped his two howitzers halfway to the redoubts, unlimbered, and began to fire again. Owens, the trader, with two companions galloped down the front of the redoubts and got himself killed. Reid had not obeyed the order to halt, but took his company up to the parapets and over them. The two companies that had halted joined him, and the forts were carried in a few minutes of chaotic battle. The Missourians used their sabers, their clubbed muskets, convenient stones, and even their fists. The few minutes were gory enough to provide them with a lifetime of reminiscence — beheaded Mexicans, Mexicans split lengthwise, Mexicans shot down on the run, Mexicans locked in death-grapples with their assailants, scared horses stampeding, roar of artillery, mountain men on one knee drawing beads, and the boys from home acting much as they did at a turkey shoot.

The Mexicans broke and ran. Some of them

tried to rally on the other hill, but simultaneously Gilpin's wing swarmed over those fortifications and now everyone was running. The First Missouri, an army of victorious individualists, milled round for anybody's horse that was handy and began a pursuit. They sabered Mexicans on the run, they chased them down the river, they chased them into the hills, where some Apache who had taken box seats for the spectacle killed a number; and a big moon came up and the Mexicans were still running. Some of them ran the full fifteen miles to Chihuahua. The Americans came straggling back to the battlefield by moonlight, found the surgeons of both armies gathering in the wounded, and answered the yells of their officers, who were trying to bring the victors together again as an army.

They had been fighting for more than three hours. Owens, the trader, had been killed. (Legend says that he had some romantic reason for wanting to die and had dressed in white clothes before the battle.) A sergeant had received a wound from which he died, and seven others had minor wounds. On their part, they had killed more than three hundred Mexicans, wounded at least as many more, taken forty prisoners, and permanently broken resistance in the State of Chihuahua. While the wounded screamed in the mesquite, the First Missouri ranged over the field to gather in the spoils. They were considerable, for Chihuahua had done well by its defenders. The Doniphasias got ten cannon and a miscellany of antique trench pieces, hundreds of small arms, many tons of powder, seven elegant carriages belonging to generals and their guests, Conde's field desk, scores of wagons and carts, hundreds of horses and mules and beeves, thousands of sheep. They got the ropes in which they were to have been marched to Mexico City and the black pirate flag with death's-heads that had been flaunted at El Brazito. They got a paymaster's box with \$3000 in copper coin, and they got an amount of silver which may have been \$5000 or \$50,000, but was carefully not reported to their officers. They loaded their pockets, belts, and haversacks with loot and came back to report themselves.

So they had still another kind of campfire, victorious under a big moon with the wounded moaning near by and Missouri two thousand miles from home, pounding one another's backs, wringing the officers' hands, and beginning to tell the stories that would bore their grandchildren.

The next day, March 1, Doniphan sent Mitchell and an advance guard to occupy Chihuahua, and on March 2 rode at the head of his column into this, the principal city of Northern Mexico,

which had fallen to a handful of ragged boys from the prairies. Forgive him if he swaggered, "not unlike a strutting gander," and forgive the boys, frowzy, ill-smelling, and unshaved, if, with the bands producing "Yankee Doodle" again and "Washington's March," they told each other that they had kept their oath and captured the Halls of Montezuma. A populace which had been promised the complete destruction of the invading heretics was panic-stricken, gaped at the conquerors in terror mingled with disbelief, and hurried out the prettiest señoritas with melons, tortillas, and more wine. The army swaggered and yelled behind its bands — past the mint, past the great cathedral, round the plaza, and on to ceremonies of capitulation. Private Robinson, nineteen years old a few days back, wrote in his diary a good soldier's summary: "We rode through the principal streets and public square, and on a rocky hill on the south side of the city fired a national salute in honor of the conquest, stole wood enough to get supper, and went to bed as usual among the rocks."

Eight months after the administration strategists had laid out this campaign in the Executive office, an improvised organization had fulfilled the President's intent, deep in enemy country, without support from the War Department, by application of their native talents to the task at hand. Frontiersmen easily changing phase, farmers becoming soldiers, they had conducted a probably impossible campaign to victory.

In a year of decision they had produced a decision. Chihuahua, one of the "Northern Provinces" of Mr. Polk's concern, had been made secure for the duration. New Mexico was also secure. Since New Mexico was secure, California also was secure. Moreover, the Southwestern Indians, the Navajo and the Apache, though far from dissuaded, had at least learned to be cautious. Finally, by its mere presence in Chihuahua, the First Missouri had turned a balance farther to the east. On February 22 and 23, Taylor's subalterns won the battle of Buena Vista — but barely won it. It was a bloody battle, and the excellent army which Santa Anna had raised lost it by an extremely narrow margin. If Santa Anna could have had the troops which faced Doniphan at Sacramento, it is likely that Taylor's army would have been chased in fragments through the State of Coahuila.

Sacramento and Chihuahua made the high moment of the First Missouri. From then on, life was pleasant enough but an anti-climax of gar-

rison duty, drill, abortive expeditions, rumors, rioting, and finally the march to the Rio Grande. They occupied Chihuahua through March till nearly the end of April, while Doniphan tried to get orders from the War Department or any superior officer.

They got the news of Buena Vista (fought February 22-23) and made the town reverberate. At last one of Doniphan's patrols got through to Wool at Saltillo and came back with orders from Taylor to join him there. Some of the traders prepared to stay at Chihuahua, others to go back to Santa Fe, still others to march through the interior with their custodians. Doniphan released his prisoners and discharged his governors, turning the city back to its officials. He got the First Missouri ready to move again. A few farm boys "went over the hill" to marry their señoritas and make homesteads in this valley. A few señoritas put on breeches and prepared to follow their farm boys. And on April 25, 26, and 28, in various divisions, the army left Chihuahua, heading south and east.

They had a diversified march to make — more *jornadas*, more mountains, more green valleys. But they were certainly the best marchers in the world by now, and though — as always — some sickened and a few died, they put their shoulders into it. Dust, sand, swamps, summer heat, lizards, scorpions, snakes — nothing mattered now that they had turned east. Doniphan laid the gad to them and all their records toppled. They foraged liberally but also they chased Apache and Comanche for the natives, Mitchell and the indefatigable Reid riding the flanks in sweeping forays.

The army came down to the beautiful oasis of Parras and for the first time encountered a population who had learned to fear and hate American soldiers, a lesson the Doniphasias had taught no one. "Wherever we encamped, in five minutes women and children would roam through the tents to sell different articles, never meeting with insult or injury." Wool's and Taylor's troops had given the natives wholly different emotions, and from now on the Doniphasias would see an ugliness of war that was strange to them.

Another hitch brought them to Saltillo and on to the battlefield of Buena Vista and the headquarters of General Wool. Doniphan tried to brush and curry them a little, but it was no use. Drawing full rations at last, after eleven months, some of them refused soap, explaining that they had no clothes to wash. Doniphan got them into line long enough for Wool, the precisian, to review them, but again it was no use — they gaped and lounged and made remarks. Wool

tried to re-enlist them for another year, which showed optimism. Even Meriwether Lewis Clark made comments on the way the War Department had treated them, and when Wool said he would take care of them Clark remembered out loud that they had heard the same story at Fort Leavenworth.

They got a chance to stare at Taylor too, near Monterrey, and found that they loved him and his great-commoner act. They left their sick here — lowlands and tropical weather were cutting them down — and marched on to the Rio Grande. At Reynosa they had reached navigable water — by marching almost exactly thirty-five hundred miles from Fort Leavenworth. Here, ending a feat of arms without parallel, they awaited transports in rain, swamps, and muggy heat. They were dirty, they were lousy, they had practically no clothes left, and they acquired a new set of grievances against the war. The government could not send their horses home by boat but would try to drive them overland — and could not transport their outfits. They burned their saddles and blankets and crowded aboard bad transports, to eat weevily hardtack, be seasick, and find themselves with as little drinking water as if they were making another *jornada*. So they came to New Orleans and down the gangplanks, some of them wearing only great-coats, some just their drawers, all long-haired and bearded and burned black.

New Orleans, which was near enough to the war to recognize heroes at sight, went wild over them. Missouri outdid New Orleans. St. Louis — where they found friends who had grown rich from the war, as they assuredly had not — broke out its bunting and illuminations and deafened the heroes with as much cannon fire as they had heard at Sacramento.

As long as they lived, the twelvemonth's march would splash their past with carmine — prairie grass in the wind, night guard at the wagons, the high breasts of the Spanish Peaks and all New Mexico spread out before them from the Raton, fandangos at Santa Fe, glare ice above the Canyon de Chelly, the hot gladness of the charge at Sacramento, the grizzly that wandered through our camp that night, tongues swollen by the *jornadas*, Jim dying in the snow, the ammonia stench of the buffalo wallows, the campfires glimmering in a slanting line of rubies all the way up the pass, the señorita who looked in the wagon that day when I was sick and "oh the beauty of the exquisite Spanish word *pobre-cito* when heard from such lips."

They too had found the West and left their mark on it, an honorable signature.

(To be concluded)

LETTERS SAVE LIVES

ANONYMOUS

I

WHO said that letter writing is an art? It is a way of life. Those who practice it as an art seem to us who depend upon it for our existence like the sportsmen who slaughter game instead of shooting only what they can eat.

Between lovers, circumstances give words fire and wings, and quite ordinary expressions become charged with power beyond their sense. Between husbands and wives, long separated, letter writing becomes all life, all love, all urge to precipitate oneself beyond the daily drag, all hope for something better than the present, all chance of survival.

It is unjust to complain that we were never taught how to write a good letter. It is like being taught to lead a good life. The model letter held before the young is never the one found tucked away (So people actually loved then, too?). With letter writing it is the same as with swimming—the best way to learn is to be thrown in.

So here we are today, all unpracticed and untrained letter writers, having to depend upon this ignored and neglected medium for our way of living. A marriage begun with specially delivered scrawls must be kept alive by regular marital volumes which may have to continue for weeks on end, or even years, between ship and shore, camp and home, the rest of the world and home. The girl who described Jesse's window with one eye on Henry Adams and many thanks for the draft must now put on paper, so that it rises full-feathered from the page, all the ordinary little things of every day—the children, the house, the garden, the news of the neighbors, and her love. Small training for this sort of creative writing (because one must make up and leave

out so much that it becomes a dream world of which one writes) has she had in English A pretending to be a crinolined belle. How shall he tell her (he always chose to be the autobiographical penny) of his surroundings in all their dullness and uniformity and yet give her the sense of mounting pride and excitement, of how much she means in it all, how she is really there with him. But we are doing well, all our early scrawls considered, and it is a whole new world to those who live in it.

The first necessity in letter writing is to speak directly to the receiver, as in telephoning. The most important thing in a letter is the sound of the sender's voice, the inflections, the lowering for serious matters, the careless tossing off of inconsequentials, the pauses to point the absurd, the tone that gives a simple word the vibrations of passionate love. Somehow all must be there.

The letter must have the power to evoke other days and other places. It must have space and time and weather. Rain washing across a valley in India and the sour smell of green wood smoke are poured across the Atlantic in an envelope to swirl above New England marshes. A letter must present scents and sounds that act as drugs to quicken the heart to immediate joy or dull it to future pain. It must have the power to make one laugh aloud, to catch one's breath, to feel life in one's fingers. It must pour out such treasures that one may go richly clad for days, impervious to the round of small cares and great fears. It must give one confidence to relax and sleep.

And, similarly, in writing an answer, one must hurry before the image of the sender becomes less than almost flesh before one's eyes and at one's fingers' ends. The answer must be a quick and live response. And not alive with oneself alone. The children must be made to grow up on paper, their virtues and humors faithfully charted, their charm distilled, their sudden inadvertent flashes

An American wife whose husband has been in uniform for many months, ANONYMOUS knows for truth what a lifesaver a letter can be.

of hindsight and foresight savored. Their turn of thought, their phrases, their acceptance of or resistance to the state of being must be made real, so that all the happy sounds of a house a father feels as he opens the front door, and is greeted by a household that is calm and confident in its very bones, rise from the inky lines of the letter.

And if the writer feels bitter momentarily to see her husband represented in her immediate life by a growing pile of letters on the bed, while other women have the leisure to disregard theirs in person, to quarrel with them, or to love them casually as if all time were theirs, this must not show in the letter. It becomes all the more necessary to precipitate oneself naturally through ink and paper and air and sea to evolve as a reality at the end.

One's friends must be put in, for one lives with them and about them and they are dear in one way or another and must be shown as they are, aware or unaware, smug or sympathetic, understanding or absurdly blind. Every letter should have a party where odds and ends of conversation are caught and tossed in for a bit of seasoning like herbs into soup. And all the dull things must be made to bloom! All the chores one chokes to do and then writes about with interest and in detail — the little trees set out against a future firmly grasped; the major landscaping undertaken in a frenzy when the news was bad, so that the whitewashing of the fence means the fall of France, and the new hedge spells the Battle for Britain, the clearing of the wood is Pearl Harbor, and the little orchard is Hong Kong and Singapore. To the one who likes to make things and to plant, one must hand the hammer and the spade and the feeling of having done these things. Not that anyone is fooled by the enthusiasm one tries to show, but the amusement is there.

And, similarly, when one receives a letter written during a heavy raid while he sits with the valuable papers on his knees and uses them as a desk, one is not deceived by all the plans for the garden, all the formal grass paths that one will subsequently try to make, into thinking that nothing is at stake while he writes. Obviously, the more things are closing in, the finer becomes the design for the planting far away. So that now the new grass strip below the vegetables represents the worst of the blitz and the whole garden becomes defiance and memory and courage in brown and green rows.

People who see a great stack of letters neatly filed and say that they should be published have never lived upon them alone. As well say one should sell plump children for stew meat. Be-

cause the letters upon which one lives give one the ability to work and wait and eat and sleep, it does not follow that they contain the same essence for others. If events are foretold, or explained; if one gains a fuller understanding of the whole from their interpretation of the immediate, it does not follow that one should serve them up for others to dine out upon. And if one stores bits of world gists as stock in trade to make one welcome at dull dinners, one betrays something indefinable, like those who make good stories of bad guests. No, only casual letters upon which one need not depend can be traded in the market place.

2

The contents of the life-giving letters are so often, like life itself, full of the inconsequential, and awash in purely relative time. For a year before I was married I depended on letters that took four weeks to arrive. All those letters — those happy letters before the great debacle, the healthy ones before the emergency operation, the depressed ones before things broke the right way. Did they become meaningless leftovers, hardly to be glanced at, except as evidences of our pitiful human unawareness of what is only just ahead of our steady advance? No, they too built bone and blood in the life on ink and paper.

What little springs of ink beget great rivers. There are letters which may seem to have no powers of their own and yet they may be the lever under the rock, or the cornerstone of the temple. The font of all the hundreds of letters that have crisscrossed the oceans and filled our trunks was copied from *The Gentleman's Letter Writer*, one of those proper little volumes published a hundred years ago when the truly gentle reader believed so implicitly in the printed word that he could be induced to buy books of instructions upon all subjects, even that most difficult of all arts to learn from print — how to ride a horse. Compared with this, letter writing was a simple lesson. One furnished models and relied upon them to work mass miracles. A modern young man had affected to search in vain for a suitable model to use in writing to my New England father, whom he had never seen, to ask for his consent to my marrying and living in India. He had found nothing appropriate and had managed alone, but he copied what he felt was a certain winner from him to me. "Dearest. . . . On returning from skating this afternoon and reflecting alone on the pleasant morning we had passed, I was more than ever impressed with my wretched solitary existence. Will you break for

me this monotonous routine of life by saying, 'It need not be.' I have loved you fondly and long. Your parents and mine are intimate friends. They know my private character. Will you accept me as your husband, dearest. . . . Believe me, your ever fondly attached. . . ."

As Charlotte Brontë immortally said, "Reader, I married him."

There are those who claim that letters have a power of their own, that they can burn into one's consciousness so clearly that one goes to the letterbox as if summoned, or reaches into the box in the post office after days of anxiety with calm assurance and no subsequent surprise. There are those who say that even one corner is enough, or one edge, to convince one through the glass door of the box or in the hand of the postman. Some sleep with them or on them, or carry them about like a talisman. Too frequent reading robs them of sense but not of strength, and there is always the chance that another mood may catch another shade of meaning. But the real life of letters is to have enough so that one does not have to worry each one, like a dog with a bone that is too big for

him, carrying it about and burying it and digging it up and burying it again, trying to extract a repetition of its first flavor, no matter how be-draggled it becomes. To be reread well, letters must be quite forgotten and put away and come upon by chance. It is the greatest triumph of the writer if they still have power to fortify and charm. Like finding one's true love again at a costume ball, nothing is more romantic or exciting than to discover that one would marry one's husband over again on the strength of his early letters.

If a man's letters are not like him or a woman's not like her, it is more of a tragedy than the separation between them. But necessity is kind in that it makes us all more able than we really are. And the mere writing of letters becomes a comfort in itself.

If I sound too briskly knowing, as if I were now about to pass out the paper for the adventures of a penny, please, with margins on both sides, or as if, like those little handbooks on correct letter writing, I feel that I know, I confess that I think I do. I have lived on letters now for three years.

SEAGULLS

by ROBERT FRANCIS

BETWEEN the under and the upper blue
All day the seagulls climb and swerve and soar,
Arc intersecting arc, curve over curve.

And you may watch them weaving a long time
And never see their pattern twice the same
And never see their pattern once imperfect.

Take any moment they are in the air.
If you could change them, if you had the power,
How would you place them other than they are?

What we have labored all our lives to have
And failed, these birds effortlessly achieve:
Freedom that flows in form and still is free.

What America Should Be Reading



THIS GREAT JOURNEY · BY JENNIE LEE · \$2.50

The autobiography of a courageous Scotch girl whose heart beats with the hope and aspiration of the British Labor movement.

THE SEVENTH CROSS · BY ANNA SEGHERS · \$2.50

This novel translated from the German tells in accents of authenticity the story of one man's escape from the Nazi hell, Westhofen. But more than escape, this is the record of man's resistance to brutality.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTH · BY VIRGINIA WOOLF · \$3.00

Serene, sensitive, and beautifully selective, these essays written and revised over two decades are the work of a critic poetic and discriminating.

THE CUP AND THE SWORD · BY ALICE TISDALE HOBART · \$2.75

A novel about the winelands of California, and of how one French-American family prospered and multiplied to its heart's content. The theme is colorful, the treatment romantic.

ACTION IN THE EAST · BY O. D. GALLAGHER · \$2.50

This South African has an eye for the bizarre, heaps scorn on the negligent and praise upon the courage which figured in the fall of Singapore and Burma. He was on the *Repulse*, saw the AVG and the Aussies in action, and knew what the score was.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE · BY W. L. WHITE · \$2.00

The heroic story of the MTB's at Manila, narrated by Lieutenant Bulkeley and his Junior Grades, this tells as no other book what the young Americans experienced and thought during the fall of the Philippines. Terse, masculine, authentic.

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN · BY HOWARD K. SMITH · \$2.75

How does it feel to be living in Germany after three years of war? This is the most graphic answer we have yet had.

THE DAYS OF OFELIA · BY GERTRUDE DIAMANT · \$2.75

An American measuring intelligence in Mexico City has her measurement taken by a delightful Mexican family. A cheerful book, full of understanding.

DR. DOGBODY'S LEG · BY JAMES NORMAN HALL · \$2.50

How many readers missed these delightful stories of the British Navy under Nelson, told by a ship's surgeon who knows how to pull your leg as well as his own?

AN ADMIRAL WHO WAS RIGHT

The Capable Biography of Admiral Sims

ADMIRAL SIMS AND THE MODERN AMERICAN NAVY. By Elting C. Morison. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00

EXACTLY twenty years ago William Sowden Sims, U.S.N. (retired), after studying the results of the air attack on the obsolete warships, declared "the battleship is dead." He and Brigadier General William Mitchell, that other stormy petrel of the armed services, were in complete agreement about air power in the future.

Sims was ahead of his time. He was always ahead of his time. Nelson put his telescope to his blind eye when he was signaled by Sir Hyde Parker to retreat. Nelson defied his admiral when ordered to defer to a half-pay officer who had been made a commissioner through favor. Admiral Sims was much more belligerent. He had no blind eye for anything or anybody. He carried the war for a modern navy into the enemy's camp in Washington. He was the *enfant terrible* of the service from the beginning of the century until 1936, when he died. He was the terror of the bureaucrats and the naval officers who knew the gentle art of getting promotion by political finagling and social maneuvering. More than almost any other man, he revitalized, modernized, and humanized the United States Navy.

Born in Canada, where his father was building a railroad, Sims was anything but a prodigy when he entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He had the greatest trouble passing the entrance examinations, and the Congressman who had nominated him almost regretted having done so. He was in the middle of his class on graduation, and his class was a mediocre one. In those days a midshipman, because so many were nominated, was often nine years reaching the rank of ensign. The Navy was moribund, and had a personnel of only seventy-five hundred. Many of these enlisted men were foreigners and unsound in character. There were more officers than there were billets. Each bureau in Washington worked independently. Guns, armor, navigation, ships, and stores were produced without the slightest consultation with the officers who were to sail in the fleet. There was a War College, founded by Mahan, but it was regarded as an extravagance. Few of the wooden ships were fit for service duty.

This was in 1881. Sims went to sea in the *Tennessee*, a wooden, full-rigged ship of five thousand tons.

Sims and Sir Percy Scott, R.N., were brothers-in-arms against the powers of darkness and sluggishness in high places. Sims told Scott how Theodore Roosevelt had been a tower of strength to him and his fellow reformers, and Scott mourned because there was not a member of Parliament who "knew one end of a gun from the other."

Admiral Sims and Washington

Sims's relations with Lord Fisher, the dynamic deviser of the *Dreadnaught*, were equally unconventional. By building this first all-big-gun ship in absolute secrecy, Fisher had given the Royal Navy a four-year jump on the other navies. When Sims asked to see the ship, Fisher told him it was "impossible." But Sims was also told to go to the dockyard and put on mufti, and somehow he was able to go all over her and send a report to Washington about her.

Probably the report was pigeonholed — reports usually were. When Sims received a confidential memorandum about the new German gyroscopic compass from a friend attending Kiel Regatta, he wrote a report. It was pigeonholed until the American submarine commanders cried out for new compasses.

Sims inundated the Navy at Washington with reports. Had it not been for Theodore Roosevelt's friendship he would have been got rid of somehow. Roosevelt deflected the forked lightning that played around the head of Sims. Sims never gave up. The story of the era of Josephus Daniels as Secretary of the Navy, as detailed in Mr. Morison's book, is incredible. The book, in fact, is really a history of how the American Navy escaped being destroyed by the political bureaucrats and the die-hard conservatives.

Sims could always see what was coming, and he had the courage to fight Congressional ignorance when it got in his way. When Daniels declared in 1917 that the Navy "was prepared from stem to stern," Sims showed that, apart from a few capital ships, it was not prepared at all. When the mayor of Boston, years later, called him a Benedict Arnold, Sims merely laughed.

Mr. Morison has done a fine job in this splendid book.

WILLIAM MCFEE

Bookshelf

THE UNDERGROUND IN ITALY

A Novel Which Prophesies the Uprising Ahead

THE SEED BENEATH THE SNOW. By Ignazio Silone. Translated from the Italian by Frances Frenaye. Harper & Brothers. \$2.75

Bread and Wine, to which *The Seed Beneath the Snow* is a sequel, was the story of Pietro Spina, a young revolutionist who slipped back into Italy to carry on the underground work in his native province. It was also the story of Ignazio Silone himself, when he was still Secondo Tranquilli and one of the leaders of the Communist Youth organization. Silone later broke with the Party, retired into political obscurity in Switzerland, and emerged after a long period of sickness into literary life.

In this later novel Pietro Spina, Silone's *alter ego*, goes through a similar crisis inside Italy. His dowager grandmother who shelters him represents continuity, or civilization itself: the family virtues in their most rigid and ancient style. She cannot understand Pietro, for she still thinks in terms of the pre-political world. Pietro is "her boy," and something of a saint; and she, in turn, brings him to realize that he needs more than a political faith to bridge the gap between his caste and the eternally oppressed.

But there is no going back to "law and order," for Pietro knows only too well there is no law and order left: the knowledge gives him a deeper realization that he must give up party creeds, "the unhealthy joy of commanding," even revolutionary popularity. He must go back to the real underground to find his natural companions, not only wise Simone the Polecat, but the deaf-mute and the donkey, and the silence of the suffering earth — and he does: —

For weeks my horizon was bounded by the clod a few inches away. This was, in the true meaning of the word, my discovery of the earth. . . . My whole being, my whole heart began to concentrate around a seed of wheat in the process of sprouting. And, since I too relied for drinking-water upon the little snow that I could gather from the cat-hole, the little seed and I partook, in a way, of the same food and became true "companions."

The Seed Beneath the Snow is a "true myth," and not to be judged as a novel. The semblance of plot need not be taken seriously. But the artist's vision of the two worlds, above and underground, has all the essentials of truth.

The well-established world above ground, business

and power, the State, its servants and intellectuals (whom Silone has cruelly and accurately caricatured in the caste of the "orators," both old-school and German), including the hierarchy of the Church — all that is the world of the lie and the devil. Here Silone's capacity for comedy finds full scope. But the essence is tragedy. As one of those very men says, "there are no friendships left anywhere, there are only 'connexions.'" The last shred of simplicity or sincerity has been weeded out with modern thoroughness, and what is left is the empty release of emotional engineering, Italian style: —

. . . a cold, funereal sort of world but a world without suspicion and promissory notes, a mythological world decked with laurels and bronzes, with vast deserted stairways and resounding arcades, with imperial trophies and eagles and chariots.

The underground world

On an entirely different level, protected only in that it leaves no relevant trace or structure on the surface, is the underground world of men who are trying simply to rediscover friendship. They are the survivors of the shipwreck of society. Pietro finds most of them "stultified from long misery, hardship, persecution, and loneliness, oppressed by vague fears." Once their diffidence is overcome, strange stories begin to take shape in the mountain villages, about Our Lord walking on earth. "A child has been born again in a poor attic, who will set us all free." "My wife has heard the same thing, but can you believe it?" "Well, it's not the sort of thing you see in the papers. But Francisco from Prezza came here just to tell a friend about it."

The book makes one dream of the good old times. What happy kindergarten lives, single-hearted and single-minded, were those of the unflinching apostles of the nineteenth century, a Mazzini, a Bakunin, even a Lenin. The man who has lived the tragedy of society in our days must needs have died many deaths, and of this, the fundamental spiritual process that is taking place, we have only the first documents in men like Koestler and Silone. The unfolding of the thought of Ignazio Silone presents one of the most important stories of modern times. His is the only voice that represents dozens of unknown millions in fascist countries.

GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

by EDWARD WEEKS

THREE years ago our foreign correspondents were reporting the ominous signs in Europe; today it is their job to bring home the sound and feel of our fighting forces. O. D. Gallagher is a South African, and in his *Action in the East* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) we see him as an inveterate note-taker with a journalist's swift grasp of the situation and a temperament quick to admire or condemn.

He was on the *Repulse*, and his account of the sinking of that ship and the *Prince of Wales* (his notes of which survived the oily sea) speaks volumes for Captain Tennant. He is sardonic in describing the "Singapore mentality." His chapter on the centennial celebration of the Brookes' rule over Sarawak stands out in bizarre contrast to the ruin and retreat in Burma, so soon to follow. In his jeep with Leland Stowe, Mr. Gallagher did 10,000 miles in Burma. He lived beside the AVG's, watched the Gurkhas, the Highlanders, and the Tommies, ill-equipped and underprepared, fight their rear-guard action against the Japanese. In his political judgment, as in his strategical hindsight, I suspect that emotion overbalances knowledge; but Mr. Gallagher writes as he feels, and his book is valuable for its honest and scathing pages of action.

To W. L. White goes the *Atlantic* citation for his matchless account of what young Americans thought and felt as they lived through the capture of the Philippines. He calls his book, ironically enough, *They Were Expendable* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00). Here in dialogue terse and masculine is what Lieutenant (now Lieutenant Commander) Bulkeley and his three surviving junior officers have to tell us about their beloved MTB's at Manila. There were six boats originally, — 70 feet of plywood, manned by picked crews, with Packard motors that could outrun a destroyer. In the Battle of the Philippines they did everything but fight Japanese tanks. They sank one hundred times their combined tonnage; they sank landing parties, a carrier, cruisers, a tanker, Japanese planes, and transports. They took on huge odds with magnificent grit. They did it all without spare parts and with saboteurs' wax in their gasoline, which would halt their engines at most critical moments. In the end they ferried MacArthur and his staff and a handful of their own survivors to

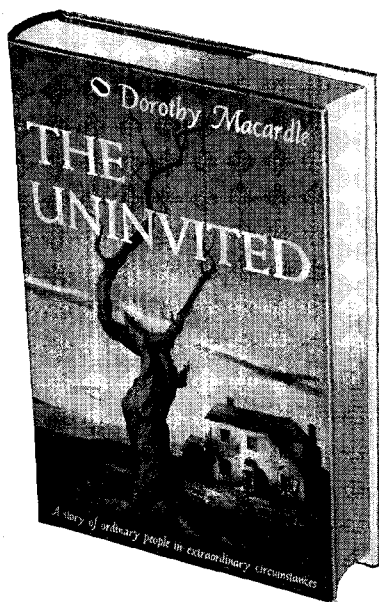
safety. All of this Mr. White has caught with unobtrusive skill in the natural, characteristic tones of voice of Bulkeley, Kelly, Akers, and Cox.

There is heroism in this book, but you feel it in what is unsaid. Bulkeley's resourcefulness, his knack of always being on the spot, his magnificent timing at Subic Bay; Kelly's courtship of Peggy, the nurse on Bataan; the stories which the young aviators told of the bombing of Clark and Nichols Fields; the navigation Kelly worked out for the Admiral with his two fingers angled at 45 degrees; the spirit and devotion of the crews as they made their desperate repairs and stood by their wounded — these are evidences of character which make the stay-at-home at once proud and humble.

The Cup and the Sword by Alice Tisdale Hobart (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75) is the story of a transplanted family. To California, Jean-Philippe Rambeau brought his expert knowledge of grapes and soil, which had been second nature to him in France; he brought his immense industry, his uncompromising standard and his pride — pride in the wines which bore his name; pride in the children, in-laws, and grandchildren whose lives he ruled down to his eighty-fifth year. A taskmaster loving his adopted land, Philippe lived on to see his dynasty topple and his family divided during Prohibition. Martha the frustrated ruler of his household, John the hothead, Lon the dilettante, Elizabeth the granddaughter, so sweet and so pliable — he kept them all enthralled, and so drained the initiative that would have made them bigger. Here in easily flowing scenes is the struggle between age and self-possession.

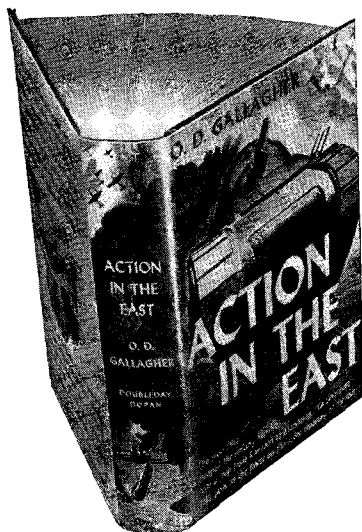
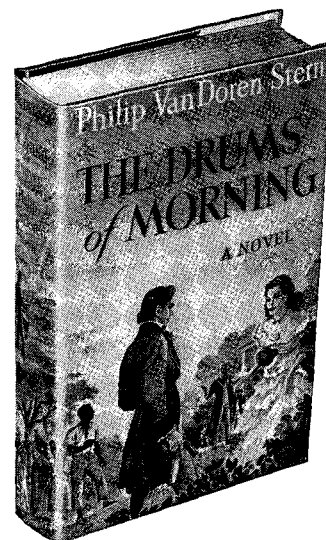
The book is as brisk as a summer boardinghouse. People come and go, there are flirtations and feuds, and the pretty excursions to the vineyards provide a pleasant relief to the family squabbles. But so many characters have the effect of dispersing one's sympathy. I come the closest to Philippe. John I follow in spurts. But Elizabeth bores me. I am afraid that the story sags without Philippe, and I could wish that an author as versatile as Mrs. Hobart had avoided two noticeable habits of style — the use of cliché sentences at the chapter's close, and the use of italics when her characters are in thought, a typographical effect which seems to me intrusive.

Important Fiction Successes:



"If the House of Double-D hasn't got another Rebecca in Dorothy Macardle's chiller, *THE UNINVITED*, we'll be sadly mistaken."—Helen Bower, *Detroit Free Press*. And Lewis Gannett says in the New York *Herald-Tribune*: "I stopped reading mid-way in the book and went to bed; I woke up at 2:30 thinking about it and at 3:00 A.M. I got up and finished the book. I had to know how it came out." You can be sure that when hardened book critics find a novel so exciting that they can hardly put it down, it's something out of the ordinary . . . something that's not to be missed. Now soaring up the best-seller lists, *THE UNINVITED* is already in its second hundred thousand. \$2.50

"A resounding answer to *GONE WITH THE WIND*", says Sterling North in the *Chicago News* of Philip Van Doren Stern's distinguished new novel that paints a broad canvas of the antislavery movement. Full of adventure, swift action and warm passion, *THE DRUMS OF MORNING* is so faithfully grounded in brilliant research that it gives you a living picture of the momentous decade when a whole nation tensed itself for a gigantic, inevitable showdown. "A big book: big in size, in substance and in implication. The theme is freedom—the right, the justice and the necessity of men to be free."—Alice Dixon Bond, *Boston Herald*. Fourth large printing. \$3.00



Non-Fiction Sensation!

"Few war-corresponding books have packed a greater wallop!" says Orville Prescott in the *New York Times*. Other critics are equally excited about this amazing personal record by O. D. Gallagher, the South African reporter who escaped the sinking *Repulse*, rode a jeep from Rangoon to Mandalay, saw Singapore fall, and watched the American Volunteer Flyers blast Jap planes from the sky in the incredible ratio of eighty-to-one! "ACTION IN THE EAST is more convincing than even A. P. de Seversky's *Victory Through Air Power*."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Illustrated. \$2.50

Doubleday, Doran

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THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN

\$2.75

By Howard K. Smith

KNOFF

HAD the author managed to repress a youthful and ubiquitous first person singular, or at least to broaden the pronoun when recording impressions which must have been shared by most of his reportorial colleagues in Berlin, this would have been an even better book. As he himself seems to suspect, the autobiography in the first two chapters is of less than general interest. From Chapter III on, the book becomes sprightly, vivid, and, so long as Mr. Smith sticks to reporting, convincing.

Mr. Smith has written a sort of sequel to such reports as those of William L. Shirer and Joseph Harsch — a very useful sequel. It helps fill in the void which appeared in Berlin dispatches as the Nazis carried out the intent of their non-aggression pact with Russia. After the first few months of war on the eastern front, German living standards went into a precipitate decline and, Mr. Smith reports, German morale followed fast. Rationing that began as a reflection of official foresightedness is now not only a stark necessity but often a cruel joke. Apparently the Germans, already faced with money inflation that must hint to them of World War I, are experiencing an inflation of the ration books: the coupons are there but they do not necessarily command the goods.

The author's conclusion about the German home front is that things are now so bad there that a well-thought-out campaign of political warfare on the part of the United States and Britain could shorten the war considerably. He points out what many know who have not been in Berlin recently: that the German people are ridden by two fears. They fear their own Nazi masters, but they fear even more a world that promises to deal harshly with them should their Nazi state be smashed. Mr. Smith has a program of sorts to take advantage of the situation he found in Germany. He does not sufficiently stress, however, that the problem of assuring the German people of sympathetic treatment after the war involves more than offering them a comfortable place in a beautiful new world.

Among other things, Mr. Smith wants the Welsh coal mines and the munitions industry in the United States nationalized. But such reforms at this moment are by no means certain to affect the German people as Mr. Smith expects them to. Their accomplishment might even be interpreted in Germany as proof that the American and British governments were being forced to throw sops to their peoples to prevent revolt. We can well imagine Hitler himself urging such immediate aims upon us in the hope of increasing dissension within our ranks. The opening of a political-warfare front is obviously desirable but not quite so easily charted as this author seems to suppose.

The object of this book, however, is not to advocate but to report, and any news editor would headline

the substance of the report in tall type. But let the author write his own headlines. As a result of the war in Russia, he declares, "something has happened to the German people. A change of almost revolutionary proportions has occurred."

C. W. M.

DESERT WAR

\$2.75

By Russell Hill

KNOFF

MR. HILL, a young American war correspondent, gives a firsthand description of the ebb and flow of desert fighting in North Africa last winter. His account covers the British offensive, which began in November, and the retreat to positions near the Egyptian border in January. It does not describe the resumption of fighting last June and Rommel's advance to the lines around El Alamein. There are some excellent descriptions of the vast desert, littered in spots with masses of wrecked tanks and trucks, and Mr. Hill conveys the sense of constant danger and uncertainty in the tank warfare, which is more like a naval engagement than a struggle between land armies, with the units of the two sides often becoming inextricably intertwined. He had his own fair share of narrow escapes from death or capture, and he writes entertainingly and informatively about the leaders and men of the Imperial forces with whom his work brought him into contact. He is handicapped, as he frankly recognizes, by the obligations of reticence which war imposes on the active field correspondent. But one gathers that the British setbacks have been largely due to the following causes: superior range of the German field guns, lack in the British High Command of a genius in desert warfare like Rommel; some slackness in assuring long lines of communication and digging in immediately after victory. With Egypt's fate still poised in the balance, the book is decidedly timely.

W. H. C.

THIS GREAT JOURNEY

\$2.50

By Jennie Lee

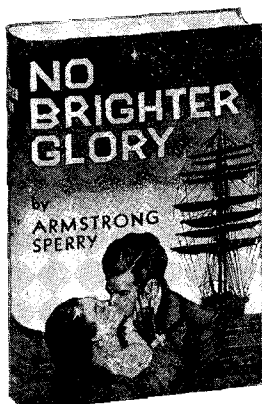
FARRAR & RINEHART

THE quarter of a century with which Jennie Lee's book deals is one of the most critical in England's history. This book is a personal account of the hopes, fears, moods, and events which go with the life of one of England's most politically active and self-conscious women. It is the story of more than one person; it is the story of the miners of Scotland, of the British Labor Party, and of England itself. Written with ease and humor, with insight, sympathy, anger, and understanding, and shot through with the modesty of the British working class, it has all the strength and weakness of the common people. By telling a good story, Miss Lee throws more light on the real nature of British politics and objectives than all the propaganda and political theory which the war has produced.

The main character of the book is not Jennie Lee but the British working class, in particular the miners of Scotland. If there had been only one

NO BRIGHTER GLORY

by Armstrong Sperry



THERE IS A WORLD OF COLOR and romance in this novel of America in the 1800's, with its theme the disastrous expedition sent out by John Jacob Astor to establish an empire in the Columbia River region. There is much meticulous history, too, in its portraits of the DePeysters, Madame Jumel, Aaron Burr, Philip Hone and other social and political figures of the times. And there is an unusual love story absorbingly told in passionate and fervent prose. \$2.75

THE SUBSTANCE THAT IS POETRY

by Robert P. T. Coffin

What constitutes talent? Mr. Coffin says every poet eventually discovers there is independent life behind his words and patterns. \$2.00

POEMS OF THIS WAR

by Younger Poets

An anthology edited by Patricia Ledyard and Colin Strang, with introduction by Edmund Blunden. \$1.75

THE CHALLENGE OF THE GREEK

by T. R. Glover

"A delightful book. A charm of whimsical enlightenment gives special flavor."—N. Y. TIMES \$2.75

SUNWARD I'VE CLIMBED

by Hermann Hagedorn

In this singularly engaging biography, Mr. Hagedorn has caught the flavor and charm of the 19-year-old aviator whose *High Flight* ranks as high as any poem of the current war. \$1.75

EUROPE, RUSSIA, and the Future

by G. D. H. Cole

Rational suggestions for carrying out the pledges of British and American cooperation with Russia in after-war relationships. \$2.00

THEN WE SHALL HEAR SINGING

by Storm Jameson

The scene of this powerful novel is a German-conquered country in Europe; the theme, that free men cannot be conquered for, in the end, forces stronger than themselves will burst their shackles. This story rounds out Miss Jameson's fictional commentary on the current world crisis begun in "Europe To Let". \$2.50

THE LONG SHIPS PASSING

by Walter Havighurst

The story of the Great Lakes from the earliest explorers to the St. Lawrence Waterway controversy. An exciting and expert narrative of freighters, fires, Indian wars, Mormons, storms, and commercial development. \$3.00

FRONTIER BY AIR

by Alice Rogers Hager

Mrs. Hager and Jackie Martin, noted woman photographer, flew 15,000 miles over wild Brazilian frontiers and took more than 3,000 pictures in preparation for this book. It describes how Brazil conquered its wilderness by pioneering in aviation. \$3.50

ALASKA UNDER ARMS

by Jean Potter

Life and action in the American Territory nearest Japan are here vividly described by a member of the staff of *Fortune* who recently visited the expanding military bases opposing Japan's American foothold. \$2.00

(Prices Tent.)

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • 60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

Jennie Lee this book would never have been written; but there are thousands of them, though few went to Parliament when they were twenty-four years old, traveled in foreign parts, or charmed surly factory workers into working through air raids. From the unknown Jennie Lees, the wives of striking miners, the foremen in the factories, the others who remained true to the class from which they sprang, this one draws her strength: with them she was reared, on them she relies, to them she owes the measure of sane thinking which runs through everything she says. Because she has always kept her faith with them the events of the last twenty-five years make sense to her.

Miss Lee's frame of reference is simple. It is a burning desire to get rid of the system and conditions which produce poverty and war; she represented people who wanted the same things and she did not, like Ramsay MacDonald, succumb to the "aristocratic embrace" or become, like Gallacher, a Parliamentary pet. Her book contains no political theory, yet it is nothing else but a political theory; it is the product of democracy as a way of life, of great political simplicities. It is part of her temperament that when others welcomed refugees from Europe, because their sufferings were the more spectacular, she did not forget the unspectacular rotting of a whole people in idleness and poverty in the Scottish hills.

The story of a short life covers the recent history of a long struggle, that of the British working class to achieve self-respect and humane conditions. It veers between a great fear for the future of the Labor movement, which Miss Lee has watched in its varying fortunes for a quarter of a century, and the great hope of a new England born in the throes of war. To those who can see it, this human and personal story, constructed with the rambling consistency of an angry and emotional woman, gives the essence of Britain's political and economic decline during the last two generations. Miss Lee forces us to contrast the condition of the British working class in 1914 with its temper in 1939. In 1914 the Labor movement, like the Indian nationalist movement, comparatively young and full of optimism, threw itself into the war with qualities which guaranteed victory. But the moral of Miss Lee's story is that no one can understand the desperate plight of England in these latter years without understanding how Mr. Churchill and his friends broke the back of the British Labor movement, admittedly with the aid of some of its leaders, until nothing but a party machine dominated by trade-unions remained. Yet it was a beaten and retreating movement, she insists, which helped force Mr. Chamberlain into war against Fascism in 1939 — not for love of Churchill's empire but out of hatred of Fascism.

Miss Lee draws reason for hope not from leaders, unless it be Cripps, but from the people she knows so well. She brings out the hopeless inadequacy of

Churchill and his party in dealing with the political issues of the war; there are few Tory tricks she does not understand, and she knows to what a plight such tricks have brought her country. Miss Lee is optimistic by nature but she gives good cause for her argument that, obtuse as England's rulers are, her people have rediscovered their old vitality and that out of the war has sprung new hope. The England that Miss Lee loves and works for is one that goes far to compensate for the inglorious role of the Tory Party and its lethargic Labor opponents in the years before Dunkirk. Her book brings before us the other half of England — the half about which we hear so little and which matters so much to the fight against Hitlerism.

G. E. T.

TAP ROOTS

\$2.75

By James Street

DIAL PRESS

IN *Oh, Promised Land*, Mr. Street told the story of Sam Dabney, the pioneer, who found his promised land in Southern Mississippi and settled there in 1815. In this new book, Sam Dabney casts a long shadow; he was a portentous man even in his last illness, and after his death his spirit rules the community and the family he founded. Neither his "son," Horab, nor any of his grandchildren knew that they were not of his begetting. Horab was actually the illegitimate child of Sam's sister, whom he adopted in infancy. When Keith Alexander, himself of unknown parentage but handsome and deadly, made love to Horab's daughter, Morna, her family detested the thought of her marriage to a nameless man. This irony is maintained throughout, perhaps a trifle too persistently. The story begins in 1858 and ends in 1865. It is not a "Civil War novel," but it tells the story of a small community of antislavery people in the deep South, who fought and died in defiance of the Confederacy.

As an historical novelist, Mr. Street is a romantic. Occasionally he steps over into sheer fantasy. Again and again he refers to the Confederate force of horse, foot, and guns, twenty-five hundred strong, which destroyed the "Free State of Lebanon," as a "regiment." And his description of the final battle is a military nightmare. Yet there is power in this uneven book. It holds one's interest and sympathy. The blurb says of the author: "He plots his stories (usually in bed) before he writes a line. He knows where he's going, then he starts dictating." This may be an excellent technique, but one cannot help feeling that a more laborious manual exercise might provide a firmer expression of his very real talent as a novelist.

R. E. D.

SUN IN CAPRICORN

\$2.50

By Hamilton Basso

SCRIBNER

MR. HAMILTON BASSO, always entertaining, has never been more entertaining than in this novel about Gilgo Slade, political dictator of Louisiana. In this

Sabotage!

THE SECRET WAR AGAINST AMERICA

by Michael Sayers and
Albert E. Kahn

This is the one book that tells what the Axis is doing *right now* to win the war, *right here* in the United States. It is the first book to reveal the full inside facts of the Axis plot to wreck American war industries and American Morale. Over fifty pages of secret papers, photographs, etc. "SABOTAGE will make history as well as be it."—CARL VAN DOREN.

\$2.50



THE AUTHORS
Noted investigators. Kahn is editor of *The Hour*, the confidential bulletin which has a national reputation for its scoops on fifth column activities.

The Seed Beneath the Snow

by Ignazio Silone

A novel of Italy today by a man who fled into exile rather than submit to tyranny, "Ignazio Silone has given us another soul-stirring unforgettable story."—ELLIOT PAUL, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*. "A novel of superlative beauty."—JOHN COUNOS, *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

\$2.75



AUTHOR OF
*Bread
and Wine*

Dacey Hamilton

by Dorothy Van Doren

A heroine of arresting charm in a dramatic novel of New York on the eve of the Twenties. "An outstandingly good novel. Every line of it is exciting . . . a novel of Greenwich Village with none of the stage props and clichés. Subtle, deep and convincing . . . quietly but dramatically told."—BURTON RASCOE.

\$2.50



AUTHOR OF
*Those First
Affections*

HARPER

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK

By Louis Bromfield

The exciting novel of an American girl who matched wits with the Gestapo in occupied Paris. "The best story written by America's most superb story-teller."—*Boston Post*. "It should sell like hand grenades at an allied reception for Hitler," — STERLING NORTH, *Chicago News* . . . and it is!

\$2.50

BIRDS ACROSS THE SKY

By Florence Page Jaques
Illustrated by
Francis Lee Jaques

"An estimable book so filled with the pure delight of observing and knowing birds of all kinds that it is a joy to read. The fresh breezes of the out-of-doors play through the book. Illustrated with some admirable black and white sketches of birds."—*New York World Telegram*.

\$2.50

WILD ANIMALS OF the ROCKIES

By William M. Rush

This book is the exciting and very personal story of a forester's experiences with wild animals. A chronicle dictated by enthusiasm and informed by first-hand knowledge and lighted by remarkably detailed observation which spells adventure of the highest order. Illustrated.

\$3.00

THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

book Gilgo is running for Senator — with the Presidency as his ultimate objective — against Uncle Thomas, who has the misfortune to be a decent fellow, hence in no class with Gilgo, who plans to win the race with the carefully calculated aid of the Fat Lady and the Dwarf, the Fire-Eating Cannibal from the Heart of Africa, and his own Champion Hilly-Billy Band.

If it was impossible for Thomas to win against such a superior combination, it was next to impossible for his nephew and ward, Hazzard, to carry on a charming love affair with Erin — so firmly entrenched are the forces of evil in every corner of the fair country. Mr. Basso leads his nice lovers through a tangle of difficulties to a grand and fitting climax. Whether as a novel of power politics or as a love story, *Sun in Capricorn* is a highly satisfying performance. J. C.

HOW WAR CAME

\$2.50

Forrest Davis and Ernest K. Lindley SIMON & SCHUSTER

THE red flannel nightgown in which Mr. Hull envisaged us Americans — too short in front when we pulled it down behind, too short behind when we pulled it down in front — and the similarly undignified birth certificate the authors fill out for “the United Nations” are characteristic bright spots that make the required reading of this book an easy chore. The abbreviated garment was the one-ocean United States navy. The birth certificate shows that “United Nations” was a pre-breakfast inspiration of Mr. Roosevelt’s, quite literally christened with Mr. Churchill’s O.K. from an Englishman’s morning tub.

The period from the “second Sedan” to Pearl Harbor taught Americans stupendous lessons. In this book two seasoned journalists — Mr. Lindley, a biographer of the President, and Mr. Davis, author of that recent fine study, *The Atlantic System* — have made immediate use of these lessons. The authors offer a graphic outline of the global strategy necessary for national survival, a revealing glimpse of the new geography of the air age, and an easy introduction to the geographic and ideological pivots which have fixed the position of United States in the world for many generations past and to come.

Not without faults, the book confesses the source of most of them in its subtitle, “An American White Paper; from the fall of France to Pearl Harbor.” A “white paper,” of course, is usually a pro-government document issued by an official agency, not a product of more or less independent authorship. But the subtitle is not entirely out of place. The authors’ efforts seem directed chiefly to explaining the Administration’s foreign policies in such a way as to disarm criticism. One may agree absolutely with the trend of those policies. One need not agree so completely in detail.

There is much for the student in this book, much

for the merely curious reader. Some personalized flashes are pertinent to the development of otherwise mystifying phases of policy; others just provide stage business. The opening, which cinematographs inside-Washington on December 7, reads like a thriller; the authors can well expect to be approached for movie rights to the first chapter. C. W. M.

THIS SIDE OF LAND

\$2.75

By Elizabeth Hollister Frost

COWARD-MCCANN

THE author calls *This Side of Land* “An Island Epic,” the island being Nantucket. It is, in fact, an encyclopedic view of that island as it was during the days of whaling and the War of 1812. Since at that time the men were nearly all on the sea, it deals almost entirely with women. Written with what one may call a passionate minuteness, slowly and lovingly, no flower, bird, fish, or shell being so small or common as to be dismissed with a mere noun or adjective, it nevertheless has the effect of dream rather than of reality. Much of it really is dream — the author’s or her favorite character, Me-me’s.

The book is written in an original idiom based on the speech of the island, at least as this is recorded in old letters, journals, and poems, enriched by imagination and a poet’s love of the specific word and thing. Whether the people ever talked like this is hardly important, for the idiom is a distilled essence, something like that of Elizabeth Madox Roberts’s in *The Time of Man*. It is earthy, racy, at times beautiful, and always very expressive. One would say that the effect is that of idyl rather than of epic, though there are episodes of powerful drama. The very originality of matter and manner may repel some readers, as it did me at first. I groaned over the pet-names of Me-me, You-you, Ma-ma, Na, and the poetic devices, until I caught the author’s view and purpose. A story more completely feminine in a good sense would be hard to imagine. Even apart from the plot and characters, I found myself increasingly fascinated by the revelation of what a sensitive and imaginative woman sees, thinks, feels, and knows, that a man would never notice at all. R. M. G.

RETREAT TO VICTORY

\$3.00

By Allan A. Michie

ALLIANCE

ALLAN MICHIE went to London at the outbreak of the war and reached Egypt in the spring of 1941 — just as the British were driven from Crete. He came home via the East Indies after a year in the Middle East, leaving Manila on the last steamer to sail before the Japanese attack. By this mischance he missed the war in Malaya and the East Indies, but for good measure in his book he retells this unhappy story in a series of final chapters. This story the author had to learn after his return home quite like the rest of us — by reading the daily papers. Yet it is presented in the same crisp, positive tone, with the same assurance and finality of judgment, as matters

The seventh cross waited for the
man who eluded capture... six men
held fast to life while he was free.

THE SEVENTH CROSS

By Anna Seghers

UNRESTRAINED praise, spontaneous and sincere, greeted this magnificent novel as soon as the advance copies were read. Here are a few typical excerpts:



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—*Esther Forbes*

"Over the years our judges have introduced to the wide circle of American readers a great many of the best-known continental writers—Sigrid Undset, Eric Remarque, Arnold Zweig, Felix Salten, Franz Werfel—and many others. Anna Seghers surely belongs in the category of the most important European writers. THE SEVENTH CROSS, unanimously chosen by our judges, is 'unlike anything that has come to us from a

Europe under the shadow of tyranny and fear'." —*The Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

"I consider THE SEVENTH CROSS a book of first rank. Nothing could have induced me to lay it down once I had begun it."

—*Dorothy Canfield Fisher*

"There are very few books to compare with it for pure excitement."

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the author had a chance to observe at first hand. In this same tone, he offers concise verdicts on civilian defense and other matters from the home front; for example: "Except for the shipping situation, America's production battle is already won."

Retreat to Victory is a mixed grill of articles and commentaries on more or less familiar topics of the first three years of the war. T. H. T.

FIRE AND ICE; THE ART AND THOUGHT OF ROBERT FROST

By Lawrence Thompson

\$2.50

HOLT

THIS is a straightforward, clearly written account of Frost's poetry and ideas. Mr. Thompson begins by setting Frost's theory of poetry against the background of other contemporary theories; he describes the function of metaphor in Frost's poetry; he discusses Frost's use of meter and rhyme, and after analyzing the different types of poetry which Frost has written, he ends with an account of Frost's philosophy. The book is well planned and it makes us turn back to Frost's poetry with a fresh appreciation.

Some parts of it, however, are less valuable than others. The opening account of the state of contemporary criticism is too simplified to satisfy a widely read mind, and a good deal of the discussion of Frost's metrical technique is irrelevant to a real understanding of the poetry. Mr. Thompson doesn't, at times, distinguish clearly enough between mere description of a poem and an analysis of it. But within its limits the book is an able and successful performance. T. S.

THE WHITE QUEEN

By Betty Baur

\$2.50

VIKING

THIS first novel has the weaknesses of most first novels by writers who have anything to say. It tries to say too much, and it is too "true to life." This criticism may sound odd, but it is always the tendency of the immature writer to think that scenes and characters which are described accurately thereby become "real." I am sure many of the people and conversations in this book are based on actuality, but they have only a surface value, because they are not dramatically conceived as parts of an imaginative whole. The book tells of the adventures of an American girl who married into an English "county" family, discovers that she does not love her husband or her husband's world, and is introduced to the truth of love and to the truth of English working-class life by another man. It is not so banal as it sounds, as it is written with genuine sincerity, and the author knows the worlds she is talking about, and does not evade her facts or her conclusions. It is a true picture of much of English life before the war, but it is not a living one. E. D.

GENTLEMAN RANKER

By John Jennings

\$2.75

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

ALL good tales of past wars seem contemporary during a current war. Mr. Jennings's good tale of the French and Indian War — specifically, of Braddock's dismal campaign and its aftermath in the frontier settlements — is written without overt reference to anything more recent; and yet it constantly brings up the present, almost as if 1942 were an actual echo of 1755. Modern war has entered new dimensions with new weapons, but not even its aerial dimension is newer to us than the Pennsylvania wilds were to Braddock's men and officers. They lost the campaign by insisting on the letter of what they had learned on parade grounds and on battlefields of Europe — lost it to opponents stronger in individual initiative and self-trained to make instant adaptation of their tactics to the place and the conditions. After the better part of two centuries the wheel has come full circle, and again we see campaigns and actions won, both on the ground and above it, not by drilled automatons and drillmasters, but by men who can think for themselves under stress and whose ready adaptability in emergencies is precisely that of the successful Indian fighter, the unregimented frontiersman — men who can turn mechanized war to unmechanized uses. That is what is brought home to the modern reader in the picture of Braddock, on his fifth horse of the battle and about to receive his mortal wound, beating his soldiery with the flat of his sword, cursing them out into the open to stand in platoons and be mowed down in strict military propriety by a foe they cannot even see. Some of the survivors learned the lesson and stayed to achieve re-education as provincials, frontiersmen, Americans. In these, the ones who graduated from the redcoat to the buckskin theory of how to fight and how to live, the story finds most of its characters and all its meaning. W. F.

FOR MY GREAT FOLLY

By Thomas B. Costain

\$2.75

PUTNAM

THE background of this tale concerns the one-man war in the days of King James, waged in the Mediterranean by John Ward, "the pirate," against the power of Spain. The Dons claimed that the trade of that sea belonged to them — and to the Venetians; and the cowardly King of England agreed. Not so John Ward and the doughty captains he gathered to him. Among his followers was Roger Blease, a poor young gentleman who was won over by the flamboyant adventurer and embarked on a career of battle and murder. The book is a long, long story of adventure. There is so much adventure, such a variety of hazard — from London's Alsatia to the scorching villainy of Tunis — that one feels that here is a Henty book for adults. The early impression fades gradually as the story develops, but never is there any sense of reality in the thing. The author has steeped himself in the period but the result is not quite happy.

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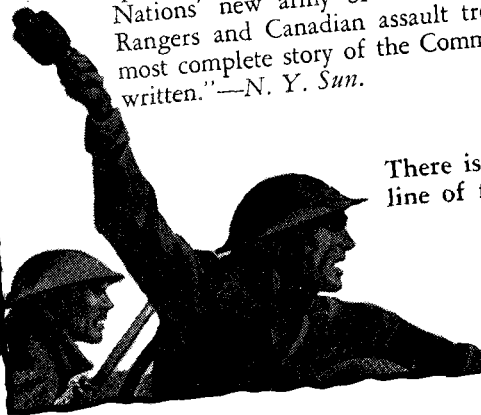
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He is so charmed by the discovery of the thieves' slang of that day that he makes most of his characters speak like gangsters and hardly ever in the genuine prose and phrase of the time. We meet Francis Bacon and the Queen and all sorts of worthies, and they are stage characters. In spite of its defects, the book is highly readable — another victory for what Stevenson called "the brute, Incident." R. E. D.

THE SEVENTH CROSS \$2.50
By Anna Seghers LITTLE, BROWN

NOBLE simplicity of style and story, relentless march of incident, and complete absence of comment make this novel of pre-war Nazi Germany intensely engrossing and powerfully moving. Seven men escape from the concentration camp at Westhofen; the commander of the camp prepares seven trees as crosses on which to punish them when they are recaptured, the seventh cross being reserved for George Heisler, the report of whose evasion of the Gestapo is given in day-by-day detail. But this simple machinery, so breathlessly exciting in the narration, overlies depth below depth of human heroism and depravity. The author's calm reticence makes her exposure of the Hitler regime of a decade ago all the more terrible and final. While reading, one is aware only of how the presence of danger tests character, how infinitely resourceful man can be when hunted, and how precarious any despotism must be as long as even one brave man defies it. This last idea may, in fact, be the unstressed theme and meaning of the story; for more than once the author implies that totalitarianism that is not total has simply failed. As long as there is a seventh cross unoccupied, even Hitler himself must be afraid. R. M. G.

AND THERE WERE MEN \$3.00
By Russell Blankenship KNOPE

AMONG the useful books which unravel the regional strands in our national history and tradition, this volume on the Pacific Northwest will rank high. It is generally well written and always intelligent; and it concentrates quite rightly on the people — Indians, religious mystics, badmen, stock-raisers, and miners — who have given the region its distinctive flavor. That it is not a complete picture should be blamed probably on the conventional limits of published volumes. The material is rich, and one feels that there is much more where this came from.

The Walla Walla Jesus is delightful and instructive as a late manifestation of the religious mysticism of the frontier, though Mr. Blankenship is in error in guessing that W. W. Davies founded the last Christian-communist society in the United States. The chapters on the Smohalla cult, on Joab Powell, fron-

tier preacher, and on William Keil and the colony of Aurora all add to the picture of frontier religion — incidentally throwing the balance of the book a little heavily on that side. One misses the lumbermen, who get left out entirely, but one is grateful for the intelligent appraisal of the social readjustments coming in the wake of the Columbia Basin power developments.

The slips of fact (Joseph Morris, recusant Mormon prophet, becomes James Morris; Ras Lewis, born Willard Christianson, is described as a "huge daredevil," whereas he was barely of middle size) do not invalidate the book. It is readable and sensible, and it opens up, more than any other book on the same region, the rich vein of story and history that is there for the digging. W. S.

THE NAZI CONQUEST OF DANZIG \$3.50
By Hans L. Leonhardt UNIV. OF CHICAGO PRESS

DANZIG has been almost forgotten amid the clamor and turmoil of Hitler's far-reaching conquests. Yet the present detailed, competent, painstaking record of the gradual crushing out of all anti-Nazi political activity in the predominantly German population of this old Hanseatic city — which was given the status of a Free City, with a resident League of Nations commissioner, after the First World War — is well worth reading for two reasons. As Mr. Leonhardt, himself a former active figure in the Danzig opposition, says: "Danzig was a German microcosm. In Danzig, events in the Reich were repeated in slow motion." And Danzig was also a study in the technique of appeasement. It was an uneven contest: the aggressive dynamism of the Nazis against the helplessness of the League and the extreme desire of Great Britain and other leading powers to avoid trouble on this issue. So the Irish League commissioner, Seán Lester, who displayed some vigor in protesting against violations of the city constitution, was finally replaced by the pliable Swiss, Mr. Burekhardt, who saw nothing, heard nothing, and reported nothing that would offend the Nazis; and Danzig had been thoroughly regimented when Hitler gave the signal for all-out war on September 1, 1939. W. H. C.

DOLLAR COTTON \$2.50
By John Faulkner HARCOURT, BRACE

IN *Men Working* John Faulkner proved that he could write a talented novel of what may be called the sociological school. *Dollar Cotton*, though it has many social applications, is a portrait. Otis Town — "Old Man Town" — is a cotton grower of the Mississippi Delta, the line of whose fortunes exactly parallels that of the post-war boom and depression. From nothing he becomes a millionaire, riding the rise of the cotton market, and then, refusing to recognize that the bubble has burst, is ruined in both wealth and health. Told this way in bare outline, it sounds like a very old story; but Mr. Faulkner tells it in a

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new way. For Old Man Town is a massive figure, repellent and pathetic. He has a peasant's passion for the soil without a peasant's parsimony and meanness: in fact he cares nothing for money, is almost lacking in human affections, is very shrewd in small matters and an innocent in large; but cotton and the black soil of the Delta are, as his only friend says, his poetry. They are also his morality, providing him with the only conscience he has. Perhaps the author has loaded the dice against him in giving him the kind of family he has, and perhaps the final scenes concerning his wife and daughter are too melodramatic. Nevertheless, Old Man Town looms against a horizon.

R. M. G.

THE DRUMS OF MORNING \$3.00 By Philip Van Doren Stern DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THIS fictional history of Abolitionism begins with the martyrdom of Elijah Lovejoy and the destruction of his printing press in 1837 and ends with the return of "human sweepings from battlefields" to their ruined towns and farms just after another martyrdom in 1865. Between are well-documented glimpses of the Abolition movement in New England, some record of the politico-moral struggle over the extension of slavery to the territories, a conspectus of slavery as it actually was in the deep South, an exciting history of one Pennsylvania farm station of the Underground Railroad near the Maryland border, and a very circumstantial account of the horrors of Andersonville, all strung upon a personal story of patriotism, passion, error, and hair-raising adventure. What is at once poignant and profound about it is a consequence of the simple fact that the Abolitionist hero (whose point of view governs the narrative) is imprisoned in the South during almost the entire period of the War of Secession, virtually cut off from all authentic news of both the physical struggle and the moral objective. He emerges unchanged into a radically changed world, still execrating Lincoln exactly as in 1860 and without the slightest inkling that the issue over which he has burned for a quarter-century is no longer the burning issue and has in fact been settled almost parenthetically as an incident of a greater issue that he had not even perceived. His story, perhaps something short of eminent as fiction, is deeply satisfying as a popularization of history and in its philosophic implications.

W. F.

PLUME ROUGE \$2.75 By John Upton Terrell VIKING

THIS is an excellent and exciting story of an early attempt to reach the Oregon country from St. Louis by ascending the Missouri and striking westward through hostile country and strange mountains. Only once

before had this route been followed successfully, and never before by a colonizing expedition of men and women. Burton McKenzie, whom the Indians called "Plume Rouge," was the leader and a good one. This is fictional history or historical fiction, but founded on adequate research. The story is no stranger, the record of courage and endurance no more fantastic, than the real happenings of that time and place. The author is both a good novelist and a thorough student of his subject. The result is adventure, soberly and convincingly told, with a thread of romance strengthening into a genuine love story.

R. E. D.

GOLDEN FLEECE \$2.75 By Hughie Call HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

THIS autobiography of a Texas girl who married a Montana sheepman and spent her life learning to love the Madison Valley and to understand sheep is both informative and charming, but it will lead no one into the sheep business. It will convince anyone that of all animals a sheep is the most perverse, helpless, afflicted, and exasperating, and that of all jobs a sheepman's is the most laborious.

Sheep are preyed upon by coyotes and ticks. Cuts left untreated after shearing get fly-blown. Magpies ride the victim's back and prey on his living flesh, or come at lambing time to peck out the eyes of the newborn. A herd confronted by gully or prospect hole is likely to pile up and destroy half its members. Ewes must be hog-tied to make them attend to their lambs. Rams are always getting loose and creating a flurry of out-of-season lambing. Like tyrannous infants, sheep demand constant and indefatigable care.

Beside that, they smell, though Mrs. Call does not say so. They blat infernally, drive herders crazy, go wild on loco weed, die of lupin or larkspur. Mrs. Call makes the details of sheep ranching almost too clear, yet manages to maintain her sense of humor. That sense of humor and her obvious love of the Madison Valley counteract a strong streak of sentiment and a certain feminine perverseness. Ranchers' wives do not, apparently, relish playing second fiddle to the sheep. To be both a sheepman and a husband must require superhuman patience.

W. S.

THE SOUND OF AN AMERICAN \$2.50 By David Ormsbee DUTTON

WHICHEVER way you look at it, this novel is strong meat, not for the squeamish. You have to be pretty well disillusioned to read it without suffering additional bruises and shocks. But no writer can make the best possible hanging cheerful, and no writer can make a tonic of the dreadful disintegration of the French and the debacle of 1940. Primarily it is a war story, only secondarily a love story. As a war picture it is superb; as a romance it is rather paltry. Abner Coe, American musical critic born in France, hence caught up as a belligerent in the military maelstrom, falls in love with Roxane Morell, a pianiste, who says



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has become a legend
in his lifetime . . .

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WHEN last heard from, William Burke was still at his post in China—after 55 turbulent, crowded years. When Burke arrived in Sungkiang as a fledgling missionary, back in the eighties, he was pelted from the streets because in ignorance he did the one thing no one (least of all a foreigner) can do in China—but later the people of Sungkiang raised a pavilion in his honor. A great hulk of a man, a bearded giant, “Boo Wei-li” came to be trusted and loved by the Chinese above all other Americans; for time and again his Christian faith, his Irish wit, and—occasionally—his strong right arm—were all that stood between the people of his village and disaster.

William Burke knows the real China as few foreigners do—its stink and filth and poverty, its scholarship and idealism. He has seen wars and revolutions come and go; he has seen China emerge from feudalism to embrace at last a fiercely militant democracy. He has known war lords and revolutionaries; his closest friend was Charlie Jones Soong, whose amazing sons and daughters are still making history. . . . A vital and exciting narrative.

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Then the battle began: Hargrove vs. the Army—

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"Oh, I get so discouraged sometimes," the sergeant said, "How many times have you been on KP this week?" "Only three times, sir," I said, avoiding his eyes. "It's disgusting and discouraging. It's more than one poor sergeant should have to bear." "It was all the corporal's fault, sir," I said, looking around to make sure that the corporal was not there . . .

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hargrove wasn't conscious that his war with the United States had ended until he found himself wearing his uniform on leave. Then, he knew it was over, but he wasn't sorry he had lost: "Bushemi," I asked, "am I becoming a Good Soldier? Have I found a home in the Army? Am I a potential thirty-year man?"

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By MARION
HARGROVE

Foreword by
MAXWELL
ANDERSON

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she is in love with him but divides her favors with someone else. The scenes include the Riviera on the eve of war, fighting round the Maginot Line, leaves in Paris (mostly spent in hunting the elusive Roxane), refugees fleeing before the Germans, the hero's life in a French military prison for infraction of military rules, and escape to Lisbon, and finally to America, which the expatriate finds the grandest place on earth. Strongly reminiscent of *A Farewell to Arms*, this novel will either be liked greatly or disliked utterly. It is anything but an "escape." J. C.

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SCRIBNER

THIS is the story of the prelude to conflict between America and Japan, as seen by an American who was for many years an adviser to the Japanese Embassy in Washington. Mr. Moore was intimately acquainted with the three last Japanese Ambassadors to the United States, Saito, Horinouchi, and Nomura, and also with Japan's truculent American-educated diplomat, Yosuke Matsuoka. Mr. Moore attributes to Matsuoka the wisecrack that the Western powers had taught the Japanese the game of poker, but that after acquiring most of the chips they pronounced the game immoral and took up contract bridge. The author gives a sympathetic picture of the last Japanese Ambassador, Admiral Nomura, clutching at every straw for a settlement, but falling back on his premonition: "War between Japan and the United States will be a crime. But that crime will be committed." He acquits Nomura of treacherous advance knowledge of the stroke at Pearl Harbor, but is more doubtful about the Japanese special envoy, Kurusu, so ineptly nicknamed a "trouble-shooter" in many American newspaper headlines. Mr. Moore expresses the belief that Japan must and can be defeated; that after Hitler has been crushed in Europe, the long Japanese lines of communication will prove vulnerable to successful attack.

W. H. C.

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IN late October of '39, Miss Harland, a London office worker done out of her job by the war, answered this advertisement:—

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interest to those of us who, having a practical acquaintance with American farming, inevitably compare and contrast the English methods at every point. Hardly any non-technical book in existence can be a more crushing answer to those who imagine (as Miss Harland herself frankly did up to three Octobers ago) that farming means "little more than putting corn into the ground and waiting for it to come up."

W. F.

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THERE is nothing suave about Mr. Kroll's writing, but he may be counted on to tell a story which will keep you at it till you have finished it. And that, whatever the sophisticates may say, is a real gift. Eli Arn jilted Harriet Marks, whom he loved, for Rosalind Cotton, whom he did not love. Rosalind seemed the better bet because her father had been Governor, and also because he had a plantation. It was run-down to be sure, but Eli thought he could take it in hand and make it pay. Rosalind, too, had just been jilted; so they caught each other on the rebound. Old Cotton himself disliked Eli; a tug of war between the pair went on for years. At a crucial moment, Harriet turned up in town, with seven-year-old Melissa, Eli's child. And, as you may guess, there was the devil to pay. At least, Eli's evangelist blood-brother Jacob thought the devil should be paid and gave him a helping hand. A good tale.

J. C.

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KNOPF

As its subtitle tells us, this book has the quality of a folk-tale or myth. It is not to be recommended to those who like their fiction sophisticated, swift and exciting. It is simple, direct, almost "innocent," one might say, on the surface, but its roots are in reality and in the changeless and dateless truths of human nature and of the soil. It tells of a handsome, dominating Pennsylvania Dutch farmer and his gentle, dominated wife. Because she forgets to take some apple schnitz to market one day, thereby losing sales, her husband vows never to speak to her again. Her sufferings from this and from other matters are very great, but the conclusion brings a grim poetic justice: and not only justice, but a human hope.

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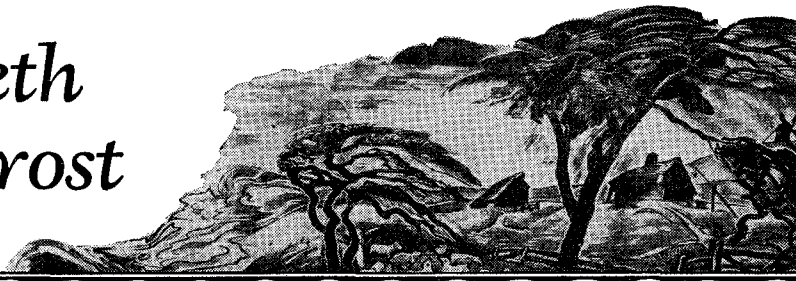
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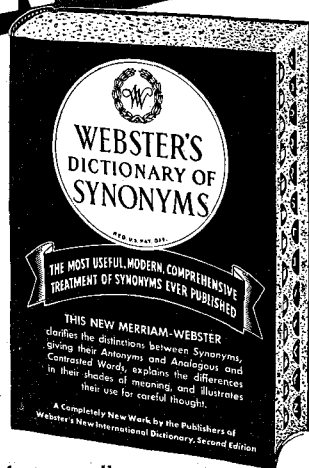
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the volume on "The Pacific" shortly before his death.

By this time Mr. Ludwig's historical methods are well known. This book stems somewhat from his work on "The Nile." But he suggests in his preface that while a river is masculine, the sea is feminine, "like Helen of old, which everyone would possess, so that it passes from one master to another."

To call this sort of writing history would be misleading. It is a species of loose poetic drama with patches of purple legends and episodes. Mr. Ludwig has a tendency towards anthropomorphism which occasionally gets out of hand — as when he says that "the fact that the oldest olive trees should keep their youthful vigor through tens of centuries is probably no less than the common courtesy they owe to the legends about them." Tens of centuries!

He is, indeed, no exact oceanographer. He scuttles ashore on almost every page. His conception of history is to allude lightly to the Emperor Vespasian as "the Stalin of his day." The ambushing of the legions of Varus in Germany he attributes to the existence of "an ancient Fifth Column."

There are, of course, few dates. Mr. Ludwig's style renders them superfluous. The book is a nice blend of fable and fact, with a liberal garnish of Mr. Ludwig's own special brand of overcharged metaphor. Many will regard the result as literature. But there is little illumination of the theme. Never does he reflect upon the reason for the decline of the Mediterranean nations and the shift of power to other regions.

W. McF.

THE UNINVITED By Dorothy Macardle

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

ANCIENT love and malice permeate the very walls of certain rooms in Cliff End, an old, lonely house on the shores of North Devon, materializing at night in the ghosts of two beautiful women. Roderick and Pamela Fitzgerald, having bought Cliff End, discover in time that the nocturnal drama is connected with the fortunes of their young neighbor Stella Meredith; but it takes them a long time and many sleepless frightened hours to solve the mystery which, I am afraid, the reader guesses much sooner than they. The characters are likable and the scenes of horror produce occasional real shivers; but everybody and everything is just a little too nice in a politely sophisticated way.

R. M. G.

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THE
Atlantic Monthly Press
PRESENTS

four books for October: two that have been written out of present events; two that recall the pleasant flavor of the past.

The first is MARTHA ALBRAND'S NO SURRENDER, an exciting novel about undefeated Holland, as

NO
SURRENDER

thrilling a story as ESCAPE and ROGUE MALE. By day, Ruis van Rinnekom, a young Dutch lawyer, was an official in the Netherlands Department of Justice — a tool in the hands of the Nazis, a Quisling hated and despised by his country men. By night he became Hendrik Loemen, involved in the Dutch underground movement, lashing out against the Nazis by whose side he worked during the day. For Ruis loved Holland as much as he loved life itself, as much as he loved his pretty American wife, who tried vainly to understand how he could serve in the camp of the enemy. But Ruis had no choice. His double identity could not be revealed to his wife. And his own life hung in the balance by a thread when he was forced to assist in the Nazi hunt for the murderer of the German officer he had himself killed.

Martha Albrand, now in this country, has lived in the Netherlands and knows Amsterdam intimately. Although this is her first novel in English, she has had several novels published abroad.

CANADA, TODAY AND TOMORROW by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN opens the door wide

HERE IS
CANADA

to a fuller understanding of the Canadian people at a time when our relations with our neighbors to the north are of great significance. His book is not a history but rather a comprehensive and vivid picture of a people in the first flush of nationhood. The whole of Canada is here: politics, business, railroads, mines, the vast prairie settlements, national character, and, over all, the gigantic war effort. Throughout the book Mr. Chamberlin stresses the idea of closer association between Canada and the United States. He predicts the gradual emergence of a "North American" economy with Canada playing the important role of interpreting us to England and vice versa. Mr. Chamberlin's reputa-

tion for foresightedness and accuracy of prediction was established through his books, SOVIET RUSSIA, RUSSIA'S IRON AGE and JAPAN OVER ASIA. This book, too, has a quality of permanence.

Now to turn back fifty years or so to another kind of world. All *Atlantic* readers remember THE COUNTRY KITCHEN by DELLA T. LUTES,

DELLA
T.
LUTES

and the pleasure they had in that book may be repeated now by reading COUSIN WILLIAM, for once again Mrs. Lutes has combined the elements of food and family in a way to nourish the heart and tempt the palate.

Cousin William was the black sheep of the Thompson tribe who wandered out to Michigan to be near his own kin. But the Thompsons didn't care a hoot for a man who fiddled and fished and who couldn't provide for his wife and daughter. In his own way, Cousin William got around the Family and even stubborn old Lije had to give in. This is Della Lutes writing at her best with vivid country scenes and mouth-watering dishes.

From the eighties it is a short span to the turn of the century where the symbol of the new age (although

HORSELESS
BUGGY

few people knew it) was the horseless buggy. KATRINE MAC GLASHAN'S first novel is the story of a family whose fortunes depended on invention, and whose social success suffered from convention — or lack of it. They had to career about in a motor-wagon when a spanking pair was the thing. It is called, very appropriately, HORSELESS BUGGY.

Papa and Uncle had a successful bicycle factory, but Uncle was a dreamer who kept tinkering with a horseless buggy in the barn. Mama and the girls (vivid Belle, quiet Ellen, small Cora) had to grin and bear it when the townspeople jeered. But when the buggy ran, and was taken up by the town sports, the family was on the crest of the wave. This had its drawbacks, too, but at least it prepared them for anything the twentieth century might bring.



ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS
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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

It was with interest and appreciation that I read the article about Roland Hayes in this month's *Atlantic*. It could never have been published at a more opportune time than right now. I am looking forward to the next installment. To me the "Rome incident" was one that will always be a reflection on this state. A man as truly great as Roland Hayes need never feel any humiliation about the way in which he was treated. — *Elizabeth Langford, Savannah, Ga.*

Ordinarily it would be unwise for anyone to write a letter of commendation after reading only the first chapters of a book. I cannot, however, refrain from early comment on the *Atlantic's* presentation of Roland Hayes.

When I had finished reading the first installment I felt that I was back in 1922 when Roland and his sister-in-law, Robert's wife, made their first visit to our home in Winchester. On that occasion time vanished, and whether we ate or not is not part of my memory. What I do remember is that Roland began his series of talks then in much the same manner in which he must have talked to Dr. Helm many times. What I am trying to convey is that this first portion is so beautifully done that I felt that I was not reading something which Dr. Helm had composed, but that I was really listening to Roland talk. He has caught the spirit of the man so beautifully that even now I dare predict a great success for the book. — *Charles H. Watkins, Boston, Mass.*

"Angel Mo' and Her Son: Roland Hayes" — if I dared to measure things of the spirit by figures — is alone worth the subscription price of the *Atlantic* for a year. Indeed I would go further and say that one sentence alone is worth that price: where the mother in a rarely affectionate moment says to her son, "Son, you are the continuation of me." So, then, there is such a thing as immortality through our children!

The hearts of *Atlantic* readers are gladdened by the promise; in the near future, of some more of these soul-moving articles. Thank you, dear old *Atlantic*, for the fulfillment so far and for the promise. — *Mrs. W. W. Keysor, Kirkwood, Mo.*

"Timely" is the fitting word with which to characterize the *Atlantic's* great magazine scoop, "Angel Mo' and Her Son: Roland Hayes." Race is the arresting issue that lies deeply embedded in the present world conflict; it is also now the Number 1 social problem on the doorstep of the United States of America. In MacKinley Helm's biography of Roland Hayes, the race question is personalized in the life and career of a truly great Negro artist. The story is fascinating in its compelling human interest and in its revelation of Negro thinking. I understand that the four magazine installments are to be expanded, and will appear at an early date in book form. It is my prediction that the volume will receive instant recognition. — *L. O. Hartman, Boston, Mass.*

The Skunk and the Porcupine

The author of "I Like Skunks" in your July issue says of porcupines, "They don't make any noise, except a rattling sound." But —

A few mornings ago I was wakened by a peculiar sound. It had the sort of fullness that one hears in the cooing of pigeons, and another note that might be described as a whistling squeak. The voice was that of a porcupine engaged in tramping around through my delphiniums. My observation has just been corroborated by a native woodsman who says, "Yes, they make a funny sound. I've heard it lots of times."

Myself, I think they are fascinating creatures to watch. The raising of the quills is a superb performance. And when they rise on their haunches, lifting their small forepaws, and question with their startled round eyes why I have been so mean as to throw stones at them, they are appealing and pathetic. They do, though, hideously injure fine trees — beeches seem to please them — and I have an Irish terrier!

I wonder how many of your readers have ever eaten their spicy delicious liver. — *May Jacobs, Upton, Me.*

Louise Dickinson Rich says porcupines don't make any noise except a rattling sound from either their

quills or their teeth. That's how much she knows. I have slept, or tried to sleep, in a hikers' shelter occupied by nobody except me and four or five porcupines, which could not be kept out because there were so many holes for them to get in at, and the holes could not be plugged till daylight came and the rain stopped, and even then a good job could not be made without more materials than I had. Those porcupines not only gnawed wood with a sound like a carpenter shop very actively at work all night, and occasionally kicked tinware about the floor; they also squealed gently to each other. I thought they were probably making love; I may have been right. In the latter part of the night part of them got sleepy and wanted to come on my bunk to rest. I was afraid they would get after the food under my head if I didn't interfere. I brought home some quills sticking in my blankets. Fortunately the blankets protected my skin that night. A porcupine certainly has a voice in its throat, even though not as loud a voice as its cousin the red squirrel. — *Steven T. Byington, Ballardvale, Mass.*

Mrs. Louise Dickinson Rich's pet skunk, Rollo, who poses in the spotlight in her article, "I Like Skunks," in the July *Atlantic*, is a spoiled skunk if ever there was one. Mrs. Rich makes her dear little spoiled Rollo express his displeasure by stamping with his hind legs. Here are her words: "When I put him down again at a safe distance from the fray, he'd stamp his hind legs in a towering rage."

Listen to Alan Devoe (*Reader's Digest* for February, 1939, pages 108-109): "It is now [in the face of an enemy] that he follows, at the bidding of an instinct suddenly awakened, *the immemorial behavior pattern* [I have added italics here] of all skunks. . . . Very slowly Mephitis lowers his furry striped head, delicately arches his back, and with grave earnestness thumps his forefeet on the ground."

Now Devoe's skunks, true to every best tradition of skunkhood, stamp with their forefeet, but Mrs. Rich's pet, Rollo, the little snob, had to be different from all his long line of New England skunk ancestors and stamp with his hind legs. Shame on you, Rollo, you are no true skunk! — *George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Penn.*

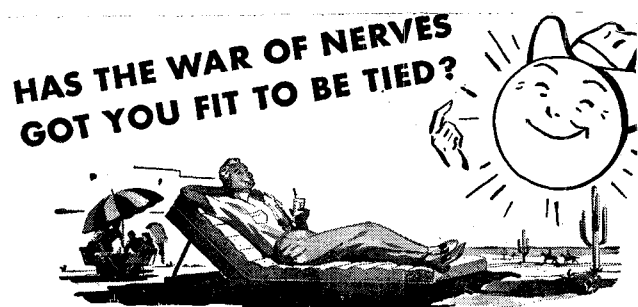
Louise Dickinson Rich in "Aren't Your Children a Problem?" writes: "My sister and I are probably the only people in the world who grew up in a household where the immutable winter Sunday morning breakfast was oyster stew." Don't you believe it! I too was born in Massachusetts. We always had oyster stew for Sunday morning breakfast.

When our family came to Connecticut, it was still the custom.

But when I married and moved to New Jersey, the oysters were not too good and my husband could not "take it."

Now I have returned to Connecticut alone. When the oysters are superfine there is stew on Sunday morning; otherwise — no stew.

To be happy in this ceremony, I believe one must be born in New England. — *Mabelle Grant Anderson, Stafford Springs, Conn.*



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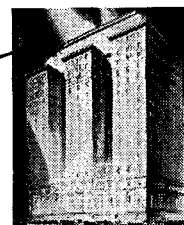
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Atlantic Repartee

I seize this opportunity to express my enthusiasm for the work of Louise Dickinson Rich, whose pieces in June and in July were most acceptable to our family. Anyone who has had even slight experience in the North Woods could hardly fail to catch the authentic flavor and to savor it.

Let's have some more of Mrs. Rich; more of your good stuff on educational subjects, too. You have no idea how eagerly we anticipate the arrival of our *Atlantic* each month; when the July issue was delayed (because of the change in format, I suppose) I, for one, felt lost. — *Wilmot R. Jones, Friends School, Wilmington, Del.*

P.S. I can get used to the format, I guess!

I suppose I might have expected it, but to tell you the truth, I was caught off-base both by the amount of fan mail I seem to have collected and by the aspersions cast on my powers of observation. I've answered all the fan mail, still being naïve and unhardened in crime enough to think that if anyone takes the trouble to write you and tell you they like your stuff, the least you can do is write back and say, "Thank you kindly."

I stuck my neck out about the porcupines. Maybe they do make a noise. I've never happened to hear them do anything but gnash their teeth, — I still stick to my story that they don't clash their quills, — but as I pointed out, I can't stand them, so I have never really made a study of them. I was without question sounding off with insufficient evidence to back my claims, so I retract in full. Let the experts have the last word. I'm really glad of the information.

About the skunk I will not give an inch. He did too stamp with his hind feet, and I can get a list of signatures as long as your arm on an affidavit to that effect. As a matter of fact, he stamped with all four feet at times, but he liked the hind feet best. And that, as far as I am concerned, is that. I guess I ought to be allowed to have the last word on my own skunk, oughtn't I? — *Louise Dickinson Rich, Middle Dam, Me.*

Newspapers

Permit a veteran newspaperman, retired after half a century of editorial and other writing in Chicago, to comment candidly on observations in the *Atlantic* for August.

William Allen White, a realistic and progressive editor, claims far too much credit in behalf of the big daily newspapers for the education of the American public with respect to world politics. Pre-Pearl Harbor isolationism, especially in the Middle West, offered precious little evidence of that education. The

more aggressive and noisy of the isolationists are silent just now, but their position has not been changed. They fully expect to renew their attacks on the Roosevelt war and peace policies the moment that course becomes safe. Moreover, whatever education there has been since the rejection of "the Wilson League" by the fanatical Republican Senators is not the work of the press. Mr. White appears to have forgotten the radio, the hundreds of books on Europe, on the League, and on world problems that have been published since 1920, and the magazine articles. The part played by the superior daily papers should not be overrated.

As to the controversy in the *Atlantic* over the *Chicago Tribune* and its erratic publisher and editor, may I suggest that the question of patriotism is quite irrelevant and immaterial. Colonel McCormick is a menace and nuisance not because he is deliberately unpatriotic — he is not that — but because he is vain, arrogant, opinionated, and devoid of common sense. One of his leading editorial writers said of him, as I happen to know: "McCormick is a cross between Dogberry and a Russian grand duke." American liberals and progressives hate and despise the *Tribune*, and for excellent reasons. Leo Rosten's impartial book on the Washington correspondents told us what able and experienced journalists thought of that paper and its spirit and tone. Ask the educators, clergymen, social workers, lawyers, and journalists of Chicago and the Middle West what they think of the *Tribune*. The proportion of those that never read it, will not have it in their houses or offices, would amaze Dr. Gallup. Many Chicagoans for years read no local morning paper, since the choice before them was between Hearst and McCormick. Thousands took the *Tribune* but boycotted the editorial and the political articles written at the dictation of the editor. — *Victor S. Yarros, La Jolla, Cal.*

A New Hope for Latin America

Whether through lack of space or through singleness of purpose in making his point, it seems to me that Luis Quintanilla has painted a distorted picture in his article, "A New Basis for Pan-American Trade," in the July *Atlantic*.

There is no intimation to the uninformed reader that the United States, as an implemented government policy, is right now acting to raise the standards of living of our Latin-American neighbors, which is precisely the aim of Dr. Quintanilla.

Nor is it just a post-Pearl Harbor manifestation. Consider the coffee quota system by which our government raised the price of raw coffee against ourselves by scores of millions of dollars, the loan to Brazil to build an iron and steel plant, and the silver subsidy which practically sustained Mexican economy for years. Since December 7 our almost daily loans, advances, subsidies, agreements to buy everything the Latin-American nations can produce of a

variety of war materials for long terms of years, etc., have not been so disinterested, but they have been, nonetheless, the main factor in preventing collapse of Latin-American economy and they will cushion the post-war shock.

Now as regards *private* capital. Dr. Quintanilla is so obsessed with the many unfortunate aspects of "big business" investment in Latin America in the past that he has been blinded to the fact that alien investors have been sinned against as well as sinning. Inveighing against "foreign monopoly investments" is not an adequate smoke screen to cover up lack of honest endeavor to lift defaults on national, provincial, and municipal bonds of most of the Latin-American countries; it does not excuse confiscation, without adequate compensation, of private ranches; nor does it make foreign manufacturing enterprises any happier under excessive regulation.

Why it is apparently a fault, not a virtue, that an hour's labor in the United States will buy more bread, beef, milk, eggs, and sugar than in Latin America is also more than I can see. Not one of these five articles can possibly be subject to foreign monopoly capital control in their home markets.

Finally, I have always thought that the benefits of democracy are the *intangibles*, not the tangibles.

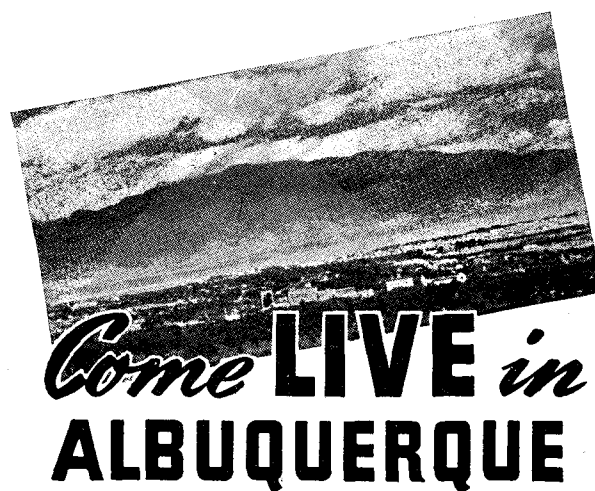
Oddly enough, in spite of all I have said, I agree with Dr. Quintanilla that it is to our interest that the standards of living in Latin America be higher. I merely object to his manner of reasoning. — *Emerson Hinchliff, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.*

I was very much impressed with Mr. Quintanilla's *Atlantic* article and I am sure it will do much to educate people in this country on the long, long way we must still go before we have anything approaching decent living standards in this hemisphere. The graphic illustrations at the end of the article are just the sort of thing needed to drive home the points. — *Milo Perkins, Board of Economic Warfare, Washington, D. C.*

Congratulations on Mr. Quintanilla's splendid article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July. It is so clear and to the point. I have already used it in preparing a lecture for a group in Pittsfield, and what's more, I recommended that everyone who heard my lecture read the article. — *Halfdan Gregersen, Williams College, Mass.*

I read with great interest Mr. Quintanilla's article in the July *Atlantic* on the basis for Pan-American trade, and I am writing to congratulate him on the clear presentation of the matter and to tell him that I was particularly interested in his statements on the comparison of the time required for workmen to purchase certain articles of food.

If he has not seen them before, I thought Mr. Quintanilla might be interested in reading the articles I have written, and which were also published in the *Atlantic* — one in March, 1938, giving similar comparisons of European countries with the United States, and the other in June, 1940, following my trip



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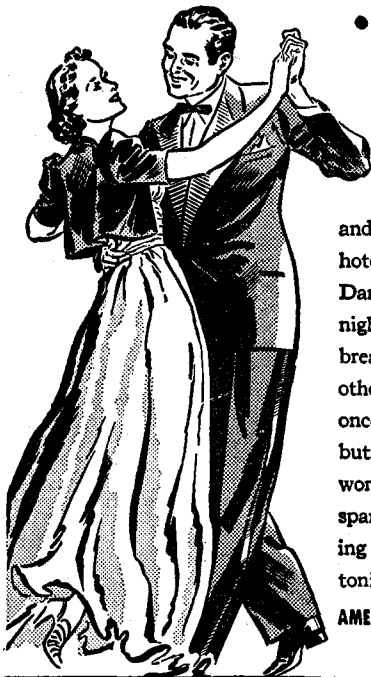
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to South America. My comparisons are for a group of food products, while Mr. Quintanilla's are for individual food products. In Argentina, he says a man, to earn one kilo of bread, must work 2.4 times as long as in the United States, while in my article he must work 2.5 times as long. In Uruguay, Mr. Quintanilla's article says he must work 2.7 times as long as in the United States, while in my article he must work 2.6 times as long. In Chile, for bread alone, he must work 5.5 times as long as in the United States, while in my article he must work 6 times as long. I thought these comparisons and the closeness of the approximations would interest Mr. Quintanilla, as they did me.—*Gerard Swope, New York City.*

Does Today Belong to Hitler?

Upon reading Mr. George de Santillana's excellent article, "Today Belongs to Hitler" (*Atlantic*, August, 1942), I was strikingly reminded of the similarity of the wishful thinking today about the fate of Europe's ruling classes after the Hitler Revolution and the optimistic attitude of the French ruling classes after the French Revolution began.

Mr. Santillana observes that "the classes and institutions which bore the intricate network of stability and legitimacy cannot be thought of as just smothered and impoverished. Everyone now is trying in the dark to carry on a spectral existence of make-believe, but on the lifting of the curtain they will be found to be simply not there."

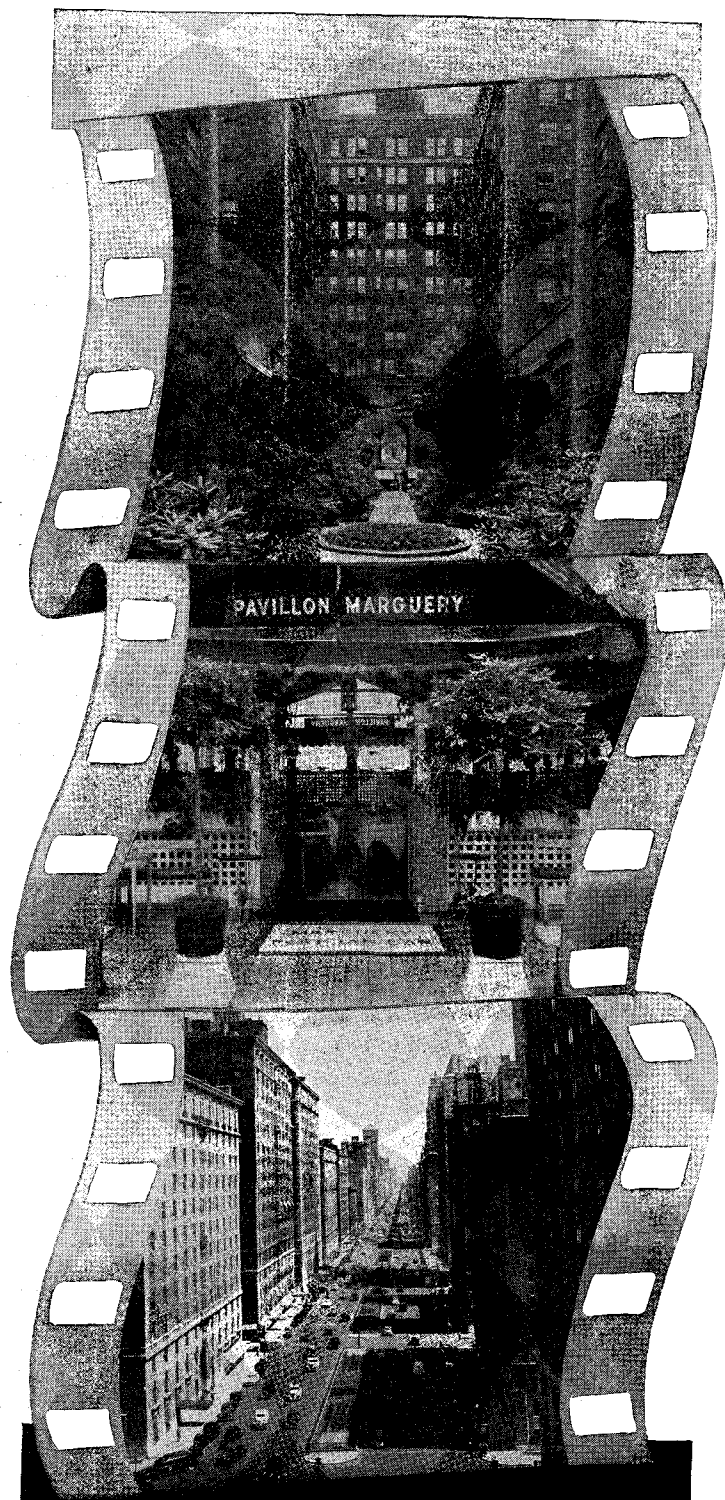
How much this sounds like Taine's observation about the Old Regime: "In the end they imagine that the best thing to do is to let the disintegration peter out, that the building will be reconstructed for them of itself, that they are going to re-enter their drawing room which has been rebuilt expressly for them and redecorated anew, to begin again the pleasant conversation that an accident or a street disturbance has just interrupted."

Is history repeating itself once more?—*C. F. Zeek, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.*

The current number of your magazine is really good. The Santillana and T. H. Thomas essays are, I should say, ahead of any others in the United States. Judging from the page of letters you publish, I fancy you have a hard row to hoe, for not a single letter seems to me to grasp what you are clearly trying to do. I feel you are already in advance of current efforts and ought in another year to be safely and permanently at the top.—*E. Russell Bourne, Sheffield, Mass.*

The Nightmare Camera

Photography is supposed to be the most popular hobby in the world, but there are a few people who are not enthusiastic about it. I am one of them. Although reams have been written to aid the amateur photographer, his wife is completely ignored. Or shouldn't he have a wife? I wouldn't know, but I do



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Atlantic Repartee

know that she has many empty hours to fill while her husband is fussing over solutions, negatives, prints, and a thousand and one items that constitute the photographer's equipment.

I should have heeded a warning that was as bright as a red flag. When I was going with Bob, he took pictures every time we were together, but being his favorite model inflated my ego so much that I didn't think that after marriage he might go into photography in a big way.

He was overjoyed one day when he had a chance to buy an enlarger at a "ridiculously" low price. Since I was the more practical of the two, I surveyed our small apartment in dismay.

"Where will we put it?"

"The linen closet."

Now every time I try to get sheets or towels I'm faced with a huge black monster covered in white. Oh yes, I made a cover out of an old pillow slip for the little dear. Couldn't let it get dusty, you know. And the ironing board must face with the padded side toward the enlarger to eliminate danger of scratches in case the board falls.

Shivering, I go into the bathroom. No shower tonight. The tub is full of floating pictures! Disgusted, I go to bed. The lights are out and the house is quiet. And where is Bob? He's sitting in the dark, loading film into the camera! — *Mrs. Emalene S. Wark, Cincinnati, Ohio*

I Personally —

The world has got to be rebuilt or perish, and who is to do it and how, and when do they start?

Individual merit is the answer, followed by appreciation. The closest that I have come, in all my reading, to a thin ray of light in the inky blackness is the article (reprint) "Law and Manners," by Lord Moulton, in the July issue.

Lord Moulton came closer to the truth than even you have seen, I think; he has touched the hem of the garment. — *W. D. Middleton, Nueva Gerona, Cuba*

Thank you for the article in the August *Atlantic* by Franklin P. Adams, one of the saltiest and wisest of writers. I hope that you can persuade him to become a frequent contributor. — *Mr. Dow Richardson, Kokomo, Ind.*

Nothing could make me happier than to add to the sum total of Franklin P. Adams's knowledge. And so I am asking if you will please pass on to him this explanation of the principle of the telephone and radio. I believe even he can understand this thoroughly.

Let us imagine a long dog lying with his tail by my foot and his head near you. I step on his tail, and he immediately yelps with his head. Now imagine a real long dog, with his tail by me in Oak Park, and his head by you in Boston. I step on his tail and instantly

in Boston his head yips. Well, that is like the telephone.

Now, the radio is just the same, except without the dog. — *H. Louis Auten, Chicago, Ill.*

Let there be more of the younger men like MacLeish, Arnold, and Conant at work shaping the post-war world that is to be.

Congratulations to you, and a hope that you may find many more with sane ideas. — *Dr. E. W. Young, Framingham, Mass.*

The readers of the *Atlantic* must be the judges of the debate between Thurman Arnold and Mr. Langner concerning the abuse of patents by great corporations.

Please count my vote in favor of Mr. Arnold. He proves his case from the office files of the corporations against which he brings his accusations. Mr. Langner does not meet this evidence, but speciously presents his claims that much public service has been rendered by the corporations. This parallels the familiar "good husband and father" testimonial so often used in favor of corrupt politicians when they are accused of wrongdoing. Mr. Arnold and the *Atlantic* deserve the thanks of good citizens for throwing light upon the abuse of patents by great corporations. — *Rev. William M. MacNair, Cambridge, Mass.*

I have been reading in your recent issues many words of praise for your new format. Permit me to dissent. I think it is terrible. In its former size and shape the *Atlantic* was a "one-handed" magazine. That is, one could read it comfortably held in one hand. Now it is a "two-handed" magazine, and this is a matter of some consequence when one reads in bed on cold winter nights with one's bedroom windows open and the thermometer diving. A one-handed magazine can, under such adverse conditions, be managed with one hand. — *George T. Dunlap, Pinehurst, N. C.*

You're certain to be flooded with letters of complaints and letters of praise about your new format. But to me the argument boils down to whether you will stand by your own pledge that "the body of the magazine will be dedicated as always to the long view, to Belles-Lettres and the human interest." If you will do this, I can't have strong objections to what other things you do to please other people. — *I. Norman Smith, Ottawa, Canada*

I was very much interested and very much disappointed in the article by Archibald MacLeish in the July issue. I felt as if I had, with growing interest, watched preparations for a play and then, just when the play was to begin, the manager said, "That's all, folks." It seemed to me that the whole article was preparation for something and then he did not say it. A person not acquainted with Mr. MacLeish's general thought might easily think the new freedom of which he spoke was simply the physical and geographical freedom he discussed. The latter is of prime significance but it simply makes possible the

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1942  1943

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The *Atlantic* presents for the opening of the 1942-1943 school year a new reading plan by Mr. W. W. Taylor, Head of the English Department, Harvard School, North Hollywood, California. The plan for "Improved Reading with the *Atlantic*" is prepared especially for instructors using the *Atlantic* in high school classes in English, and should be used in conjunction with the valuable Atlantic Study Plans written by teachers who use the *Atlantic* in class for teachers who use the *Atlantic* in class. (No one teacher writes more than one plan.)



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CHRISTMAS MAIL FOR NAVY MEN



NOVEMBER 1st is the deadline for mailing Christmas packages to men in the Navy on foreign station or on shipboard if you want to be sure they will reach the men by Christmas Day, warns the Navy Department.

Packages for overseas parcel post must not exceed 11 pounds in weight and must be no more than 18 inches in length and 42 inches combined length and girth. Light-weight packages the size of an ordinary shoe box are preferred.

Address must be complete, giving the man's ship or shore station. Return address also must be given.

Cost of postage is the parcel post rate to New York or San Francisco; no additional charge for foreign delivery. All mail is subject to censorship.

Gifts most acceptable to Navy men are: Toilet kit, wrist watch, notebook, pipe, wallet, pen or pencil, photograph (preferably small and framed), magazine subscriptions or books, small games such as dominoes, sewing kit, things easily transportable and usable in any climate.

Articles NOT recommended are: electrical equipment of any kind, food of any sort, clothing unless specifically requested, cameras.

victory he is talking about. The global wholeness is simply the setting; he did not get to the "sum and substance of the victory we mean to win."

I hope that Mr. MacLeish will continue the article. — *Ruth Roettinger, Rock Hill, S. C.*

As a lover of poetry, and also the *Atlantic Monthly*, I received a great deal of pleasure reading the beautiful poem "Resurgent" in the July number. It has a definite appeal and inspiration, and comes at a time when the world is sadly in need of thoughts like these. — *Emma L. Staley, Decatur, Ill.*

What pangs the Virginia Woolf letter in the July issue brings! There are some priceless bits of humor in it, for which we thank you and her, humbly. But the Middlebrow outburst — a subdivision of the artist's Middle-class aversion — isn't it the sort of thing which she, with firmest intention, left unmailed? One of those blue-white flashes which show outlines in such steely hardness that their reality seems indisputable; then in the yellow-mellow light of day, the steely certainty proves to have been ridiculous? — *Mrs. Mildred D. Hiers, Bala-Cynwyd, Penn.*

Under the dubious cloak of anonymity a letter appears in the July *Atlantic Repartee* challenging the substance of Madame Chiang's article, "China Emergent" in the May number and assailing her character as a trustworthy exponent of Free China.

This extraordinary departure from the accepted custom of reputable journals is unfortunate for several reasons. It gives space to a writer aiming to discredit a government allied with ours in the present desperate conflict, it permits the avoidance of personal responsibility for accusing Madame Chiang of bad faith and hypocrisy, and, what is perhaps worst of all, it provides choice material for the most dangerous and subtle form of enemy propaganda.

Fair-minded readers of this anonymous contribution may easily discover its glaring incongruities and contradictions. One need not point out the cruel insinuations brought against Madame Chiang with regard to her family relations and her public activities. Her friends throughout the world need not rush to her defense. Her distinguished contribution to the struggle for the establishment of world peace is her best defense.

It would seem that while the fate of China, and with it that of the other Allied Nations, hangs in the balance, the *Atlantic* poorly serves the cause to which we all are committed in thus bestowing its august blessing upon such a palpably insincere and disingenuous attempt to confuse if not poison the mind of the American public. — *Joseph Wilson Cochran, Nantucket, Mass.*

May I add how much I enjoy reading your publication, especially since remoteness from sources of information is apt to lead to ignorance of what your great nation is saying and thinking. — *Flight Officer John M. Beale, RAF, West African Forces*